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COL. R. G. INGERSOLL'S FAMOUS SPEECHES COMPLETE

Including his Famous "Oration at a Child's Grave," "Address to Farmers," "Great Oration on the Declaration of Independence," "Liberty of Man, Woman, and Child," "Some Reasons Why," "Intellectual Development," Etc., Etc

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INGERSOLL'S FAMOUS SPEECHES.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

The Declaration of Independence is the grandest, the bravest, and the profoundest political document that was ever signed by the representatives of a people. It is the embodiment of physical and moral courage, and of political wisdom.

I say of physical courage because it was a declaration of war against the most powerful nation then on the globe; a declaration of war by thirteen weak, unorganized colonies, a declaration of war by a few people, without military stores, without wealth, without strength, against the most powerful kingdom on the earth; a declaration of war made when the British navy—at that day the mistress of every sea—was hovering along the coast of America, looking after defenceless towns and villages to ravish and destroy. It was made when thousands of English soldiers were upon our soil, and when the principal cities of America were in the substantial possession of the enemy.

BRAVEST POLITICAL DOCUMENT

And so, I say, all things considered, it was the bravest political document ever signed by man. And if it was physically brave, the moral courage of the document is almost infinitely beyond the physical. They had not only the courage, but they had the almost infinite wisdom to declare that all men are created equal.

With one blow, with one stroke of the pen, they struck down all the cruel, heartless barriers that aristocracy, that priestcraft, that kingcraft had raised between man and man. They struck down with one immortal blow that infamous spirit of caste that makes a God almost a beast, and a beast almost a god. With one word, with one blow, they wiped away and utterly destroyed all that had been done by centuries of war—centuries of hypocrisy—centuries of injustice.

ENTITLED TO PRODUCT OF LABOR

What more did they do? They then declared that each man had a right to live. And what does that mean? It means that he has the right to make his living. It means that he has the right to breathe the air, to work the land, that he stands the equal of every other human

being beneath the shining stars, entitled to the product of his labor—the labor of his hand and of his brain.

What more? That every man has the right to pursue his own happiness in his own way. Grander words than these have never been spoken by man.

And what more did these men say? They laid down the doctrine that governments were instituted among men for the purpose of preserving the rights of the people. The old idea was that people existed solely for the benefit of the state—that is to say, for kings and nobles.

The old idea was that the people were the wards of king and priest—that their bodies belonged to one and their souls to the other.

SOURCE OF POLITICAL POWER

And what more? That the people are the source of political power. That was not only a revelation, but it was a revolution. It changed the ideas of the people with regard to the source of political power. For the first time it made human beings men. What was the old idea? The old idea was that no political power came from, nor in any manner belonged to the people. The old idea was that the political power came

from the clouds; that the political power came in some miraculous way from heaven; that it came down to kings, and queens and robbers. That was the old idea. The nobles lived upon the labor of the people; the people had no rights; the nobles stole what they had and divided with the kings, and the kings pretended to divide what they stole with God Almighty. The source, then, of political power was from above. The people were responsible to the nobles, the nobles to the king, and the people had no political rights whatever, no more than the wild beasts of the forest. The kings were responsible to God; not the people. They were responsible to the clouds; not to the toiling millions they robbed and plundered.

PEOPLE ARE SOVEREIGN

And our forefathers, in this declaration of independence, reversed this thing, and said; No, the people, they are the source of political power, and their rulers—these presidents, these kings—are but the agents and servants of the great, sublime people. For the first time, really, in the history of the world, the king was made to get off the throne, and the people were royally seated thereon. The people became the sover-

eigns, and the old sovereigns became the servants and the agents of the people. It is hard for you and me now to imagine even the immense results of that change. It is hard for you and me, at this day, to understand how thoroughly it had been ingrained in the brain of almost every man, that the king had some wonderful right over him; that in some strange way the king owned him; that in some miraculous manner he belonged, body and soul, to somebody who rode on a horse, to somebody with epaulettes on his shoulders and a tinsel crown upon his brainless head.

Our forefathers had been educated in that idea, and when they first landed on American shores they believed it. They thought they belonged to somebody, and that they must be loyal to some thief, who could trace his pedigree back to antiquity's most successful robber.

REPUBLICAN IDEAS AND THOUGHTS

It took a long time for them to get that idea out of their heads and hearts. They were three thousand miles away from the despotisms of the old world, and every wave of the sea was an assistant to them. The distance helped to disenchant their minds of that infamous belief,

and every mile between them and the pomp and glory of monarchy helped to put republican ideas and thoughts into their minds. Besides that, when they came to this country, when the savage was in the forest, and three thousand miles of waves on the other side, menaced by barbarians on the one side, and famine on the other, they learned that a man who had courage, a man who had thought, was as good as any other man in the world, and they built up, as it were, in spite of themselves, little republics. And the man that had the most nerve and heart was the best man, whether he had any noble blood in his veins or not.

EDUCATION OF OUR FOREFATHERS

It has been a favorite idea with me that our forefathers were educated by Nature; that they grew grand as the continent upon which they landed; that the great rivers—the wide plains—the splendid lakes—the lonely forests—the sublime mountains—that all these things stole into and became a part of their being, and they grew great as the country in which they lived. They began to hate the narrow, contracted views of Europe. They were educated by their surroundings, and every little colony had to be,

to a certain extent, a republic. The kings of the old world endeavored to parcel out this land to their favorites. But there were too many Indians. There was too much courage required for them to take and keep it, and so men had to come here who were dissatisfied with the old country—who were dissatisfied with England, dissatisfied with France, with Germany, with Ireland and Holland. The kings' favorites stayed at home. Men came here for liberty, and on account of certain principles they entertained and held dearer than life. And they were willing to work, willing to fell the forests, to fight the savages, willing to go through all the hardships, perils, and dangers of a new country, of a new land; and the consequence was that our country was settled by brave and adventurous spirits; by men who had opinions of their own and were willing to live in the wild forests for the sake of expressing those opinions, even if they expressed them only to trees, rocks, and savage men. The best blood of the old world came to the new.

GLORY OF PURITANS

When they first came over, they did not have a great deal of political philosophy, nor the best

ideas of liberty. We might as well tell the truth. When the Puritans first came, they were narrow. They did not understand what liberty meant—what religious liberty, what political liberty, was; but they found out in a few years. There was one feeling among them that rises to their eternal honor like a white shaft to the clouds—they were in favor of education. Wherever they went they built school houses, introduced books, and ideas of literature. They believed that every man should know how to ead and write, and should find out all that his capacity allowed him to comprehend. That is the glory of the Puritan fathers.

UNIVERSAL RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

They forgot in a little while what they had suffered, and they forgot to apply the principle of universal liberty—of toleration. Some of the colonies did not forget it, and I want to give credit where credit should be given. The Catholics of Maryland were the first people on the continent to declare universal religious toleration. Let this be remembered to their eternal honor. Let it be remembered to the disgrace of the Protestant government of England, that it caused this grand law to be repealed. And to the honor

and credit of the Catholics of Maryland let it be remembered, that the moment they got back into power they re-enacted the old law. The Baptists of Rhode Island also, led by Roger Williams, were in favor of universal religious liberty.

No American should fail to honor Roger Williams. He was the first grand advocate of the liberty of the soul. He was in favor of the eternal divorce of church and state. So far as I know, he was the only man at that time in this country who was in favor of real religious liberty. While the Catholics of Maryland declared in favor of religious toleration, they had no idea of religious liberty. They would not allow any one to call in question the doctrine of the Trinity, or the inspiration of the Scriptures. They stood ready with branding iron and gallows to burn and choke out of man the idea that he had a right to think and to express his thoughts.

So many religions met in our country—so many theories and dogmas came in contact—so many follies, mistakes and stupidities became acquainted with each other, that religion began to fall somewhat into disrepute. Besides this, the question of a new nation began to take precedence of all others.

RIGHTS OF MAN

The people were too much interested in this world to quarrel about the next. The preacher was lost in the patriot. The Bible was read to find passages against kings.

Everybody was discussing the rights of man. Farmers and mechanics suddenly became statesmen, and in every shop and cabin nearly every question was asked and answered.

During these years of political excitement, the interest in religion abated to that degree that a common purpose animated men of all sects and creeds.

At last our fathers became tired of being colonists—tired of writing and reading and signing petitions, and presenting them on their bended knees to an idiot king. They began to have an aspiration to form a new nation; to be citizens of a new republic instead of subjects of an old monarchy. They had the idea. The Puritans, the Catholics, the Episcopalians, the Baptists, the Quakers, and a few Free Thinkers, all had the idea—that they would like to form a new nation.

SOME OPPOSED TO INDEPENDENCE

Now, do not understand that all our fathers were in favor of independence. Do not un-

derstand that they were all like Jefferson; that they were all like Adams or Lee; that they were all like Thomas Paine or John Hancock. There were thousands and thousands of them who were opposed to American independence. There were thousands and thousands who said: "When you say men are created equal, it is a lie; when you say the political power resides in the great body of the people, it is false." Thousands and thousands of them said: "We prefer Great Britain." But the men who were in favor of independence, the men who knew that a new nation must be born, went on full of hope and courage, and nothing could daunt or stop or stay the heroic, fearless few.

They met in Philadelphia; and the resolution was moved by Lee, of Virginia, that the colonies ought to be independent states, and ought to dissolve their political connection with Great Britain.

They made up their minds that a new nation must be formed. All nations had been, so to speak, the wards of some church. The religious idea as to the source of power had been at the foundation of all governments, and had been the bane and curse of man.

BIRTH OF NEW NATION

Happily for us, there was no church strong enough to dictate to the rest. Fortunately for us, the colonists not only, but the colonies differed widely in their religious views. There were the Puritans who hated the Episcopalians, and the Episcopalians who hated the Catholics, and the Catholics who hated both, while the Quakers held them all in contempt. There they were, of every sort and color, and kind, and how was it that they came together? They had a common aspiration. They wanted to form a new nation. More than that, most of them cordially hated Great Britain; and they pledged each other to forget these religious prejudices, for a time at least, and agreed that there should be only one religion until they got through, and that was the religion of patriotism. They solemnly agreed that the new nation should not belong to any particular church, but that it should secure the rights of all.

FIRST SECULAR GOVERNMENT

Our fathers founded the first secular government that was ever founded in this world. Recollect that. The first secular government; the first government that said every church has

exactly the same rights, and no more; every religion has the same rights, and no more. In other words, our fathers were the first men who had the sense, had the genius, to know that no church should be allowed to have a sword; that it should be allowed only to exert its moral influence.

You might as well have a government united by force with Art, or with Poetry, or with Oratory, as with Religion. Religion should have the influence upon mankind that its goodness, that its morality, its justice, its charity, its reason, and its argument give it, and no more. Religion should have the effect upon mankind that it necessarily has, and no more. The religion that has to be supported by law is without value, not only, but a fraud and curse. The religious argument that has to be supported by a musket, is hardly worth making. A prayer that must have a cannon behind it, better never be uttered. Forgiveness ought not to go in partnership with shot and shell. Love need not carry knives and revolvers.

So our fathers said: "We will form a secular government, and under the flag with which we are going to enrich our air, we will allow every man to worship God as he thinks best." They

said: "Religion is an individual thing between each man and his Creator, and he can worship as he pleases and as he desires." And why did they do this? The history of the world warned them that the liberty of man was not safe in the clutch and grasp of any church. They had read of and seen the thumb-screws, the racks and the dungeons of the inquisition. They knew all about the hypocrisy of the olden time. They knew that the church had stood side by side with the throne; that the high priests were hypocrites, and that the kings were robbers. They also knew that if they gave to any church power, it would corrupt the best church in the world. And so they said that power must not reside in a church, nor in a sect, but power must be wherever humanity is—in the great body of the people. And the officers and servants of the people must be responsible to them. And so I say again, as I said in the commencement, this is the wisest, the profoundest, the bravest political document that ever was written and signed by man.

THE POWER OF THE PEOPLE

They turned, as I tell you, everything squarely about. They derived all their authority from

the people. They did away forever with the theological idea of government.

And what more did they say? They said that whenever the rulers abused this authority, this power, incapable of destruction, returned to the people. How did they come to say this? I will tell you; they were pushed into it. How? They felt that they were oppressed; and whenever a man feels that he is the subject of injustice, his perception of right and wrong is wonderfully quickened.

Nobody was ever in prison wrongfully who did not believe in the writ of habeas corpus. Nobody ever suffered wrongfully without instantly having ideas of justice.

And they began to inquire what rights the king of Great Britain had. They began to search for the character of his authority. They began to investigate and dig down to the bedrock upon which society must be founded, and when they got down there; forced there, too, by their oppressors; forced against their own prejudices and education, they found at the bottom of things, not lords, not nobles, not pulpits, not thrones, but humanity and the rights of men.

WE WILL BE FREE MEN

And so they said, We are men; we are men. They found out they were men. And the next they said was: "We will be free men; we are weary of being colonists; we are tried of being subjects; we are men; and these colonies ought to be states; and these states ought to be a nation; and that nation ought to drive the last British soldier into the sea." And so they signed that brave declaration of independence.

I thank every one of them from the bottom of my heart for signing that sublime declaration. I thank them for their courage—for their patriotism—for their wisdom—for the splendid confidence in themselves and in the human race. I thank them for what they were, and for what we are—for what they did, and for what we have received—for what they suffered, and for what we enjoy.

What would we have been if we had remained colonists and subjects? What would we have been to-day? Nobodies—ready to get down on our knees and crawl in the very dust at the sight of somebody that was supposed to have in him some drop of blood that flowed in the veins of that mailed marauder—that royal robber, William the Conqueror.

THE HORROR OF WAR

They signed that declaration of independence, although they knew that it would produce a long, terrible and bloody war. They looked forward and saw poverty, deprivation, gloom and death. But they also saw, on the wrecked clouds of war, the beautiful bow of freedom.

These grand men were enthusiastic; and the world has only been raised by enthusiasts. In every country there have been a few who have given a national aspiration to the people. The enthusiasts of 1776 were the builders and framers of this great and splendid government; and they were the men who saw, although others did not, the golden fringe of the mantle of glory that will finally cover this world. They knew, they felt, they believed, that they would give a new constellation to the political heavens—that they would make the Americans a grand people—grand as the continent upon which they lived.

The war commenced. There was little money, and less credit. The new nation had but few friends. To a great extent, each soldier of freedom had to clothe and feed himself. He was poor and pure—brave and good, and so he went to the fields of death to fight for the rights of man.

WOMAN'S FORTITUDE

What did the soldier leave when he went? He left his wife and children.

Did he leave them in a beautiful home, surrounded by civilization, in the repose of law, in the security of a great and powerful republic?

No. He left his wife and children on the edge, on the fringe of the boundless forest, in which crouched and crept the red savage, who was at that time the ally of the still more savage Briton. He left his wife to defend herself, and he left the prattling babes to be defended by their mother and by nature. The mother made the living; she planted the corn and the potatoes, and hoed them in the sun, raised the children, and, in the darkness of night, told them about their brave father, and the "sacred cause." She told them that in a little while the war would be over and father would come back covered with honor and glory.

Think of the woman, of the sweet children, who listened for the footsteps of the dead—who waited through the sad and desolated years for the dear ones who never came.

The soldiers of 1776 did not march away with music and banners. They went in silence, looked at and gazed after by eyes filled with

tears. They went to meet, not an equal, but a superior—to fight five times their number—to make a desperate stand—to stop the advance of the enemy—and then, when the ammunition gave out, seek the protection of rocks, of rivers, and of hills.

TRUE COURAGE

Let me say here: The greatest test of courage on the earth is to bear defeat without losing heart. That army is the bravest that can be whipped the greatest number of times and fight again.

Over the entire territory, so to speak, then settled by our forefathers, they were driven again and again. Now and then they would meet the English with something like equal numbers, and then the eagle of victory would proudly perch upon the stripes and stars. And so they went on as best they could, hoping and fighting, until they came to the dark and sombre gloom of Valley Forge.

There were very few hearts then beneath that flag that did not begin to think that the struggle was useless; that all the blood and treasure had been spent and shed in vain. But there were some men gifted with that wonderful prophecy that fulfills itself, and that wonderful magnetic

power that makes heroes of everybody they come in contact with.

And so our fathers went through the gloom of that terrible time, and still fought on. Brave men wrote grand words, cheering the despondent; brave men did brave deeds; the rich man gave his wealth; the poor man gave his life, until at last, by the victory of Yorktown, the old banner won its place in the air, and became glorious forever.

ARE MEN EQUAL?

Seven long years of war—fighting for what? For the principle that all men are created equal—a truth that nobody ever disputed except a scoundrel; nobody, nobody in the entire history of this world. No man ever denied that truth who was not a rascal, and at heart a thief; never, never, and never will. What else were they fighting for? Simply, that in America every man should have a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Nobody ever denied that except a villain; never, never. It has been denied by kings—they were thieves. It has been denied by statesmen—they were liars. It has been denied by priests, by clergymen, by cardinals, by bishops, and by popes—they were hypocrites.

What else were they fighting for? For the idea that all political power is vested in the great body of the people. The great body of the people make all the money; do all the work. They plow the land; cut down the forests. They produce everything that is produced. Then who shall say what shall be done with what is produced except the producer? Is it the nonproducing thief, sitting on a throne, surrounded by vermin?

COMMENCEMENT OF HUMAN SLAVERY

The history of civilization is the history of the slow and painful enfranchisement of the human race. In the olden times the family was a monarchy, the father being the monarch. The mother and children were the veriest slaves. The will of the father was the supreme law. He had the power of life and death. It took thousands of years to civilize this father; thousands of years to make the condition of wife and mother and child even tolerable. A few families constituted a tribe; the tribe had a chief; the chief was a tyrant; a few tribes formed a nation; the nation was governed by a king, who was also a tyrant. A strong nation robbed, plundered,

and took captive the weaker ones. This was the commencement of human slavery.

It is not possible for the human imagination to conceive of the horrors of slavery. It has left no possible crime uncommitted, no possible cruelty unperpetrated. It has been practiced and defended by all nations in some form. It has been upheld by all religions. It has been defended by nearly every pulpit. From the profits derived from the slave trade churches have been built, cathedrals reared, and priests paid. Slavery has been blessed by bishop, by cardinal, and by pope. It has received the sanction of statesmen, of kings and queens. It has been defended by the throne, the pulpit, and the bench. Monarchs have shared in the profits. Clergymen have taken their part of the spoil, reciting passages of Scripture in its defense at the same time, and judges have taken their portion in the name of equity and law.

RESULTS OF SLAVERY

Only a few years ago our ancestors were slaves. Only a few years ago they passed with and belonged to the soil, like coal under it, and rocks on it. Only a few years ago they were treated like beasts of burden, worse far than we

treat our animals at the present day. Only a few years ago it was a crime in England for a man to have a Bible in his house, a crime for which men were hanged, and their bodies afterwards burned. Only a few years ago fathers could, and did, sell their children. Only a few years ago our ancestors were not allowed to speak or write their thoughts—that being a crime. Only a few years ago, to be honest, at least in the expression of your ideas, was a felony. To do right was a capital offence; and in those days chains and whips were the incentives to labor, and the preventives of thought. Honesty was a vagrant, justice a fugitive, and liberty in chains. Only a few years ago men were denounced because they doubted the inspiration of the Bible—because they denied miracles and laughed at the wonders recounted by the ancient Jews.

Only a few years ago a man had to believe in the total depravity of the human heart in order to be respectable. Only a few years ago people who thought God too good to punish in eternal flames an unbaptized child, were considered infamous.

TERRIBLE CONDITIONS

As soon as our ancestors began to get free they

began to enslave others. With an inconsistency that defies explanation, they practiced upon others the same outrages that had been perpetrated upon them. As soon as white slavery began to be abolished, black slavery commenced. In this infamous traffic nearly every nation of Europe embarked. Fortunes were quickly realized; the avarice and cupidity of Europe were excited; all ideas of justice were discarded; pity fled from the human breast; a few good, brave men recited the horrors of the trade; avarice was deaf; religion refused to hear; the trade went on; the governments of Europe upheld it in the name of commerce—in the name of civilization and of religion.

Our fathers knew the history of caste. They knew that in the despotisms of the old world it was a disgrace to be useful. They knew that a mechanic was esteemed as hardly the equal of a hound, and far below a blooded horse. They knew that a nobleman held a son of labor in contempt; that he had no rights the royal loafers were bound to respect.

THE WORLD HAS CHANGED

The other day there came shoemakers, potters, workers in wood and iron, from Europe, and

they were received in the city of New York as though they had been princes. They had been sent by the great republic of France to examine into the arts and manufactures of the great republic of America. They looked a thousand times better to me than the Edward Alberts and Albert Edwards—the royal vermin, that live on the body politic. And I would think much more of our government if it would fête and feast them, instead of wining and dining the imbeciles of a royal line.

Our fathers devoted their lives and fortunes to the grand work of founding a government for the protection of the rights of man. The theological idea as to the source of political power has poisoned the web and woof of every government in the world, and our fathers banished it from this continent forever.

What we want to-day is what our fathers wrote down. They did not attain to their ideal; we approach it nearer, but have not reached it yet. We want, not only the independence of a state, not only the independence of a nation, but something far more glorious—the absolute independence of the individual. That is what we want. I want it so that I, one of the children of Nature, can stand on an equality with the rest;

that I can say this is my air, my sunshine, my earth, and I have a right to live, and hope, and aspire, and labor, and enjoy the fruit of that labor, as much as any individual or any nation on the face of the globe.

TRUE INDEPENDENCE

We want every American to make to-day, on this hundreth anniversary, a declaration of individual independence. Let each man enjoy his liberty to the utmost—enjoy all he can; but be sure it is not at the expense of another. The French convention gave the best definition of liberty I ever read: "The liberty of one citizen ceases only where the liberty of another citizen commences." I know of no better definition. I ask you to-day, to make a declaration of individual independence. And if you are independent, be just. Allow everybody else to make his declaration of individual independence. Allow your wife, allow your husband, allow your children to make theirs. Let everybody be absolutely free and independent, knowing only the sacred obligation of honesty and affection. Let us be independent of party, independent of everybody and everything except our own consciences and our own brains. Do not belong to

any clique. Have the clear title deeds in fee simple to yourselves, without any mortgage on the premises to anybody in the world.

It is a grand thing to be the owner of yourself
It is a grand thing to protect the rights of others
It is a sublime thing to be free and just.

RESULTS OF FREEDOM

Only a few days ago I stood in Independence Hall—in that little room where was signed the immortal paper. A little room, like any other; and it did not seem possible that from that room went forth ideas, like cherubim and seraphim, spreading their wings over a continent, and touching, as with holy fire, the hearts of men.

In a few moments I was in the park, where are gathered the accomplishments of a century. Our fathers never dreamed of the things I saw. There were hundreds of locomotives, with their nerves of steel and breath of flame—every kind of machine, with whirling wheels and curious cogs and cranks, and the myriad thoughts of men that have been wrought in iron, brass and steel. And going out from one little building were wires in the air, stretching to every civilized nation, and they could send a shining messenger in a moment to any part of the world, and it would

go sweeping under the waves of the sea with thoughts and words within its glowing heart. I saw all that had been achieved by this nation, and I wished that the signers of the Declaration —the soldiers of the Revolution—could see what a century of freedom has produced. I wished they could see the fields we cultivate—the rivers we navigate—the railroads running over the Alleghanies, far into what was then the unknown forest—on over the broad prairies—on over the vast plains—away over the mountains of the West, to the Golden Gate of the Pacific.

All this is the result of a hundred years of freedom.

Are you not more than glad that in 1776 was announced the sublime principle that political power resides with the people? that our fathers then made up their minds nevermore to be colonists and subjects, but that they would be free and independent citizens of America?

I will not name any of the grand men who fought for liberty. All should be named, or none. I feel that the unknown soldier who was shot down without even his name being remembered—who was included only in a report of "a hundred killed," or "a hundred missing," nobody knowing even the number that attached to

his august corpse—is entitled to as deep and heartfelt thanks as the titled leader who fell at the head of the host.

WE MUST PROGRESS

Standing here amid the sacred memories of the first, on the golden threshold of the second, I ask, Will the second century be as grand as the first? I believe it will, because we are growing more and more humane. I believe there is more human kindness, more real, sweet, human sympathy, a greater desire to help one another, in the United States, than in all the world besides.

We must progress. We are just at the commencement of invention. The steam engine—the telegraph—these are but the toys with which science has been amused. Wait: there will be grander things; there will be wider and higher culture—a grander standard of character, of literature and art.

We have now half as many millions of people as we have years, and many of us will live until a hundred millions stand beneath the flag. We are getting more real solid sense. The schoolhouse is the finest building in the village. We are writing and reading more books; we are painting and buying more pictures; we are strug-

gling more and more to get at the philosophy of life, of things—trying more and more to answer the questions of the eternal Sphinx. We are looking in every direction—investigating; in short, we are thinking and working.

FUTURE GREATNESS

Besides all this, I believe the people are nearer honest than ever before. A few years ago we were willing to live upon the labor of four million slaves. Was that honest? At last, we have a national conscience. At last, we have carried out the Declaration of Independence. Our fathers wrote it—we have accomplished it. The black man was a slave—we made him a citizen. We found four million human beings in manacles, and now the hands of a race are held up in the free air without a chain.

I have had the supreme pleasure of seeing a man—once a slave—sitting in the seat of his former master in the Congress of the United States. I have had that pleasure, and when I saw it my eyes were filled with tears. I felt that we had carried out the Declaration of Independence—that we had given reality to it, and breathed the breath of life into its every word. I felt that our flag would float over and protect

the colored man and his little children—standing straight in the sun, just the same as though he were white and worth a million. I would protect him more, because the rich white man could protect himself.

LIBERTY, FRATERNITY, AND EQUALITY

All who stand beneath our banner are free. Ours is the only flag that has in reality written upon it: Liberty, Fraternity, Equality—the three grandest words in all the languages of men.

Liberty: Give to every man the fruit of his own labor—the labor of his hands and of his brain.

Fraternity: Every man in the right is my brother.

Equality: The rights of all are equal: Justice poised and balanced in eternal claim, will shake from the golden scales, in which are weighed the acts of men, the very dust of prejudice and caste: No race, no color, no previous condition, can change the rights of men.

The Declaration of Independence has at last been carried out in letter and in spirit.

Fifty millions of people are celebrating this day. To-day, the black man looks upon his child and says: The avenues to distinction are

open to you—upon your brow may fall the civic wreath—this day belongs to you.

We are a great people. Three millions have increased to fifty—thirteen states to thirty-eight. We have better homes, better clothes, better food and more of it, and more of the conveniences of life, than any other people upon the globe.

The farmers of our country live better than did the kings and princes two hundred years ago—and they have twice as much sense and heart. Liberty and labor have given us all. I want every person here to believe in the dignity of labor—to know that the respectable man is the useful man—the man who produces or helps others to produce something of value, whether thought of the brain or work of the hand.

I want you to go away with an eternal hatred in your breast of injustice, of aristocracy, of caste, of the idea that one man has more rights than another because he has better clothes, more land, more money; because he owns a railroad, or is famous and in high position. Remember that all men have equal rights. Remember that the man who acts best his part—who loves his friends the best—is most willing to help others—truest to the obligation—who has

the best heart—the most feeling—the deepest sympathies—and who freely gives to others the rights that he claims for himself, is the best man. I am willing to swear to this.

What has made this country? I say again, liberty and labor. What would we be without labor? I want every farmer, when plowing the rustling corn of June—while mowing in the perfumed fields—to feel that he is adding to the wealth and glory of the United States. I want every mechanic—every man of toil, to know and feel that he is keeping the cars running, the telegraph wires in the air; that he is making the statues and painting the pictures; that he is writing and printing the books; that he is helping to fill the world with honor, with happiness, with love and law.

Our country is founded upon the dignity of labor—upon the equality of man. Ours is the first republic in the history of the world. Beneath our flag the people are free. We have retired the gods from politics. We have found that man is the only source of political power and that the government should govern. We have disenfranchised the aristocrats of the air, and have given one country to mankind.

LIBERTY OF MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD

In my judgment slavery is the child of ignorance. Liberty is born of intelligence. Only a few years ago there was a great awakening in the human mind. Men began to inquire, By what right does a crowned robber make me work for him? The man who asked this question was called a traitor. Others said, By what right does a robed priest rob me? That man was called an infidel. And whenever he asked a question of that kind, the clergy protested. When they found that the earth was round, the clergy protested; when they found that the stars were not made out of the scraps that were left over on the sixth day of creation, but were really great, shining, wheeling worlds, the clergy protested and said: "When is this spirit of investigation to stop?" They said then, and they say now, that it is dangerous for the mind of man to be free. I deny it. Out on the intellectual sea there is room enough for every sail. In the

intellectual air there is space enough for every wing. And the man who does not do his own thinking is a slave, and does not do his duty to his fellow men. For one, I expect to do my own thinking. And I will take my own oath this minute that I will express what thoughts I have, honestly and sincerely. I am the slave of no man and of no organization. I stand under the blue sky and the stars, under the infinite flag of nature, the peer of every human being. Standing as I do in the presence of the Unknown, I have the same right to guess as though I had been through five theological seminaries. I have as much interest in the great absorbing questions of origin and destiny as though I had D. D., LL. D. at the end of my name.

LIBERTY OF THOUGHT

All I claim, all I plead for, is simple liberty of thought. That is all. I do not pretend to tell what is true and all the truth. I do not claim that I have floated level with the heights of thought, or that I have descended to the depths of things; I simply claim that what ideas I have I have a right to express, and any man that denies it to me is an intellectual thief and robber. That is all. I say, Take those chains off from the

human soul; I say, Break those orthodox fetters, and if there are wings to the spirit let them be spread. That is all I say. And I ask you if I have not the same right to think that any other human being has? If I have no right to think, why have I such a thing as a thinker. Why have I a brain? And if I have no right to think, who has? If I have lost my right, Mr. Smith, where did you find yours? If I have no right, have three or four men or 300 or 400, who get together and sign a card and build a house and put a steeple on it with a bell in it—have they any more right to think than they had before? That is the question. And I am sick of the whip and lash in the region of mind and intellect. And I say to these men, "Let us alone. Do your own thinking; express your own thoughts." And I want to say to-night that I claim no right that I am not willing to give to every other human being beneath the stars—none whatever. And I will fight to-night for the right of those who disagree with me to express their thoughts, just as soon as I will fight for my own right to express mine.

FALSE IDEAS

In the good old times, our fathers had an idea that they could make people believe to suit

them. Our ancestors in the ages that are gone really believed that by force you could convince a man. You cannot change the conclusion of the brain by force, but I will tell you what you can do by force, and what you have done by force. You can make hypocrites by the million. You can make a man say that he has changed his mind, but he remains of the same opinion still. Put fetters all over him, crush his feet in iron boots, lash him to the stock, burn him if you please, but his ashes are of the same opinion still. I say our fathers, in the good old times—and the best thing I can say about them is, they are dead —they had an idea they could force men to think their way, and do you know that idea is still prevalent even in this country? Do you know they think they can make a man think their way if they say, "We will not trade with that man; we won't vote for that man; we won't hire him, if he is a lawyer; we will die before we will take his medicine, if he is a doctor; we won't invite him, we will socially ostracize him; he must come to our church; he must think our way, or he is not a gentleman? There is much of that even in this blessed country—not excepting the city of Albany itself.

Now in the old times of which I have spoken,

they said, "We can make all men think alike." All the mechanical ingenuity of this earth cannot make two clocks run alike, and how are you going to make millions of people of different quantities and qualities and amount of brain, clad in this living robe of passionate flesh, how are you going to make millions of them think alike? If the infinite God, if there is one, who made us, wished us to think alike, why did he give a spoonful of brains to one man, and a bushel to another? Why is it that we have all degrees of humanity, from the idiot to the genius, if it was intended that all should think alike; I say our fathers concluded they would do this by force, and I used to read in books how they persecuted mankind, and do you know I never appreciated it, I did not. I read it, but it did not burn itself, as it were, into my very soul what infamies had been committed in the name of religion, and I never fully appreciated it, until a little while ago I saw the iron arguments our fathers used to use. I tell you the reason we are through that, is, because we have better brains than our fathers had. Since that day we have become intellectually developed, and there is more real brain and real good sense in the world to-day than in any other period of its history;

and that is the reason we have more liberty, that

INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE

is the reason we have more kindness. But I say I saw these iron arguments our fathers used to use. I saw there the thumbscrew—two little innocent looking pieces of iron, armed on the inner surface with protuberances to prevent their slipping—and when some man denied the efficacy of baptism, or maybe said, "I do not believe that the whale ever swallowed a man to keep him from drowning," then they put these pieces of iron upon his thumb, and there was a screw at each end, and then in the name of love and forgiveness they began screwing these pieces of iron together. A great many men, when they commenced, would say, "I recant." I expect I would have been one of them. I would have said, "Now you just stop that; I will admit anything on earth that you want. I will admit there is one god or a million, one hell or a billion, suit yourselves, but stop that." But I want to say, the thumbscrew having got out of the way, I am going to have my say.

There was now and then some man who wouldn't turn Judas Iscariot to his own soul; there was now and then a man willing to die

for his conviction, and if it were not for such men we would be savages to-night. Had it not been for a few brave and heroic souls in every age, we would have been naked savages this moment, with pictures of wild beasts tattooed upon our naked breasts, dancing around a dried snake fetish; and I to-night thank every good and noble man who stood up in the face of opposition, and hatred and death for what he believed to be right. And then they screwed this thumbscrew down as far as they could and threw him into some dungeon, where, in throbbing misery and the darkness of night he dreams of the damned; but that was done in the name

THE INNOCENT PUNISHED

of universal love. I saw there at the same time what they called the "collar of torture." Imagine a circle of iron, and on the inside of that more than a hundred points as sharp as needles —this being fastened upon the throat, the sufferer could not sit down, he could not walk, he could not stir, without being punctured by these needles, and in a little while the throat would begin to swell, and finally suffocation would end the agonies of that man, when maybe the only crime he had committed was to say with

tears upon his sublime cheeks, "I do not believe that God, the father of us all, will damn to eternal punishment any of the children of men." Think of it! And I saw there at the same time another instrument, called the "scavenger's daughter," which resembles a pair of shears, with handles where handles ought to be, but at the point as well. And just above the pivots that fasten the blade, a circle of iron through which the hands would be placed, into the lower circles the feet, and into the center circle the head would be pushed, and in that position he would be thrown prone upon the earth, and kept there until the strain upon the muscles produced such agony that insanity and death would end his pain. And that was done in the name of "Whosoever smiteth thee upon one cheek turn him the other also." Think of it! And I saw also the rack, with the windlass and chains, upon which the sufferer was laid. About his ankles were fastened chains, and about his wrists also, and then priests began turning this windlass, and they kept turning until the ankles, the shoulders and the wrists were all dislocated, and the sufferer was wet with the sweat of agony. And they had standing by a physician to feel his pulse. What for? To save his life? Yes.

What for? In mercy? No. Simply that they might preserve his life, that they might rack him once again. And this was done, recollect it, it was done in the name of civilization, it was done in the name of law and order, it was done in the name of morality, it was done in the name of religion, it was done in the name of God.

INGERSOLL'S PLEDGE

Sometimes when I get to reading about it, and when I get to thinking about it, it seems to me that I have suffered all these horrors myself, as though I had stood upon the shore of exile and gazed with a tear-filled eye toward home and native land; as though my nails had been torn from my hands, and into my throat the sharp needles had been thrust; as though my feet had been crushed in iron boots; as though I had been chained in the cells of the inquisition, and had watched and waited in the interminable darkness to hear the words of release; as though I had been taken from my fireside, from my wife and children, and taken to the public square, chained, and fagots had been piled around me; as though the flames had played around my limbs and scorched the sights from my eyes; as though my ashes had been scattered to the four winds by the

hands of hatred; as though I had stood upon the scaffold and felt the glittering ax fall upon me. And while I see and feel all this, I swear that while I live, I will do what little I can to augment the liberty of man, woman and child. My friends, it is all a question of sense; it is all a question of honesty. If there is a man in this

A QUESTION OF HONESTY

house who is not willing to give to everybody else what he claims for himself, he is just so much nearer to the barbarian than I am. It is a simple question of honesty; and the man who is not willing to give to every other human being the same intellectual rights he claims himself is a rascal, and you know it. It is a simple question, I say, of intellectual development and of honesty. And I want to say it now, so you will see it. You show me the narrow, contracted man; you show me the man that claims everything for himself and leaves nothing for others, and that man has got a distorted and deformed brain. That is the matter with him. He has no sense; not a bit. Let me show you. A little while ago I saw models of everything man has made for his use and for his convenience. I saw all the models of all the water craft, from the

dug-out in which floated a naked savage—one of our ancestors—a naked savage with teeth two inches long, with a spoonful of brains in the back of his head; I say I saw the water craft of the world, from that dug-out up to a man-of-war that carries a hundred guns and miles of canvas; from that dug-out to the steamship that turns its brave prow from the port of New York through 3,000 miles of billows, with a compass like a conscience, that does not miss throb or beat of its mighty iron heart from one shore to the other. I saw at the same time the weapons that man has made, from a rude club, such as was grasped by that savage when he crawled from his den, from his hole in the ground, and hunted a snake for his dinner; from that club to the boomerang, to the sword, to the cross-bow, to the blunderbus, to the flint-lock, to the cap-lock, to the needle gun, up to cannon cast by Krupp, capable of hurling a ball of 2,000 pounds through 18 inches of solid steel. I saw, too, the armor, from the turtle shell that our ancestor lashed upon his skin when he went out to fight for his country, to the skin of the porcupine with the quills all bristling which he pulled over his orthodox head to defend himself from his enemies—I mean, of course, the orthodox head of that day—up to

the shirts of mail that were worn in the middle ages, capable of resisting the edge of the sword and the point of the spear; up to the iron-clad, to the monitor completely clad in steel, capable only a few years ago of defying the navies of the globe. I saw at the same time the musical instruments, from the tom-tom, which is a hoop with a couple of strings of rawhide drawn across it; from that tom-tom up to the instruments we have to-day which make the common air blossom with mel-

ody. I saw, too, the paintings, from the daub of yellow mud up to the pieces which adorn the galleries of the world; and the sculpture, from the rude god with six legs and a half dozen arms, and the rows of ears, up to the sculpture of now, wherein the marble is clad with such loveliness that it seems almost a sacrilege to touch it; and in addition I saw there ideas of books—books written upon skins of wild beasts; books written upon shoulder-blades of sheep; books written upon leaves, upon bark, up to the splendid volumes that adorn the libraries of our time. When I think of libraries, I think of the remark of Plato, "The house that has a library in it has a soul." I saw there all these things, and also

the implements of agriculture, from a crooked stick up to the plow which makes it possible for a man to cultivate the soil without being an ignoramus. I saw at the same time a row of skulls, from the lowest skull that has ever been found,—skulls from the central portions of Africa, skulls from the bushmen of Australia, up to the best skulls of the last generation. And I notice that there was the same difference between those skulls that there is between the products of those skulls. And I said to myself: "It is all a question of intellectual development." It is a question of brain and sinew. I noticed that there was the same difference between those skulls that there was between that dug-out, and that man-of-war and that steamship. That skull was low. It had not a forehead a quarter of an inch high. But shortly after the skulls became doming and crowning, and getting higher and grander. That skull was a den in which crawled the base and meaner instincts of mankind, and this skull was a temple in which dwelt joy, liberty and love. So I said: "This is all a question of brain, and anything that tends to develop intellectually in mankind is the gospel we want."

LET US BE HONEST

Now I want to be honest with you. Honor bright! Nothing like it in the world! No matter what I believe. Now, let us be honest. Suppose a king, if there was a king at the time this gentleman floated in the dug-out and charmed his ears with the music of the tom-tom; suppose the king at that time, if there was one, and the priest, if there was one, had said: "That dug-out is the best boat that ever can be built. The pattern of that came from on high, and any man who says he can improve it, by putting a log or a stick in the bottom of it with a rag on the end, is an infidel." Honor bright, what in your judgment would have been the effect upon the circumnavigation of the globe? That is the question. Suppose the king, if there was one, and the priest, if there was one—and I presume there was, because it was a very ignorant age—suppose they had said, "That tom-tom is the most miraculous instrument of music that any man can conceive of; that is the kind of music they have in heaven. An angel sitting upon the golden edge of a fleecy cloud, playing upon that tom-tom, became so enraptured, so entranced with her own music, that she dropped it, and that

is how we got it—and any man that says that it can be improved by putting a back and front to it, and four strings and a bridge on it, and getting some horse hair and rosin, is no better than one of the weak and unregenerate." I ask you what effect would that have had upon music? I ask you, honor bright, if that course had been pursued, would the human ear ever have been enriched with the divine symphonies of Beethoven? That is the question. And suppose the king, if there was one, and the priest, had said: "That crooked stick is the best plow we can ever have invented. The pattern of that plow was given to a pious farmer in a holy dream, and that twisted straw is the ne plus ultra of all twisted things; and any man who says he can make an improvement, we will twist him." Honor bright, what in your judgment would have been the effect upon the agricultural world?

Now, you see, the people said, "We want better weapons with which to kill our enemies;" the people said, "We want better plows;" the people said, "We want better music;" the people said, "We want better paintings;" and they said, "Whoever will give us better plows, and better arms, and better paintings, and better music, we will give him honor; we will crown him with

glory; we will robe him in the garments of wealth;" and every incentive has been held out to every human being to improve something in every direction. And that is the reason the club is a cannon; that is the reason the dug-out is a steamship; that is the reason the daub is a painting, and that is the reason that that piece of stone has finally become a glorified statue.

RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCES

Now, then, this fellow in the dug-out had a religion. That fellow was orthodox. He had no doubt; he was settled in his mind. He did not wish to be insulted. He wanted the bark of his soul to lie at the wharf of orthodoxy, and rot in the sun. He wanted to hear the sails of old opinions flap against the mast of old creeds. He wanted to see the joints in the sides open and gape, as though thirsty for water, and he said, "Now don't disturb my opinions. You'll get my mind unsettled; I have got it all made up, and I don't want to hear any infidelity either." As far as I am concerned, I want to be out on the high sea; I want to take my chance with wind and wave and star; and I had rather go down in the glory and grandeur of the storm than to rot at any orthodox wharf. Of course, I mean by

orthodoxy all that don't agree with my doxy. Do you understand? Now this man had a religion. That fellow believed in hell. Yes, sir, and he thought he would be happier in heaven if he could just lean over and see certain people that he disliked, broiled. That fellow has had a great many intellectual descendants. It is an unhappy fact in nature that the ignorant multiply much faster than the intellectual. This fellow believed in the devil, and his devil had a cloven hoof. Many people think I have the same kind of footing. He had a long tail, armed with a fiery dart, and he breathed brimstone. And do you know there has not been a patentable improvement made on that devil for 4,000 years? That fellow believed that God was a tyrant. That fellow believed that the earth was flat. That fellow believed, as I told you, in a literal burning, seething lake of fire and brimstone. That is what he believed in. That fellow, too, had his idea of politics, and his idea was, "Might makes right." And it will take

thousands of years before the world will believingly say, "Right makes might." Now all I ask is the same privilege of improving on that

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gentleman's theology as upon his musical instrument; the same right to improve upon his politics as upon his dug-out. That is all. I ask for the human soul the same liberty in every direction. And that is all. That is the only crime that I have committed. That is all. I say: Let us have a chance. Let us think, and let each one express his thoughts. Let us become investigators, not followers; not cringers and crawlers. If there is in heaven an infinite being, he never will be satisfied with the worship of cowards and hypocrites. Honest unbelief will be a perfume in heaven when hypocrisy, no matter how religious it may be outwardly, will be a stench. That is my doctrine. That is all there is to it: To give every other human being all the chance you claim for yourself; to keep your mind open to the voices of nature, to new ideas, to new thoughts, and to improve upon your doctrine whenever you can. That is my doctrine.

THE WORLD IMPROVING

Do you know we are improving all the time? Do you know that the most orthodox people in this town to-day, 300 years ago would have been burned for heresy? Do you know, some ministers who denounce me would have been in the

inquisition themselves 200 years ago? Do you know, where once burned and blazed the bivouac fires of the army of progress, the altars of the church glow to-day? Do you know that the church to-day occupies about the same ground that unbelievers did 100 years ago? Do you know that while they have followed this army of progress, protesting and denouncing, they have had to keep within protesting and denouncing distance, but they have followed it? They have been the men, let me say, in the valley, the men in swamps shouting to and cursing the pioneers on the hills, the men upon whose forehead was the light of the coming dawn, the coming day; but they have advanced. In spite of themselves they have advanced. If they had not, I would not speak here to-night. If they had not, not a solitary one of you could have expressed his real and honest thought. But we are advancing, and we are beginning to hold all kinds of slavery in utter contempt; do you know that? And we are beginning to question wealth and power; we are questioning all creeds and all dogmas; and we are not bowing down as we used to, to a man simply because he is in the robe of a clergyman, and we are not bowing down to a

man now simply because he is a king. No! We are not bowing down simply because he is rich. We used to worship the golden calves, but we do not now. The worst you can say of an American, is, he worships the gold of the calf, not the calf; and even the calves are beginning to see this distinction. It does no longer fill the ambition of a man to be emperor or king. The last Napoleon was not satisfied with being Emperor of the French; he was not satisfied with having a circlet of gold about his head; he wanted some evidence that he had something within his head, so he wrote the life of Julius Cæsar, that he might become a member of the French academy. Compare for instance, in the German empire, King William and Bismarck. King William is the one anointed of the most high, as they claim —the one upon whose head has been poured the divine petroleum of authority. Compare him with Bismarck, who towers, an intellectual Colossus, above this man. Go into England, and compare George Eliot with Queen Victoria—Queen Victoria clothed in the garments given to her by blind fortune and by chance—George Eliot robed in garments of glory woven in the loom of her own genius. Which does the world

pay respect to? I tell you, we are advancing! The pulpit does not do all the thinking; the pews do it, nearly all of it. The world is advancing, and we question the authority of those men who simply say it is so. Down upon your knees and admit it!

SUFFERING OF HUMANITY

When I think of how much this world has suffered, I am amazed—when I think of how long our fathers were slaves, I am amazed. Why, just think of it! This world has only been fit for a gentleman to live in 50 years. No, it has not. It was not until the year 1808 that Great Britain abolished the slave trade. Up to that time her judge sitting upon the bench in the name of justice, her priests occupying the pulpit in the name of universal love, owned stock in slave ships and luxuriated in the profits of piracy and murder. It was not until the year 1808 that the United States abolished the slave trade between this and other countries, but preserved it as between the States. It was not until the 28th day of August, 1833, that Great Britain abolished human slavery in her colonies; and it was not until the first day of January, 1863, that Abraham Lincoln wiped from our flag the stigma of disgrace. Abraham Lincoln—in my judg-

ment, the grandest man ever president of the United States, and upon whose monument these words could truthfully be written: "Here lies the only man in the history of the world who, having been clothed with almost absolute power, never abused it except on the side of mercy." Think, I say, how long we clung to the institution of human slavery; how long lashes upon the naked back were the legal tender for labor performed! Think of it! when the pulpit of this country deliberately and willfully changed the cross of Christ into the whipping-post. Think of it! And tell me then if I am right when I say this world has only been fit for a gentleman to

HATRED OF TYRANNY

live in 50 years. I hate with every drop of my blood every form of tyranny. I hate every form of slavery. I hate dictation—I want something like liberty; and what do I mean by that? The right to do anything that does not interfere with the happiness of another, physically. Liberty of thought includes the right to think right and the right to think wrong. Why? Because that is the means by which we arrive at truth; for if we knew the truth before, we needn't to think. Those men who mistake their igno-

rance for facts never do think. You may say to me, How far is it across this room? I say 100 feet. Suppose it is 105; have I committed any crime? I made the best guess I could. You ask me about anything; I examine it honestly, and when I get through, what should I tell you, what I think or what you think? What should I do? There is a book put in my hands. They say, That is the Koran; that was written by inspiration; read it. I read it; chapter seven entitled "The Cow;" chapter nine entitled "The Bee," and so on—I read it. When I get through with it, suppose I think in my heart and in my brain: "I don't believe a word of it;" and you ask me, "What do you think of it?" Now, admitting that I live in Turkey and have a chance to get an office, what should I say? Now, honor bright, should I just make a clean breast of it and say upon my honor, "I don't believe it?" Then is it right for you to say, That fellow will steal, that fellow is a dangerous man,—he is a robber? Now, suppose I read the book called the Bible, and read it, honor bright, and when I get through with it I make up my mind that book was written by men; and along comes the preacher of my church, and he says, "Did you read that book?" "I did." "Do you think it

is divinely inspired?" I say to myself, "Now if I say it is not, they will never send me to congress from this district on earth." Now, honor bright, what ought I to do? Ought I to say, "I have read it. I have been honest about it; I don't believe it?" Now, ought I to say that, if that is a real transcript of my mind? or ought I to commence hemming and hawing and pretend that I do believe it, and go away with the respect of that man, hating myself for a cringing coward? Now which? For my part I would rather a man would tell me what he honestly thinks, and he will preserve his manhood. I had rather be a manly unbeliever than an unmanly believer. I think I will stand higher at the judgment day, if there is one, and stand with as good a chance to get my case dismissed without costs as a man who sneaks through life pretending he believes what he does not. I tell you one thing, there is going to be one free fellow in this world. I am going to say my say, I tell you. I am going to do it kindly, I am going to do it distinctly; but I am going to do it.

SLAVERY OF WOMEN

Now, if men have been slaves, what about women? Women have been the slaves of slaves;

and that's a pretty hard position to occupy for life. They have been the slaves of slaves; and in my judgment it took millions of ages for women to come from the condition of abject slavery up to the institution of marriage. Let me say right here, to-night, I regard marriage as the holiest institution among men. Without the fireside there is no human advancement; without the family relation there is no life worth living. Every good government is made up of good families. The unit of government is the family, and anything that tends to destroy the family is perfectly devilish and infamous. I believe in marriage, and I hold in utter contempt the opinions of long-haired men and short-haired women who denounce the institution of marriage. Let me say right here—and I have thought a good deal about it—let me say right here, the grandest ambition that man can possibly have is to so live and so improve himself in heart and brain as to be worthy of the love of some splendid woman; and the grandest ambition of any girl is to make herself worthy of the love and adoration of some magnificent man. That is my idea, and there is no success in life without it. If you are the grand emperor of the world, you had better be the grand emperor of one loving and

tender heart, and she the grand empress of yours. The man who has really won the love of one good woman in this world, I do not care if he dies in the ditch a beggar, his life has been a success. I say it took millions of years to come from the condition of abject slavery up to the condition of marriage. Ladies, the ornaments you bear upon your persons to-night are but the souvenirs of your mothers' bondage. The chains around your necks and the bracelets clasped upon your wrists by the thrilling hand of love, have been changed by the wand of civilization from iron to shining, glittering gold; but nearly every religion has accounted for the devilment in this world by the crime of woman. What a gallant thing that is! And if it is true, I had rather live with the woman I love in a world full of trouble, than to live in heaven with nobody but men.

WOMAN THE ORIGINAL SINNER

I say that nearly every religion has accounted for all the trouble in this world by the crime of woman. I read in a book—and I will say now that I cannot give the exact language, my memory does not retain the words, but I can give the substance—I read in a book that the Supreme

Being concluded to make a world and one man, that he took some nothing and made a world and one man, and put this man in a garden; but he noticed that he got lonesome; he wandered around as if he was waiting for a train; there was nothing to interest him; no news; no papers; no politics; no policy; and as the devil had not yet made his appearance, there was no chance for reconciliation; not even for civil service reform. Well, he would wander about this garden in this condition until finally the Supreme Being made up his mind to make him a companion; and having used up all the nothing he originally took in making the world and one man, he had to take a part of the man to start a woman with; and so he caused a deep sleep to fall on this man —now, understand me, I didn't say this story is true—after the sleep fell upon this man he took a rib, or as the French would call it, a cutlet, out of this man, and from that he made a woman; and considering the raw material, I look upon it as the most successful job ever performed. Well, after He got the woman done, she was brought to the man; not to see how she liked him, but to see how he liked her. He liked her, and they started housekeeping; and they were told of certain things they might do and one

thing they could not do—and of course they did it. I would have done it in 15 minutes, and I know it. There wouldn't have been an apple on that tree half an hour from date, and the limbs would have been full of clubs. And then they were turned out of the park and an extra force was put on to keep them from getting back. Then devilment commenced. The mumps, and the measles, and the whooping cough and the scarlet fever started in their race for man; and they began to have the toothache, the roses began to have thorns, and snakes began to have poisoned teeth, and people began to divide about religion and politics; and the world has been full of trouble from that day to this. Now, nearly all of the religions of this world account for the existence of evil by such a story as that!

ANOTHER ACCOUNT

I read in another book what appeared to be an account of the same transaction. It was written about 4,000 years before the other; but all commentators agree that the one that was written last was the original, and that the one that was written first was copied from the one that was written last; but I would advise you all not to allow your creed to be disturbed by a

little matter of four or five thousand years. In this other story the Supreme Brahma made up his mind to make the world and man and woman; and he made the world, and he made the man and he made the woman, and he put them on the island of Ceylon; and according to the account it was the most beautiful island of which man can conceive. Such birds, such songs, such flowers and such verdure! And the branches of the trees were so arranged that when the wind swept through them every tree was a thousand Æolian harps. The Supreme Brahma when he put them there said, "Let them have a period of courtship, for it is my desire and will that true love should forever precede marriage." When I read that, it was so much more beautiful and lofty than the other that I said to myself, "If either one of these stories ever turns out to be true, I hope it will be this one." Then they had their courtship, with the nightingales singing and the stars shining and the flowers blooming, and they fell in love. Imagine the courtship! No prospective fathers- or mothers-in-law; no prying and gossiping neighbors, nobody to say, "Young man, how do you expect to support her?" Nothing of that kind. They were married by the Supreme Brahma, and he said to

them: "Remain here; you must never leave this island." Well, after a little while the man—and his name was Amond, and the woman's name was Heva—and the man said to Heva: "I believe I'll look about a little," and he went to the northern extremity of the island where there was a little narrow neck of land connecting it with the mainland, and the devil, who is always playing pranks with us, got up a mirage, and when he looked over to the mainland, such hills and dells, vales and dales, such mountains crowned with silver, such cataracts clad in robes of beauty did he see there, that he went back and told Heva: "The country over there is a thousand times better than this; let us migrate." She, like every other woman that ever lived, said: "Let well enough alone; we have all we want; let us stay here." But he said, "No, let us go;" so she followed him, and when they came to this narrow neck of land he took her on his back like a gentleman and carried her over. But the moment they got over they heard a crash, and looking back discovered that this narrow neck of land had fallen into the sea, with the exception of now and then a rock, and the mirage had disappeared, and there was nought but rocks and sand; and then a voice called out cursing them.

Then it was that the man spoke up—and I have liked him ever since for it—"Curse me, but curse not her; it was not her fault, it was mine." That's the kind of man to start a world with. The Supreme Brahma said, "I will save her but not thee." She spoke up out of her feelings of love, out of a heart in which there was love enough to make all of her daughters rich in holy affection, and said, "If thou wilt not spare him, spare neither me; I do not wish to live without him; I love him." Then the Supreme Brahma said—and I have liked him first-rate ever since I read it—"I will spare you both and watch over you." Honor bright, isn't that the better story?

LOVE IS UNIVERSAL

And from that same book I want to show you what ideas some of these miserable heathen had, the heathen we are trying to convert. We send missionaries over yonder to convert heathen there, and we send soldiers out on the plains to kill heathen there. If we can convert the heathen, why not convert those nearest home? Why not convert those we can get at? Why not convert those who have the immense advantage of the example of the average pioneer? But to show you the men we are trying to con-

vert, in this book it says: "Man is strength, woman is beauty; man is courage, woman is love. When the one man loves the one woman and the one woman loves the one man, the very angels leave heaven and come and sit in that house and sing for joy." They are the men we are converting. Think of it! I tell you, when I read these things, I began to say, "Love is not of any country; nobility does not belong exclusively here;" and through all the ages there have been a few great and tender souls lifted far above their fellows.

EQUALITY OF MAN AND WOMAN

Now my friends, it seems to me that the woman is the equal of the man. She has all the rights I have and one more, and that is the right to be protected. That's my doctrine. You are married; try and make the woman you love happy; try and make the man you love happy. Whoever marries simply for himself will make a mistake; but whoever loves a woman so well that he says, "I will make her happy," makes no mistake, and so with the woman who says, "I will make him happy." There is only one way to be happy, and that is to make somebody else

so, and you can't be happy cross lots; you have got to go the regular turnpike road.

If there is any man I detest, it is the man who thinks he is the head of the family—the man who thinks he is "boss!" That fellow in the dug-out used that word "boss"; that was one of his favorite expressions—that he was "boss". Imagine a young man and a young woman courting, walking out in the moonlight and the nightingale singing a song of pain and love, as though the thorn touched her heart—imagine them stopping there in the moonlight and starlight and song, and saying, "Now here, let's settle who's 'boss!'" I tell you it is an infamous word and an infamous feeling—a man who is "boss," who is going to govern his family, and when he speaks let all the rest of them be still—some mighty idea is about to be launched from his mouth. Do you know I dislike this man unspeakably; and a cross man I hate above all things. What right has he to murder the sunshine of the day? What right has he to assassinate the joy of life? When you go home you ought to feel the light there is in the house; if it is in the night it will burst out of the doors and windows and illuminate the darkness. It is just as well to go home a ray of sunshine as an

old, sour, cross curmudgeon, who thinks he is the head of the family. Wise men think their mighty brains have been in a turmoil; they have been thinking about who will be alderman from the fifth ward; they have been thinking about politics; great and mighty questions have been engaging their minds; they have bought calico at eight cents or six, and want to sell it for seven. Think of the intellectual strain that must have been upon a man, and when he gets home everybody else in the house must look out for his comfort. A woman who has only taken care of five or six children, and one or two of them may be sick, has been nursing them and singing to them, and taking care of them, and trying to make one yard of that cloth do the work of two, she, of course, is fresh and fine and ready to wait upon this great gentleman—the head of the family. I don't like him a bit!

THE STINGY MAN

Do you know another thing? I despise a stingy man. I don't see how it is possible for a man to die worth fifty millions of dollars or ten millions of dollars in a city full of want, when he meets almost every day the withered hand of beggary and the white lips of famine. How a

man can withstand all that, and hold in the clutch of his greed 20 or 30 millions of dollars, is past my comprehension. I do not see how he can do it. I should not think he could do it any more than he could keep a pile of lumber where hundreds and thousands of men were drowning in the sea. I should not think he could do it. Do you know I have known men who would trust their wives with their hearts and their honor, but not with their pocketbook; not with a dollar. When I see a man of that kind I always think he knows which of these articles is the most valuable. Think of making your wife a beggar! Think of her having to ask you every day for a dollar, or for two dollars, or for fifty cents! "What did you do with that dollar I gave you last week?" Think of having a wife that was afraid of you! What kind of children do you expect to have with a beggar and a coward for their mother? Oh! I will tell you, if you have but a dollar in the world, and you have got to spend it, spend it like a king; spend it as though it were a dry leaf and you the owner of unbounded forests! That's the way to spend it! I had rather be a beggar and spend my last dollar like a king than be a king and spend my money like a beggar. If it's

got to go, let it go. Get the best you can for your family—try to look as well as you can your-

self. When you used to go courting, how nice you looked! Ah, your eye was bright, your step was light, and you just put on the very best look you could. Do you know that it is insufferable egotism in you to suppose that a woman is going to love you always, looking as bad as you can! Think of it! Any woman on earth will be true to you forever when you do your level best. Some people tell me, "Your doctrine about loving and wives and all that, is splendid for the rich, but it won't do for the poor." I tell you to-night, there is on the average more love in the homes of the poor than in the palaces of the rich; and the meanest hut with love in it is fit for the gods, and a palace without love is a den only fit for wild beasts. That's my doctrine! You can't be so poor but that you can help somebody. Good nature is the cheapest commodity in the world; and love is the only thing that will pay ten per cent to borrower and lender both. Don't tell me that you have got to be rich! We have all a false standard of greatness in the United States. We think here that a man, to be great,

must be notorious; he must be extremely wealthy or his name must be between the lips of rumor. It is all nonsense! It is not necessary to be rich in order to be great, or to be powerful to be happy; and the happy man is the successful man. Happiness is the legal tender of the soul. Joy is wealth.

CAREER OF NAPOLEON

A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon, a magnificent tomb, fit for a dead deity almost, and gazed in the great circle at the bottom of it. In the sarcophagus of black Egyptian marble at last rest the ashes of that restless man. I looked over the balustrade, and I thought about the career of Napoleon. I could see him walking upon the banks of the Seine contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon. I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris. I saw him at the head of the army of Italy. I saw him crossing the bridge at Lodi. I saw him in Egypt fighting the battle of the pyramids. I saw him cross the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Austerlitz. I saw him with his army scattered and dispersed before the blast. I saw him at Leipsic when his

army was defeated and he was taken captive. I saw him escape. I saw him land again upon French soil, and retake an empire by the force of his own genius. I saw him captured once more, and again at St. Helena with his arms behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea; and I thought of the orphans and widows he had made. I thought of the tears that had been shed for his glory. I thought of the only woman who ever loved him, who had been pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition; and as I looked at the sarcophagus; I said: "I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes; I would rather have lived in a hut, with a vine growing over the door and the grapes growing and ripening in the autumn sun; I would rather have been that peasant, with my wife by my side and my children upon my knees, twining their arms of affection about me; I would rather have been that poor French peasant and gone down at last to the eternal promiscuity of the dust, followed by those who loved me; I would a thousand times rather have been that French peasant than that imperial personative of force and murder; and so I would —ten thousand thousand times.

RICHES NOT HAPPINESS

It is not necessary to be great to be happy; it is not necessary to be rich to be just and generous, and to have a heart filled with divine affection. No matter whether you are rich or poor, use your wife as though she were a splendid creation, and she will fill your life with perfume and joy. And do you know, it is a splendid thing for me to think that the woman you really love will never grow old to you. Through the wrinkles of time, through the music of years, if you really love her, you will always see the face you loved and won. And a woman who really loves a man does not see that he grows older; he is not decrepit; he does not tremble; he is not old; she always sees the same gallant gentleman who won her hand and heart. I like to think of it in that way; I like to think of all passions, love is eternal; and, as Shakespeare says, "Although time with his sickle can rob ruby lips and sparkling eyes, let him reach as far as he can, he cannot quite touch love, that reaches even to the end of the tomb." And to love in that way and then go down the hill of life together, and as you go down hear, perhaps, the laughter of grandchildren, and the birds of

joy and love will sing once more in the leafless branches of age. I believe in the fireside. I believe in the democracy of home. I believe in the republicanism of the family. I believe in liberty and equality with those we love.

A TYRANT FATHER

If women have been slaves, what shall I say of children; of the little children in the alleys and sub-cellars; the little children who turn pale when they hear their father's footsteps; little children who run away when they only hear their names called by the lips of a mother; little children—the children of poverty, the children of crime, the children of brutality, wherever you are—flotsam and jetsam upon the wild, mad sea of life—my heart goes out to you, one and all. I tell you, the children have the same rights that we have, and we ought to treat them as though they were human beings; and they should be reared by love, by kindness, by tenderness, and not by brutality. That is my idea of children. When your little child tells a lie, don't rush at him as though the world were about to go into bankruptcy. Be honest with him. A tyrant father will have liars for children; do you know that? A lie is born of tyranny upon the one

hand and weakness upon the other; and when you rush at a poor little boy with a club in your hand, of course he lies. I thank Mother Nature that she has put ingenuity enough in the breast of a child, when attacked by a brutal parent, to throw up a little breastwork in the shape of a lie. When one of your children tells a lie, be honest with him; tell him you have told hundreds of them yourself. Tell him it is not the best way; you have tried it Tell him as the man did in Maine when his boy left home: "John, honesty is the best policy; I have tried both." Just be honest with him. Imagine now, you are about to whip a child five years of age. What is the child to do? Suppose a man, as much larger then you are larger than a child five years old, should come at you with a liberty-pole in his hand, and in a voice of thunder shout, "Who broke the plate?" There is not a solitary one of you who wouldn't swear you never saw it, or that it was cracked when you found it! Why not be honest with these children? Just imagine a man who deals in stocks putting false rumors afloat! Think of a lawyer beating his own flesh and blood for evading the truth when he makes half of his own living that way! Think of a minister punishing his child for not

telling all he thinks! Just think of it! When your child commits a wrong, take it in your arms; let it feel your heart beat against its heart; let the child know that you really and truly and sincerely love it; yet some Christians, good Christians, when a child commits a fault, drive it from the door and say, "Never do you darken this house again." Think of that! And then these same people will get down on their knees and ask God to take care of the child they have driven from home. I will never ask God to take

care of my children unless I am doing my level best in that same direction. But I will tell you what I say to my children: "Go where you will; commit what crime you may; fall to what depth of degradation you may; you can never commit any crime that will shut my door, my arms, my heart to you; as long as I live you shall have no more sincere friend." Do you know, I have seen some people who acted as though they thought when the Savior said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for such is the kingdom of heaven," that he had a rawhide under his mantle and made that remark to get the children within striking distance. I don't believe in the

government of the lash. If any of you ever expect to whip your children again after you hear me, I want you to have a photograph taken of yourself when you are in the act, with your face red with vulgar anger, and then the face of the little child, with eyes swimming in tears and the little chin dimpled with fear, like a piece of water struck by a sudden cold wind. Have the picture taken. If that little child should die, you cannot find a sweeter way to spend an autumn afternoon than to go out to the cemetery, when the maples are clad in bright colors, and little scarlet runners are coming, like poems of regret, from the sad heart of the earth—than to go out to the cemetery and sit down upon the grave and look at this photograph, and think of the flesh, now dust, that you beat. I tell you it is wrong; it is no way to raise children! Make your home happy. Be honest with them, divide fairly with them in everything. Give them a little liberty, and you cannot drive them out of the house. They will want to stay there. Make home pleasant. Let them play any game they want to. Don't be so foolish as to say: "You may roll balls on the ground, but you must not roll them on green cloth. You may knock them with a mallet, but you must not push them

with a cue. You may play with little pieces of paper which have 'authors' written on them, but you must not have 'keerds.'" Think of it! "You may go to a minstrel show where people blacken themselves up and degrade themselves and imitate humanity below themselves, but you must not go to the theatre and see the characters of immortal genius put upon the stage." Why? Well, I can't think of any reason in the world except that "minstrel" is a word of two syllables and "theatre" has three. Let children have some daylight at home if you want to keep them there, and don't commence at the cradle and yell, "Don't!" "Don't!" "Stop!" That is nearly all that is said to a young one from the cradle until he is 21 years old, and when he comes of age other people begin saying "don't!" And the church says "don't!" And the party that he belongs to says "don't!" I despise that way of going through this world. Let us have a little liberty—just a little bit.

PLEASURE OF CHILDHOOD

There is another thing. In old times, you know, they thought some days were too good for a child to enjoy himself in. When I was a boy, Sunday was considered altogether too good

a day to be happy; and Sunday used to commence then when the sun went down Saturday night. That was to get good ready, a kind of running jump; and when the sun went down, a darkness ten thousand times deeper than that of night fell on that house. Nobody said a word then; nobody laughed; and the child that looked the sickest was regarded the most pious. You couldn't crack hickory nuts; you couldn't chew gum; and if you laughed it was only another evidence of the total depravity of man. That was a solemn night; and the next morning everybody looked sad, mournful, dyspeptic—and thousands of people think they have religion when they have only got dyspepsia—thousands! But there is nothing in this world that would break up the old orthodox churches as quick as some specific for dyspepsia—some sure cure. Then we went to church, and the minister was up in a pulpit about twenty feet high, with a little sounding board over him, and he commenced with firstly, and went on to about twenty-thirdly, and then around by way of application, and then divided it off again once or twice, and after having put in about two hours, he got to Revelations. We were not allowed to have any fire, even if it was in the winter. It was thought

to be outrageous to be comfortable while you were thanking the Lord, and the first church that ever had a stove put in it in New England was broken up on that account. Then we went anooning, and then came the catechism, the chief end of man. We went through that; and then this same sermon was preached, commencing at the other end and going back. After that was over we started for home, solemn and sad—"not a soldier discharged his farewell shot;" not a word was said—and when we got home, if we had been good boys they would take us up to the graveyard to cheer us up a little. It did cheer me! When I looked at those tombs the comforting reflection came to my mind that this kind of thing couldn't last always. Then we had some certain books that we read just by way of cheerfulness. There was Milners' "History of the Waldenses," Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," and Jenkins' "On the Atonement." I used to read Jenkins' "On the Atonement;" and I have often thought the atonement would have to be very broad in its provisions to cover the case of a man who would write a book like that for a boy to read. Well, you know, the Sunday had to go at last; and the moment the sun went down Sunday night we were free.

About four or five o'clock we would go to see how the sun was coming out. Sometimes it seemed to me that it was just stopping from pure cussedness; but finally it had to go down, and when the last rim of light sank below the horizon, out would come our traps, and we would give three cheers for liberty once more. In those times it was thought wrong for a child to laugh on Sunday. Think of that! A little child—a little boy—could go out in the garden, and there would be a tree laden with blossoms, and this little fellow would lean up against the tree, and there would be a bird singing and swinging and thinking about four little speckled eggs, warmed by the breast of its mate, singing and swinging, and the music coming rippling out of its throat, and the flowers blossoming and the air full of perfume, and the great white clouds floating in the sky, and that little boy would lean up against that trunk, and think of hell. That's true! I have heard them preach when I sat in the pew, and my feet didn't come within eighteen inches of the floor, about that hell. And they said, "Suppose that once in a million years a bird would come from some far distant planet, and carry off in its bill a grain of sand, the time would finally come when the last atom composing this

earth would be carried away, and", the old preacher said, in order to impress upon the boys the length of time they would have to stay, "it wouldn't be sun up in hell yet." Think of that to preach to children! I tell you, my friends, no day can be so sacred but that the laugh of a little child will make it holier still—no day! And yet, at that time, the minds of children were polluted by this infamous doctrine of eternal punishment; and I denounce it to-day as an infamous doctrine beyond the power of language to express. Where did that doctrine of eternal punishment for the children of men come from? It came from that wretch in the

DOCTRINE OF ETERNAL PUNISHMENT

dug-out. Where did he get it? It was a souvenir from the animals, and the doctrine of eternal punishment was born in the eyes of snakes when they hung in fearful coils watching for their prey. It was a doctrine born of the howling and barking and growling of wild beasts; it was born in the grin of the hyenas, and of the depraved chatter of the baboons, and I despise it with every drop of my blood. Tell me there is a God in the serene heaven that will damn his children for the expression of an honest belief!

There have been more men who died in their sins, according to your orthodox religion, than there are leaves on all the forests of this world, ten thousand times over. Tell me they are in hell! Tell me they are to be punished forever and ever! I denounce it as an infamous lie! And when the great ship containing the hope and aspiration of the world, when the great ship freighted with mankind goes down in the night of death and disaster, I will go down with the ship. I don't want to paddle off in any orthodox canoe. I will go down with the ship; and if there is a God who will damn his children forever, I had rather go to hell than to go to heaven and keep the society of such an infamous deity. I make my choice now. I despise that doctrine, and I will tell you why. It has covered the cheeks of this world with tears. It has polluted the heart of children. It has been a pain and terror to every man that ever believed it. It has filled the good with horror and fear, but it has had no effect upon the infamous and base. I tell you it is a bad doctrine. I read in the papers today what Henry Ward Beecher, whom I regard as the most intellectual preacher in the pulpit of the United States,—I will read in the paper what he said yesterday,—and you will see an

abstract of it in the New York Times of to-day—what he said. And he has had the courage, and he has had the magnificent manhood, to say: "I say to you and I swear to you, by the wounds in the hands of Christ, I swear to you by the wounds in the body and feet of Christ, that this doctrine of eternal hell is a most infamous nightmare of theology. It never should be preached again." What right have you, sir, you, minister as you are, to stand at the portal of eternity, or the portal of the tomb, and fill the future with horror and with fear? You have no right to do it. I don't believe it, and neither do you. You would not sleep one night. Any man who believes it, who has got a decent heart in his bosom, will go insane. Yes, sir, a man that really believes that doctrine and does not go insane has got the conscience of a snake and the intellect of a hyena. O! I thank my stars that you do not believe it. You cannot believe it, and you never will believe it. Old Jonathan Edwards, the dear old soul—he is in heaven, I suppose—said: "Can the believing husband in heaven be happy with his unbelieving wife in hell? Can the believing father in heaven be happy with his unbelieving children in hell? Can the loving wife in heaven be happy with

her unbelieving husband in hell? I tell you yea. Such will be their sense of justice that it will increase rather than diminish their happi-

ness." Think of these infamous doctrines that have been taught in the name of religion! Do not stuff these things into the minds of your children. Give them a chance. Let them read. Let them think. Do not treat your children like posts to be set in the orthodox road, but like trees that need light and sun and air. Be honest with them. Be fair with them. In old times they used to make all children go to bed when they were not sleepy, and all of them got up when they were sleepy. I say, let them go to bed when they are sleepy and get up when they are not. But they say that will do for the rich, but not for the poor. Well, if the poor have to wake their children early in the morning, it is as easy to wake them with a kiss as with a club. I believe in letting children commence at which end of the dinner they want to. Let them eat what they want to. It is their business. They know what they want to eat. And if they have had their liberty from the first, they can beat any doctor in the world. All the improvement

that has ever been made in medicine has been made by the recklessness of patients. Yes, sir. Thousands and thousands of years the doctors wouldn't let a man have water in fever. Every now and then some fellow got reckless and said: "I will die, I am so thirsty," and drank two or three quarts of water and got well. And they kept that up until finally the doctors said, "That is the best thing for a fever you can do." I have more confidence to agree with nature about these things than any of the conclusions of the schools. Just let your children have freedom, and they will fall right into your ways and do just as you do. But you try to make them, and there is some magnificent, splendid thing in the human heart that will not be driven. And do you know it is the luckiest thing for this world that ever happened that people are so? What would we have been if the people in any age of the world had done just as the doctors told them? They would have been all dead. What would we have done, if at any age of the world we had followed implicitly the direction of the church? We would have been all idiots, every one. It is a splendid thing that there is always some fellow who won't mind, and will think for himself. And I believe in letting children think for them-

selves. I believe in having a family like a democracy. If there is any thing splendid in this world, it is a home of that kind. They used to tell us: "Let your victuals close your mouth." We used to eat as though it was a religious performance. I like to see the children about, and every one telling what he has seen and heard. I like to hear the clatter of the knives and spoons mingling with the laughter of their voices. I had rather hear it than any opera that has ever been put upon the boards. Let them have liberty; let them have freedom, and I tell you your children will love you to death.

TWO EXCUSES

Now, I have some excuses to offer for the race to which I belong. I have two. My first excuse is that this is not a very good world to raise folks in anyway. It is not very well adapted to raising magnificent people. There's only a quarter of it land to start with. It is three times better fitted for raising fish than folks, and in that one-quarter of land there is not a tenth part fit to raise people on. You can't raise people without a good climate. You have got to have the right kind of climate, and you have got to have certain elements in the soil, or you can't

raise good people. Do you know that there is only a little zigzag strip around the world within which have been produced all men of genius? The southern hemisphere has never produced a man of genius, never, and never will until civilization, fighting the heat that way and the cold this, widens this portion of the earth capable of producing great men and great women. It is the same with men that it is with vegetation; you go into a garden, and find there flowers growing. And as you go up the mountain, the birch and the hemlock and the spruce are to be found. And as you go toward the top, you find little stunted trees getting a miserable subsistence out of the crevices of the rocks; and you go on up and up and up, until finally you find at the top little moss-like freckles. You might as well try to raise flowers where those freckles grow, as to raise great men and women where you haven't got the soil.

THE FIRESIDE NECESSARY

I don't believe man ever came to any high station without woman. There has got to be some restraint, something to make you prudent, something to make you industrious. And in a country where you don't need any bed-quilt but

a cloud, revolution is the normal condition of the people. You have got to have the fireside; you have got to have the home, and there by the fireside will grow and bloom the fruits of the human race. I recollect a while ago I was in Washington when they were trying to annex Santo Domingo. They said: "We want to take in Santo Domingo." Says I: "We don't want it." "Why," said they, "it is the best climate the earth can produce. There is every thing you want." "Yes," said I, "but it won't produce men. We don't want it. We have got soil enough now. Take 5,000 ministers from New England, 5,000 presidents of colleges, and 5,000 solid business men and their families, and take them to Santo Domingo; and then you will see the effect of climate. The second generation you will see barefooted boys riding bareback on a mule, with their hair sticking out of the top of their sombreros, with a rooster under each arm, going to a cock-fight on Sunday." You have got to have the soil; you have got to have the climate, and you have got to have another thing—you have got to have the fireside. That is one excuse I have for us.

The next excuse is that I think we came up from the lower animals. Else how can you

account for all this snake and hyena and jackal in man? Now, when I first heard that doctrine, I didn't like it. I felt sorry for people who had nothing but ancestors to be proud of. It touched my heart to think they would have to go back to the Duke Orangoutang or the Duchess Chimpanzee. I was sorry, and I hated to believe it. I don't know that it is the truth now. I am not satisfied upon that question; I stand about eight to seven. I thought it over. I read about it. I read about these rudimentary bones and muscles. I didn't like that. I read that everybody had rudimentary muscles coming from the ear right down here—indicating that the most intellectual people in the world have got them. I say, "What are they?" "Rudimentary muscles." "What kind of muscles?" "Muscles that your ancestors used to have fully developed." "What for?" "To flap their ears with." Well, whether we ever had them or not, I know of lots of men who ought to have them yet. And finally I said, "Well, I guess we came up from the lower animals." I thought it over, the best I could, and I said, "I guess we did." And after a while I began to like it, and I like it now better than I did before. Do you know that I would rather belong to a race that started with

skullless vertebræ in the dim Laurentian seas, wiggling without knowing why they wiggled, swimming without knowing where they were going; but kept developing and getting a little further up and a little further up, all through the animal world, and finally striking this chap in the dug-out. A getting a little bigger, and this fellow calling that fellow a heretic, and that fellow calling the other an infidel, and so on. For in the history of the world, the man who is ahead has always been called a heretic. Recollect this! I would rather come from a race that started from that skullless vertebræ, and came up and up and up and finally produced Shakespeare, who found the human intellect wallowing in a hut and touched it with the wand of his genius and it became a palace dome and pinnacle. I would rather belong to a race that commenced then and produced Shakespeare, with the eternal hope of an infinite future for the children of progress leading from the far horizon, beckoning men forward, forward and onward forever. I had rather belong to this race and commence there with that hope, than to have sprung from a perfect pair, on which the Lord has lost money every day since.

FREE THOUGHT

These are the excuses I have for my race. Now, my friends, let me say another thing. I do not pretend to have floated even with the heights of thought; I do not pretend to have fathomed the abyss. All I pretend is to give simply my honest thought. Every creed that we have to-day has upon it the mark of whip and chain and faggot. I do not want it. Free labor will give us wealth, and has given us wealth; and why? Because a free brain goes into partnership with a free hand. That is why. And when a man works for his wife and children, the problem of liberty is, how to do the most work in the shortest space of time; but the problem of slavery is how to do the least work in the longest space of time. Slavery is poverty; liberty is wealth. It is the same in thought. Free thought will give us truth, and the man who is not in favor of free thought occupies the same relation to those he can govern that the slaveholder occupied to his slaves, exactly. Free thought will give us wealth. There has not been a generation of free thought yet. It will be time to write a creed when there have been a few generations of free brained men and splendid

women in this world. I don't know what the future may bring forth; I don't know what inventions are in the brain of the future; I don't know what garments may be woven, with the years to come; but I do know, coming from the infinite sea of the future, there will never touch this "bank and shoal of time" a greater blessing, a grander glory, than liberty for man, woman and child. Oh, liberty, float not forever in the far horizon, remain not forever in the dream of the enthusiast and the poet and the philanthropist, but come and take up thine abode with the children of men forever.

Mr. Beecher's Orthodoxy

Col. Ingersoll having referred in his lecture to Mr. Beecher's sermon of Sunday, we print the synoptical report of it as published in the New York Times, as follows:

Mr. Beecher's text yesterday (Sunday) morning was the ninth verse of the first chapter of Ephesians, and the theme of his discourse was the background of mystery which surrounds, or rather obscures, all attempts to teach or understand the attributes and nature of God. Men must learn these things by their own experience, and, in illustrating the difference be-

tween God and man, he said that man's essential faculties are precisely similar to those of God, and differ only in degree, just as the child of four years, sitting on his father's knee, has the same powers of reasoning as his father, only that power in the father is matured, while in the child it is weak and obscure. A man would not hold a candle out of the window and say it was sunrise, and yet the same light and the same warmth exist in the candle that exist in the sun, though in an immensely different degree. Speaking of the Trinity, Mr. Beecher said that he believed there were three persons united in one Godhead, but that if any one should ask him why he believed it, he should tell him frankly that he did not know anything about it, only that it was easier to believe that which he thought coincided with the doctrine of the New Testament than to contradict it. But he could not attempt to explain it. Orthodoxy says that men must believe in the Trinity or they cannot come into the church. That is called orthodoxy, but he called it heathenism. It is not an easy thing, said Mr. Beecher, for an honest, conscientious man to know just what to preach and what not to preach. A man who values morality, and who has the good of his fellow-men at heart, cannot be care-

less as to the things he ought to teach. His own head had often reeled, and his mind had been greatly troubled, when he reflected upon his responsibility in this matter. It was no easy matter to remove the rotten timbers and replace them with sound ones and not stop the voyage of the ship. It was said that Adam was created perfect. It was also said that Adam sinned, and that in consequence of that sin the whole human race fell. The human race had existed on the earth for thousands and thousands of years, and had gone on propagating and multiplying until all the waves of the ocean which had rolled in upon the shore during those centuries did not contain drops enough, nor the sands of the sea particles enough, nor all the figures of the arithmetic numbers enough to compute the preface, to say nothing of the body, of the great history of the human race. The numbers of the human race were actually beyond computation, and for thousands and thousands and thousands of years they had been born into the world, had lived, and struggled, and finally died, and gone—where? "If you tell me that they have all gone to heaven, my answer will be that such a sweeping of mud into heaven would defile its purity, and I cannot accept that. If you tell me

that they have gone to hell, then I swear by the Lord Jesus Christ, whom I have sworn to worship forever, that you will make an infidel of me. The doctrine that God has been for thousands of years peopling this earth with human beings, during a period three-fourths of which was not illuminated by an altar or a church, and in places where a vast population of those people are yet without that light, is to transform the Almighty into a monster more hideous than Satan himself; and I swear by all that is sacred that I will never worship Satan, though he should appear dressed in royal robes and seated on the throne of Jehovah. Men may say, 'You will go to heaven.' A heaven presided over by such a demon as that, who has been peopling this world with millions of human beings, and then sweeping them off into hell, not like dead flies, but without taking the trouble even to kill them, and gloating and laughing over their eternal misery, is not such a heaven as I want to go to. The doctrine is too horrible. I cannot believe it and I won't. They say the saints in heaven are so happy that they do not mind the torments of the damned in hell; but what sort of saints must they be who could be happy while looking down upon the horrors of the bot-

tomless pit? They don't mind—they're safe—they're happy! What would the mother think of the sixteen-year old daughter who, when her infant was lying dead in the house, should come dancing and singing into the parlor, and exclaim, 'Oh! I am so happy, mother! I don't care for the dead baby in the coffin!' Would she not be shocked? And so with this doctrine; and by the blood of Christ I denounce it; by the wounds in his hands and side I abhor it; by his groans and agony, I abhor and denounce it as the most hideous nightmare of theology."

ORATION ON DECORATION DAY

The memorial services at the Academy of Music, New York, on the evening of Decoration Day, were of more than ordinary interest. Gen. Henry A. Barnum acted as temporary Chairman, and Gen. James McQuade as Permanent Chairman. At their right sat Benjamin H. Brewster, Attorney-General of the United States: Charles J. Folger, Secretary of the Treasury; Gen. Hancock, President Arthur, and Gen. Grant, in the order named; at their left were Roscoe Conkling, the Rev. Dr. J. P. Newman, and Mayor Grace.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, the orator of the occasion, spoke as follows:

This day is sacred to our heroes dead. Upon their tombs we have lovingly laid the wealth of spring. This is a day for memory and tears. A mighty Nation bends above its honored graves and pays to noble dust the tribute of its love.

Gratitude is the fairest flower that sheds its

perfume in the heart. To-day we tell the history of our country's life—recount the lofty deeds of vanished years—the toil and sufferings, the defeats and victories of heroic men—of men who made our Nation great and free.

We see the first ships whose prows were gilded by the Western sun. We feel the thrill of discovery when the New World was found. We see the oppressed, the serf, the peasant, and the slave—men whose flesh had known the chill of chains—the adventurous, the proud, the brave, sailing an unknown sea, seeking homes in unknown lands. We see the settlements, the little clearings, the block-house and the fort, the rude and lonely huts. Brave man, true woman, builders of homes, fellers of forests, founders of States! Separated from the Old World—away from the heartless distinctions of caste; away from the sceptres and titles and crowns—they governed themselves. They defended their homes, they earned their bread. Each citizen had a voice, and the little villages became almost republics.

Slowly the savage was driven, foot by foot, back in the dim forest. The days and nights were filled with fear, and the slow years with massacre and war, and cabins' earthen floors

were wet with blood of mothers and their babes.

But the savages of the New World were kinder than the Kings and nobles of the Old; and so the human tide kept coming, and the places of the dead were filled.

Amid common dangers and common hopes the prejudices and feuds of Europe faded slowly from their hearts. From every land, of every speech, driven by want and lured by hope, exiles and emigrants sought the mysterious Continent of the West. Year after year the colonists fought, and toiled, and suffered, and increased. They began to talk about liberty—to reason of the rights of man. They asked no help from distant Kings, and they began to doubt the use of paying tribute to the useless. They lost respect for Dukes and Lords, and held in high esteem all honest men.

THE DREAM OF INDEPENDENCE

There was the dawn of a new day. They began to dream of independence. They found that they could make and execute the laws. They had tried the experiment of self-government. They had succeeded. The Old World wished to dominate the New. In the care and

keeping of the colonists was the destiny of this continent—of half the world.

On this day the story of the great struggle between colonists and Kings should be told. We should tell our children of the contest— first for justice, then for freedom. We should tell them the history of the Declaration of Independence—the chart and compass of all human rights —that all men are equal and have the right to life, liberty, and joy. The declaration uncrowned Kings and wrested from the hands of titled tyranny the sceptre of usurped and arbitrary power. It superseded royal grants and repealed the cruel statutes of a thousand years. It gave the peasant a career, it knighted all the sons of toil, it opened all the paths to fame, and put the star of hope above the cradle of the poor man's babe.

England was then the mightiest of nations —mistress of every sea—and yet our fathers, poor and few, defied her power. To-day we remember the defeats, the victories, the disasters, the weary marches, the poverty, the hunger, the sufferings, the agonies, and, above all, the glories of the Revolution. We remember all—from Lexington to Valley Forge, and from that midnight of despair to Yorktown's cloudless

day. We remember the soldiers and thinkers—the heroes of the sword and pen. They had the brain and heart, the wisdom and the courage, to utter and defend these words: "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." In defense of this sublime and self-evident truth the war was waged and won. To-day we remember all the heroes, all the generous and chivalric men who came from other lands to make ours free.

Of the many thousands who shared the gloom and glory of the seven sacred years not one remains. The last has mingled with the earth, and nearly all are sleeping now in unmarked graves, and some beneath the leaning, crumbling stones, from which their names have been effaced by Time's irreverent and relentless hand. But the Nation they founded remains. The United States are still free and independent. The "Government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed," and 50,000,000 of people remember with gratitude the heroes of the Revolution.

To-day we remember the heroes of the second war with England, in which our fathers fought for the freedom of the seas, for the rights of the American sailor. We remember with pride the

splendid victories of Erie and Champlain, and the wondrous achievements upon the sea—achievements that covered our navy with a glory that neither the victories nor defeats of the future can dim. We remember the heroic services and sufferings of those who fought the merciless savage of the frontier. We see the midnight massacre and hear the war-cries of the allies of England. We see the flames climb round the happy homes, and in the charred and blackened ruins we see the mutilated bodies of wives and children.

Peace came at last, crowned with the victory of New Orleans—a victory that "did redeem all sorrows" and all defeats. The Revolution gave our fathers a free land—the war of 1812 a free sea. To-day we remember the gallant men who bore our flag in triumph from the Rio Grande to the heights of Chapultepec. Leaving out of question the justice of our cause—necessity for war—we are yet compelled to applaud the marvelous courage of our troops. A handful of men, brave, impetuous, determined, irresistible—conquered a nation. Our history has no record of more daring deeds.

CONTRASTING NORTH AND SOUTH

Again peace came, and the Nation hoped and

thought that strife was at an end. We had grown too powerful to be attacked. Our resources were boundless, and the future seemed secure. The hardy pioneers moved to the Great West. Beneath their ringing strokes the forests disappeared, and on the prairie waved the billowed seas of wheat and corn. The great plains were crossed, the mountains were conquered, and the foot of victorious adventure pressed the shore of the Pacific. In the great North all the streams went singing to the sea, turning wheels and spindles and casting shuttles back and forth. Inventions were springing like magic from a thousand brains. From labor's holy altars rose and leaped the smoke and flame, and from the countless forges rang the chant of rhythmic stroke. But in the South the negro toiled unpaid and mothers wept while babes were sold, and at the auction block husbands and wives speechlessly looked the last good-by. Fugitives, lighted by the North Star, sought liberty on English soil and were by Northern men thrust back to whip and chain. The great statesmen, the successful politicans, announced that law had compromised with crime, that justice had been bribed, and that time had barred appeal. A race was left without a right,

without a hope. The future had no dawn, no star—nothing but ignorance and fear, nothing but work and want. This was the conclusion of the statesmen, the philosophy of the politicians—of constitutional expounders. This was decided by courts and ratified by the Nation.

We had been successful in three wars. We had wrested thirteen colonies from Great Britain. We had conquered our place upon the high seas. We had added more than two millions of square miles to the National domain. We had increased in population from three to thirty-one millions. We were in the midst of plenty. We were rich and free. Ours appeared to be the most prosperous of nations. But it was only appearance. The statesmen and the politicians were deceived. Real victories can be won only for the right. The triumph of justice is the only peace. Such is the nature of things. He who enslaves another cannot be free. He who attacks the right assaults himself.

The mistakes our fathers made had not been corrected. The foundations of the Republic were insecure. The great dome of the temple was clad in the light of prosperity, but the corner-stones were crumbling. Four millions of human beings were enslaved. Party cries had

been mistaken for principles, partisanship for patriotism, success for justice. But pity pointed to the scarred and bleeding backs of slaves; mercy heard the sobs of mothers reft of babes, and justice held aloft the scales in which one drop of blood shed by a master's lash out-weighed a nation's gold. There were a few men, a few women, who had the courage to attack this monstrous crime. They found it intrenched in constitutions, statutes, and decisions, barricaded and bastioned by every department and by every party. Politicians were its servants, statesmen its attorneys, Judges its menials, Presidents its puppets, and upon its cruel altar has been sacrificed our country's honor. It was the crime of the Nation—of the whole country—North and South responsible alike.

To-day we reverently thank the Abolitionists. Earth has produced no grander man, no nobler woman. They were the real philanthropists, the true patriots. When the will defies fear, when duty throws the gauntlet down to fate, when honor scorns to compromise with death—this is heroism.

TRUE PATRIOTISM

The Abolitionists were heroes. He loves

his country best who strives to make it best. The bravest men are those who have the greatest fear of doing wrong. Mere politicians wish the country to do something for them; true patriots desire to do something for their country. Courage without conscience is a wild beast: patriotism without principle is the prejudice of birth—the animal attachment to place. These men, these women, had courage and conscience, patriotism and principle, heart and brain. The South relied upon the bond, upon a barbarous clause that stained, disfigured, and defiled the Federal pact, and made the monstrous claim that slavery was the Nation's ward. The spot of shame grew red in Northern cheeks, and Northern men declared that slavery had poisoned, cursed, and blighted soul and soil enough, and that the Territories must be free.

The Radicals of the South cried, "No Union without slavery!" The Radicals of the North replied, "No Union without liberty!"

The Northern Radicals were right. Upon the great issue of free homes for free men a President was elected by the free States. The South appealed to the sword and raised the standard of revolt. For the first time in history the oppressors rebelled. But let us to-day be

great enough to forget individuals—great enough to know that slavery was treason, that slavery was rebellion, that slavery fired upon our flag and sought to wreck and strand the mighty ship that bears the hope and fortune of this world.

The first shot liberated the North. Constitutions, statutes, and decisions—compromises, platforms, and resolutions, made, passed, and ratified in the interest of slavery became mere legal lies, mean and meaningless, base and baseless. Parchment and paper could no longer stop or stay the onward march of man. The North was free. Millions instantly resolved that the Nation should not die—that freedom should not perish and that slavery should not live. Millions of our brothers, our sons, our fathers, our husbands, answered to the Nation's call. The great armies have desolated the earth; the greatest soldiers have been ambition's dupes. They waged war for the sake of place and pillage, pomp and power, for the ignorant applause of vulgar millions, for the flattery of parasites and the adulation of sycophants and slaves. Let us proudly remember that in our time the greatest, the grandest, the noblest army of the world fought—not to enslave, but to free; not to de-

stroy, but to save; not simply for themselves, but for others; not for conquest, but for conscience; not for us, but for every land and every race. With courage, with enthusiasm, with devotion never excelled, with an exaltation and purity of purpose never equaled, this grand army fought the battles of the Republic. For the preservation of this Nation, for the destruction of slavery, these soldiers, these sailors, on the land and sea, disheartened by no defeat, discouraged by no obstacle, appalled by no danger, neither paused nor swerved until a stainless flag, without a rival, floated over all our wide domain, and until every human being beneath its folds was absolutely free. The great victory for human rights—the greatest of all the years—had been won, won by the Union men of the North, by the Union men of the South, and by those who had been slaves. Liberty was National—slavery was dead.

THE MEANING OF OUR FLAG

The flag for which the heroes fought, for which they died, is the symbol of all we are, of all we hope to be. It is the emblem of equal rights. It means free hands, free lips, self government, and the sovereignty of the individual. It

means that this continent has been dedicated to freedom. It means universal education—light for every mind, knowledge for every child. It means that the school-house is the fortress of liberty. It means that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed;" that each man is accountable to and for the Government; that responsibility goes hand in hand with liberty. It means that it is the duty of every citizen to bear his share of the public burden—to take part in the affairs of his town, his county, his State, and his country. It means that the ballot box is the ark of the covenant; that the source of authority must not be poisoned. It means the perpetual right of peaceful revolution. It means that every citizen of the Republic, native or naturalized, must be protected at home in every State, abroad in every land, on every sea. It means that all distinctions based on birth or blood have perished from our law; that our Government shall stand between labor and capital, between the weak and strong, between the individual and the corporation, between want and wealth, and give and guarantee simple justice to each and all. It means that there shall be a legal remedy for every wrong. It means National

hospitality—that we must welcome to our shores the exiles of the world, and that we may not drive them back. Some may be deformed by labor, dwarfed by hunger, broken in spirit, victims of tyranny and caste—in whose sad faces may be read the touching record of a weary life—and yet their children, born of liberty and love, will be symmetrical and fair, intelligent, and free.

That flag is the emblem of a supreme will—of a Nation's power. Beneath its folds the weakest must be protected and the strongest must obey. It shields and canopies alike the loftiest mansion and the rudest hut. That flag was given to the air in the Revolution's darkest days. It represents the sufferings of the past, the glories yet to be and, like the bow of heaven, it is the child of storm and sun. This day is sacred to the great heroic host who kept this flag above our heads, sacred to the living and the dead, sacred to the scarred and maimed, sacred to the wives who gave their husbands, to the mothers who gave their sons.

Here in this peaceful land of ours—here where the sun shines, where flowers grow, where children play—millions of armed men battled for

the right and breasted on a thousand fields the iron storms of war.

These brave, these incomparable men, founded the first Republic. They fulfilled the prophecies, they brought to pass the dreams, they realized the hopes that all the great, and good, and wise, and just have made and had since man was man.

But what of those who fell?

There is no language to express the debt we owe, the love we bear, to all the dead who died for us. Words are but barren sounds. We can but stand beside their graves and in the hush and silence feel what speech has never told.

They fought, they died, and for the first time since man has kept a record of events, the heavens bent above and domed a land without a serf, a servant, or a slave.

ORATION AT A CHILD'S GRAVE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In a remote corner of the Congressional Cemetery a small group of people with uncovered heads were ranged around a newly opened grave. They included Detective and Mrs. George O. Miller and family and friends, who had gathered to witness the burial of the former's bright little son Harry, a recent victim of diphtheria. As the casket rested upon the trestles there was a painful pause, broken only by the mother's sobs, until the undertaker advanced toward a stout, florid-complexioned gentleman in the party and whispered to him, the words being inaudible to the lookers-on.

This gentleman was

COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL,

a friend of the Millers, who had attended the funeral at their request. He shook his head when the undertaker first addressed him, and

then said suddenly, "Does Mrs. Miller desire it?"

The undertaker gave an affirmative nod. Mr. Miller looked appealingly toward the distinguished orator, and then Col. Ingersoll advanced to the side of the grave, made a motion denoting a desire for silence, and, in a voice of exquisite cadence, delivered one of his characteristic eulogies for the dead. The scene was intensely dramatic. A fine drizzling rain was falling, and every head was bent, and every ear turned to catch the impassioned words of eloquence and hope that fell from the lips of

THE FAMED ORATOR.

Col. Ingersoll was unprotected by either hat or umbrella, and his invocation thrilled his hearers with awe, each eye that had previously been bedimmed with tears brightening and sobs becoming hushed. The Colonel said:

My Friends: I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words, and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear. Here in this world, where life and death are equal kings, all should be brave enough to meet what all have met. The future has been filled with fear, stained and polluted by the heartless past. From the wondrous tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with

ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth patriarchs and babes sleep side by side. Why should we fear that which will come to all that is? We cannot tell. We do not know which is the greatest blessing, life or death. We cannot say that death is not good. We do not know whether the grave is the end of life or the door of another, or whether the night here is not somewhere else a dawn. Neither can we tell which is the more fortunate, the child dying in its mother's arms before its lips have learned to form a word, or he who journeys all the length of life's uneven road, painfully taking the last slow steps with staff and crutch. Every cradle asks us "Whence?" and every coffin "Whither?" The poor barbarian weeping above his dead can answer the question as intelligently and satisfactorily as the robed priest of the most authentic creed. The tearful ignorance of the one is just as consoling as

THE LEARNED AND UNMEANING WORDS

of the other. No man standing where the horizon of a life has touched a grave has any right to prophesy a future filled with pain and tears. It may be that death gives all there is of worth to life. If those who press and strain

against our hearts could never die, perhaps that love would wither from the earth. May be a common faith treads from out the paths between our hearts the weeds of selfishness, and I should rather live and love where death is king than have eternal life where love is not. Another life is naught, unless we know and love again the ones who love us here. They who stand with breaking hearts around this little grave need have no fear. The largest and the nobler faith in all that is, and is to be, tells us that death, even at its worst, is only perfect rest. We know that through the common wants of life, the needs and duties of each hour, their grief will lessen day by day until at last these graves will be to them a place of rest and peace, almost of joy. There is for them this consolation: The dead do not suffer. If they live again, their lives will surely be as good as ours. We have no fear; we are all children of the same mother, and the same faith awaits us all. We, too, have our religion, and it is this: "Help for the living, hope for the dead."

At the conclusion of the eloquent oration the little coffin was deposited in its last resting-place covered with flowers.

NOMINATING JAMES G. BLAINE FOR PRESIDENT

(*Speech at Cincinnati, June,* 1876.)

Massachusetts may be satisfied with the loyalty of Benjamin H. Bristow; so am I; but if any man nominated by this convention cannot carry the State of Massachusetts, I am not satisfied with the loyalty of that State. If the nominee of this convention cannot carry the grand old Commonwealth of Massachusetts by seventy-five thousand majority, I would advise them to sell out Faneuil Hall as a Democratic headquarters. I would advise them to take from Bunker Hill that old monument of glory.

The Republicans of the United States demand as their leader in the great contest of 1876 a man of intelligence, a man of integrity, a man of well-known and approved political opinions. They demand a statesman; they demand a reformer after as well as before the election. They

demand a politician in the highest, broadest and best sense—a man of superb moral courage. They demand a man acquainted with public affairs, with the wants of the people; with not only the requirements of the hour, but with the demands of the future.

They demand a man broad enough to comprehend the relations of this government to the other nations of the earth. They demand a man well versed in the powers, duties and prerogatives of each and every department of this government. They demand a man who will sacredly preserve the financial honor of the United States; one who knows enough to know that the national debt must be paid through the prosperity of this people; one who knows enough to know that all the financial theories in the world cannot redeem a single dollar; one who knows enough to know that all the money must be made, not by law, but by labor; one who knows enough to know that the people of the United States have the industry to make the money, and the honor to pay it over just as fast as they make it.

The Republicans of the United States demand a man who knows that prosperity and resumption, when they come, must come to-

gether; that when they come, they will come hand in hand through the golden harvest fields; hand in hand by the whirling spindles and the turning wheels; hand in hand past the open furnace doors; hand in hand by the chimneys filled with eager fire, greeted and grasped by the countless sons of toil.

This money has to be dug out of the earth. You cannot make it by passing resolutions in a political convention.

The Republicans of the United States want a man who knows that this government should protect every citizen, at home and abroad; who knows that any government that will not defend its defenders, and protect its protectors, is a disgrace to the map of the world. They demand a man who believes in the eternal separation and divorcement of church and school. They demand a man whose political reputation is as spotless as a star; but they do not demand that their candidate shall have a certificate of moral character signed by a confederate congress. The man who has, in full, heaped and rounded measure, all these splendid qualifications, is the present grand and gallant leader of the Republican party—James G. Blaine.

Our country, crowned with the vast and

marvelous achievements of its first century, asks for a man worthy of the past, and prophetic of her future; asks for a man who has the audacity of genius; asks for a man who is the grandest combination of heart, conscience and brain beneath her flag—such a man is James G. Blaine.

For the Republican host, led by this intrepid man, there can be no defeat.

This is a grand year—a year filled with recollections of the Revolution; filled with the proud and tender memories of the past; with the sacred legends of liberty—a year in which the sons of freedom will drink from the fountains of enthusiasm; a year in which the people call for a man who has preserved in Congress what our soldiers won upon the field; a year in which they call for the man who has torn from the throat of treason the tongue of slander—for the man who has snatched the mask of Democracy from the hideous face of rebellion; for this man who, like an intellectual athlete, has stood in the arena of debate and challenged all comers, and who is still a total stranger to defeat.

Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen foreheads of the

defamers of his country and the maligners of his honor. For the Republican party to desert this gallant leader now, is as though an army should desert their general upon the field of battle.

James G. Blaine is now and has been for years the bearer of the sacred standard of the Republican party. I call it sacred, because no human being can stand beneath its folds without becoming and without remaining free.

Gentlemen of the convention, in the name of our great Republic, the only Republic that ever existed upon this earth; in the name of all her defenders and of all her supporters; in the name of all her soldiers living; in the name of all her soldiers dead upon the field of battle, and in the name of those who perished in the skeleton clutch of famine at Andersonville and Libby, whose sufferings he so vividly remembers, Illinois—Illinois nominates for the next President of this country that prince of parliamentarians —that leader of leaders—James G. Blaine.

SPEECH AT INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

(*September* 21, 1876.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—FELLOW CITIZENS AND CITIZEN-SOLDIERS:—I am opposed to the Democratic party, and I will tell you why. Every State that seceded from the United States was a Democratic State. Every ordinance of secession that was drawn was drawn by a Democrat. Every man that endeavored to tear the old flag from the heaven that it enriches was a Democrat. Every man that tried to destroy this nation was a Democrat. Every enemy this great republic has had for twenty years has been a Democrat. Every man that shot Union soldiers was a Democrat. Every man that starved Union soldiers and refused them in the extremity of death a crust was a Democrat. Every man that loved slavery better than liberty was a Democrat. The man that assassinated Abraham Lincoln was a Democrat. Every man that sympathized

with the assassin—every man glad that the noblest President ever elected was assassinated, was a Democrat. Every man that wanted the privilege of whipping another man to make him work for him for nothing and pay him with lashes on his naked back was a Democrat. Every man that raised blood-hounds to pursue human beings was a Democrat. Every man that clutched from shrieking, shuddering, crouching mothers babes from their breasts and sold them into slavery was a Democrat. Every man that impaired the credit of the United States, every man that swore we would never pay the bonds, every man that swore we would never redeem the greenbacks, every maligner of his country's honor, was a Democrat. Every man that resisted the draft, every man that hid in the bushes, and shot at Union men simply because they were endeavoring to enforce the laws of their country, was a Democrat. Every man that wept over the corpse of slavery was a Democrat. Every man that cursed Lincoln because he issued the proclamation of emancipation—the grandest paper since the Declaration of Independence—every one of them was a Democrat. Every man that denounced the soldiers that bared their bosoms to the storms of

shot and shell for the honor of America and for the sacred rights of man was a Democrat.

ENEMIES OF HUMAN LIBERTY

Every man that wanted an uprising in the North, that wanted to release the rebel prisoners that they might burn down the homes of Union soldiers above the heads of their wives and children, while the brave husbands, the heroic fathers, were in the front fighting for the honor of the old flag, every one of them was a Democrat. I am not through yet. Every man that believed this glorious nation of ours is a confederacy, every man that believed the old banner carried by our fathers through the Revolution, through the war of 1812, carried by our brothers over the plains of Mexico, carried by our brothers over the fields of the rebellion, simply stood for a contract, simply stood for an agreement, was a Democrat. Every man who believed that any State could go out of the Union at its pleasure, every man that believed the grand fabric of the American Government could be made to crumble instantly into dust at the touch of treason was a Democrat. Every man that helped to burn orphan asylums in New York, was a Democrat; every man that tried to fire the

city of New York, although he knew that thousands would perish, and knew that the great serpents of flame leaping from buildings would clutch children from their mothers' arms—every wretch that did it was a Democrat. Recollect it! Every man that tried to spread smallpox and yellow fever in the North, as the instrumentalities of civilized war, was a Democrat. Soldiers, every scar you have got on your heroic bodies was given you by a Democrat. Every scar, every arm that is lacking, every limb that is gone, every scar, is a souvenir of a Democrat. I want you to recollect it. Every man that was the enemy of human liberty in this country was a Democrat. Every man that wanted the fruit of all the heroism of all the ages to turn to ashes upon the lips—every one was a Democrat.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

I am a Republican. I will tell you why: This is the only free government in the world. The Republican party made it so. The Republican party took the chains from 4,000,000 of people. The Republican party, with the wand of progress, touched the auction block and it became a school-house. The Republican

party put down the rebellion, saved the nation, kept the old banner afloat in the air, and declared that slavery of every kind should be extirpated from the face of the continent. What more? I am a Republican because it is the only free party that ever existed. It is a party that has a platform as broad as humanity, a platform as broad as the human race, a party that says you shall have all the fruit of the labor of your hands, a party that says you may think for yourself; a party that says no chains for the hands, no fetters for the soul. I am a Republican because the Republican party says this country is a nation, and not a confederacy; I am here in Indiana to speak, and I have as good a right to speak here in Indiana as though I had been born on this stand—not because the State flag of Indiana waves over me. I would not know it if I should see it. You have the same right to speak in Illinois, not because the State flag of Illinois waves over you, but because that banner, rendered sacred by the blood of all the heroes, waves over me and you. I am in favor of this being a nation. Think of a man gratifying his entire ambition in the State of Rhode Island. We want this to be a nation, and you can't have a great, grand, splen-

did people without a great, grand, splendid country. The great plains, the sublime mountains, the great rushing, roaring rivers, shores lashed by two oceans, and the grand anthem of Niagara, mingle and enter, as it were, in the character of every American citizen, and make him or tend to make him a great and a grand

PRINCIPLES OF THE PARTY

character. I am for the Republican party because it says the government has as much right, as much power, to protect its citizens at home as abroad. The Republican party don't say that you have to go away from home to get the protection of the government. The Democratic party says the government can't march its troops into the South to protect the rights of the citizens. It is a lie. The Government claims the right, and it is conceded that the government has the right, to go to your house, while you are sitting by your fireside with your wife and children about you, and the old lady knitting, and the cat playing with the yarn, and everybody happy and sweet—the government claims the right to go to your fireside and take you by force and put you into the army; take you down to the valley of the shadow of hell,

set you by the ruddy, roaring guns, and make you fight for your flag. Now, that being so, when the war is over and your country is victorious, and you go back to your home, and a lot of Democrats want to trample upon your rights, I want to know if the government that took you from your fireside and made you fight for it, I want to know if it is not bound to fight for you. The flag that will not protect its protectors is a dirty rag that contaminates the air in which it waves. The government that will not defend its defenders is a disgrace to the nations of the world. I am a Republican because the Republican party says, "We will protect the rights of American citizens at home, and if necessary we will march an army into any State to protect the rights of the humblest American citizen in that State.

I am a Republican because that party allows me to be free—allows me to do my own thinking in my own way. I am a Republican because it is a party grand enough and splendid enough and sublime enough to invite every human being in favor of liberty and progress to fight shoulder to shoulder for the advancement of mankind. It invites the Methodist; it invites the Catholic; it invites the Presbyterian and every kind of sectarian; it invites the free-thinker; it

invites the infidel, provided he is in favor of giving to every other human being every chance and every right that he claims for himself. I am a Republican, I tell you. There is room in the Republican air for every wing; there is room on the Republican sea for every sail. Republicanism says to every man: "Let your soul be like an eagle; fly out in the great dome of thought, and question the stars for yourself." But the Democratic party says: "Be blind owls; sit on the dry limb of a dead tree, and only hoot when Tilden & Co. tell you to." In the Republican party there are no followers. We are all leaders. There is not a party chain. There is not a party lash.

FREEDOM IN THE PARTY

Any man that does not love this country, any man that does not love liberty, any man that is not in favor of human progress, that is not in favor of giving to others all he claims for himself; we don't ask him to vote the Republican ticket. You can vote it if you please; and if there is any Democrat within hearing who expects to die before another election, we are willing that he should vote one Republican ticket, simply as a consolation upon his death-

bed. What more? I am a Republican because that party believes in free labor. It believes that free labor will give us wealth. It believes in free thought, because it believes that free thought will give us truth. You don't know what a grand party you belong to. I never want any holier or grander title of nobility than that I belong to the Republican party and have fought for the liberty of man. The Republican party, I say, believes in free labor. The Republican party also believes in slavery. What kind of slavery? In enslaving the forces of nature. We believe that free labor, that free thought, have enslaved the forces of nature, and made them work for man. We make old attraction of gravitation work for us; we make the lightning do our errands; we make steam hammer and fashion what we need. The forces of nature are the slaves of the Republican party. They have got no backs to be whipped; they have got no hearts to be torn—no hearts to be broken; they cannot be separated from their wives; they cannot be dragged from the bosoms of their husbands; they work night and day, and they never tire. You cannot whip them, you cannot starve them, and a Democrat even can be trusted with one of them. I tell you I

am a Republican. I believe, as I told you, that free labor will give us these slaves. Free labor will produce all these things, and every thing you have got to-day has been produced by free labor, nothing by slave labor. Slavery never invented but one machine, and that was a threshing-machine in the shape of a whip. Free labor has invented all the machines. We want to come down to the philosophy of these things. The problem of free labor, when a man works for the wife he loves, when he works for the little children he adores—the problem is to do the most work in the shortest space of time. The problem of slavery is to do the least work in the longest space of time. That is the difference. Free labor, love, affection—they have invented everything of use in this

PROGRESS UNDER REPUBLICANISM

world. I am a Republican. I tell you, my friends, this world is getting better every day, and the Democratic party is getting smaller every day. See the advancement we have made in a few years, see what we have done. We have covered this nation with wealth and glory, and with liberty. This is the first free government in the world. The Republican party

is the first party that was not founded on some compromise with the devil. It is the first party of pure, square, honest principle; the first one. And we have got the first free country that ever existed. And right here I want to thank every soldier that fought to make it free, every one, living and dead. I want to thank you again, and again, and again. You made the first free government in the world, and we must not forget the dead heroes. If they were here they would vote the Republicin ticket, every one of them. I tell you we must not forget them.

A REVIEW OF THE PAST

The past, as it were, rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sound of preparation—the music of the boisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators: we see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in

quiet woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing; and some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words spoken in the old tones to drive away the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing—at the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving hands the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild grand music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields—in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ra-

vines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells in the trenches of forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron with nerves of steel.

We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine, but human speech can never tell what they endured.

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with his last grief.

The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash—we see them bound hand and foot—we hear the strokes of cruel whips—we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

Four million bodies in chains—four million souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. There heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction-block, the slave-pen, and the whipping-post, and we see homes and firesides, and school-houses and books; and where all was want and crime and cruelty and fear, we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty —they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for the soldiers living and dead—cheers for the living and tears for the dead.

Now, my friends, I have given you a few reasons why I am a Republican. I have given you a few reasons why I am not a Democrat. Let me say another thing. The Democratic party

opposed every forward movement of the army of the republic, every one. Don't be fooled. Imagine the meanest resolution that you can think of—that is the resolution the Democratic party passed. Imagine the meanest thing you can think of—that is what they did; and I want you to recollect that the Democratic party did these devilish things when the fate of this nation was trembling in the balance of war. I want you to recollect another thing: when they tell you about hard times, that the Democratic party made the hard times. That every dollar we owe to-day was made by the Southern and Northern Democracy.

HARD TIMES

When we commenced to put down the rebellion we had to borrow money, and the Democratic party went into the markets of the world and impaired the credit of the United States. They slandered, they lied, they maligned the credit of the United States, and to such an extent did they do this that at one time during the war our paper was worth only about 34 cents on the dollar. Gold went up to $2.00. What did that mean? It meant that greenbacks were worth 34 cents on the dollar. What became of the

other 66 cents? They were lied out of the greenbacks, they were calumniated out of the greenbacks, by the Democratic party of the North. Two-thirds of the debt, two-thirds of the burden now upon the shoulders of American industry, were placed there by the slanders of the Democratic party of the North, and the other third by the Democratic party of the South. And when you pay your taxes, keep an account and charge two-thirds to the Northern Democracy and one-third to the Southern Democracy: and whenever you have to earn the money to pay the taxes, when you have to blister your hands to earn that money, pull off the blisters, and under each one, as the foundation, you will find a Democratic lie.

Recollect that the Democratic party did all the things of which I have told you, when the fate of our nation was submitted to the arbitrament of the sword. Recollect they did these things when your husbands, your fathers, your brothers, your chivalric sons, were fighting, bleedings, suffering upon the fields of the South, where shot and shell were crashing through their sacred flesh; where they were lying alone at night upon the field of battle, the blood slowly oozing from the pallid, mangled lips of death; when they were in the hospitals of pain, dreaming

broken dreams of home, and seeing fever pictures of the ones they loved; when they were in the prison pens of the South, with no covering but the clouds, no bed except the frozen earth, no food except such as worms had refused to eat, and no friends except insanity and death. Recollect it. I have often said that I wished there were words of pure hatred out of which I might construct sentences like serpents, sentences like snakes, sentences that were poisoned and fanged, sentences that would writhe and hiss—I could then give my opinion of the Northern allies of the Southern rebels.

THREE GREAT QUESTIONS

There are three questions now submitted to the American people. The first is, Shall the people that saved this country rule it? Shall the men who saved the old flag hold it? Shall the men who saved the ship of State sail it? or shall the rebels walk her quarter-deck, give the orders and sink it? That is the question. Shall a solid South, a united South, united by assassination and murder, a South solidified by the shot-gun; shall a united South with the aid of a divided North; shall they control this great and splendid country? Well, then the North must

wake up. We are right back where we were in 1861. This is simply a prolongation of the war. This is the war of the idea, the other was the war of the musket. The other was the war of cannon, this is the war of thought; and we have got to beat them in this war of thought, recollect that. The question is, Shall the men that endeavored to destroy this country rule it? Shall the men that said, This is not a Nation, have charge of this Nation?

The next question is, Shall we pay our debts? We had to borrow some money to pay for shot and shell to shoot Democrats with. We found that we could get along with a few less Democrats but not with any less country, and so we borrowed the money, and the question now is, Will we pay it? And which party is the most apt to pay it, the Republican party, that made the debt—the party that swore it was constitutional, or the party that said it was unconstitutional? Whenever a Democrat sees a greenback, the greenback says to the Democrat, "I am one of the fellows that whipped you." Whenever a Republican sees a greenback, the greenback says to him, "You and I put down the rebellion and saved the country." Now, my friends, you have heard a great deal about

finances. Nearly everybody that talks about it gets as dry——as if they had been in the final home of the Democratic party for forty years. I will give you my ideas about finances. In the first place the government don't support the people; the people support the government. The government passes around the hat, the government passes around the alms-dish. True enough, it has a musket behind it, but it is a perpetual, chronic pauper. It passes, I told you, the alms-dish, and we all throw in our share—except Tilden. This government is a perpetual consumer. You understand me, the government don't plow ground, the government don't raise corn and wheat; the government is simply a perpetual consumer; we support the government. Now, the idea that the government can make money for you and I to live on—why, it is the same as though my hired man should issue certificates of my indebtedness to him for me to live on. Some people tell me that the government can impress its sovereignty on a piece of paper, and that is money. Well, if it is, what's the use of wasting it making one dollar bills? It takes no more ink and no more paper—why not make $1000 bills? Why not make $100,000,000 bills and all

be billionaires? If the government can make money, what on earth does it collect taxes from you and me for? Why don't it make what money it wants, take the taxes out, and give the balance to us? Mr. Greenbacker, suppose the government issued $1,000,000,000 to-morrow, how would you get any of it? I was not speaking to the Democrats. You would not get any of it unless you had something to exchange for it. The government would not go around and give you your average. You have to have some corn, or wheat, or pork to give for it. How do you get your money? By work. Where from? You have to dig it out of the ground. That is where it comes from. In old times there were some men who thought they could get some way to turn the baser metals into gold, and old gray-haired men trembling, tottering on the verge of the grave, were hunting for something to turn ordinary metals into gold; they were searching for the fountain of eternal youth; but they did not find it. No human ear has ever heard the silver gurgle of the spring of immortal youth. There used to be mechanics that tried to make perpetual motion by combinations of wheels, shifting weights, and rolling balls; but somehow the machine

would never quite run. A perpetual fountain of greenbacks, of wealth without labor, is just as foolish as a fountain of eternal youth. The idea that you can produce money without labor is just as foolish as the idea of perpetual motion. They are old follies under new names. Let me tell you another thing. The Democrats seem to think that you can fail to keep a promise so long that it is as good as though you had kept it. They say you can stamp the sovereignty of the government upon paper. The other day I saw a piece of silver bearing the sovereign stamp of Julius Cæsar. Julius Cæsar has been dust about two thousand years, but that piece of silver was worth just as much as though Julius Cæsar was at the head of the Roman legions. Was it his sovereignty that made it valuable? Suppose he had put it upon a piece of paper—it would have been of no more value than a Democratic promise. Another thing, my friends, this debt will be paid; you need not worry about that. The Democrats ought to pay it. They lost the suit and they ought to pay the costs. But we are willing to pay our share. It will be paid. The holders of the debt have got a mortgage on a continent. They have a mortgage on the honor of the Republican party, and it

is on record. Every blade of grass that grows upon this continent is a guarantee that the debt will be paid; every field of bannered corn in the great, glorious West is a guarantee that the debt will be paid; all the coal put away in the ground millions of years ago by that old miser, the sun, is a guarantee that every dollar of that debt will be paid; all the cattle on the prairies, pastures and plains, ever one of them is a guarantee that this debt will be paid; every pine standing in the somber forests of the North, waiting for the woodman's ax, is a guarantee that this debt will be paid; all the gold and silver hid in the Sierra Nevadas waiting for the miner's pick is a guarantee that the debt will be paid; every locomotive, with its muscles of iron and breath of flame, and all the boys and girls bending over their books at school, every dimpled child in the cradle, every good man and every good woman, and every man that votes the Republican ticket is a guarantee that the debt will be paid.

PROTECTION FOR ALL

What is the next question? The next question is, Will we protect the Union men in the South? I tell you the white Union men have

suffered enough. It is a crime in the Southern States to be a Republican. It is a crime in every Southern state to love this country, to believe in the sacred rights of men.

I tell you the colored people have suffered enough. They have been owned by Democrats for two hundred years. Worse than that: they have been forced to keep the company of their owners. It is a terrible thing to live with a man who steals from you. They have suffered enough. For two hundred years they were branded like cattle. Yes, for two hundred years every human tie was torn asunder by the cruel hand of avarice and greed. For two hundred years children were sold from their mothers, husbands from their wives, brothers from brothers, and sisters from sisters. There was not during the whole rebellion a single negro that was not our friend. We are willing to be reconciled to our Southern brethren when they will treat our friends as men. When they will be just to the friends of this country; when they are in favor of allowing every American citizen to have his rights—then we are their friends. We are willing to trust them the Nation when they are the friends of the Nation. We are willing to trust them with liberty when they

believe in liberty. We are willing to trust them with the black man when they cease riding in the darkness of night—those masked wretches—to the hut of the freedman, and notwithstanding the prayers and supplications of his family, shoot him down; when they cease to consider the massacre of Hamburg as a Democratic triumph, then, I say, we will be their friends, and not before.

Now, my friends, thousands of the Southern people, and thousands of the Northern Democrats are afraid that the negroes are going to pass them in the race of life. And, Mr. Democrat, he will do it unless you attend to your business. The simple fact that you are white cannot save you always. You have got to be industrious, honest, to cultivate a justice. If you don't, the colored race will pass you, as sure as you live. I am for giving every man a chance. Anybody that can pass me is welcome. I believe, my friends, that the intellectual domain of the future, like the land used to be in the State of Illinois, is open to pre-emption. The fellow that gets a fact first, that is his; that gets an an idea first, that is his. Every round in the ladder of fame, from the one that touches the ground to the last one that leans against the shin-

ing summit of ambition, belongs to the foot that gets upon it first.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

Mr. Democrat,—I point down because they are nearly all on the first round of the ladder,—if you can't climb, stand one side and let the deserving negro pass.

I must tell you one thing. I have told it so much, and you have all heard it, I have no doubt, fifty times from others, but I am going to tell it again because I like it.

Suppose there was a great horse-race here today, free to every horse in the world, and to all the mules, and all the scrubs, and all the donkeys. At the tap of the drum they come to the line, and the judges say "It is a go." Let me ask you, What does the blooded horse, rushing ahead, with nostrils distended, drinking in the breath of his own swiftness, with his mane flying like a banner of victory, with his veins standing out all over him as if a net of life had been cast around him—with his thin neck, his high withers, his tremulous flanks—what does he care how many mules and donkeys run on that track? But the Democratic scrub, with his chuckle-head and lop ears, with his tail full of cockle-burs,

jumping high and short, and digging in the ground when he feels the breath of the coming mule on his cockle-bur tail, he is the chap that jumps the track and says, "I am down on mule equality."

DIFFERENCE IN PARTIES

My friends, the Republican party is the blooded horse in this race. I stood, a little while ago, in the city of Paris, where stood the Bastile, where now stands the Column of July, surmounted by the figure of liberty. In its right hand is a broken chain, in its left hand a banner; upon its shining forehead a glittering star—and as I looked upon it I said, Such is the Republican party of my country. The other day, going along the road, I came to a place where the road had been changed, but the guide-board was as they had put it twenty years before. It pointed diligently in the direction of a desolate field. Now, that guide-post had been there for twenty years. Thousands of people passed, but nobody heeded the hand on the guide-post, and it stuck there through storm and shine, and it pointed as hard as ever as if the road was through the desolate field; and I said to myself, Such is the Democratic party of the United States.

The other day I came to a river where there had been a mill; a part of it was there yet. An old sign said: "Cash for wheat." The old water-wheel was broken, and it had been warped by the sun, cracked and split by many winds and storms. There hadn't heen a grain of wheat ground there for twenty years. There was nothing in good order but the dam; it was as good a dam as ever I saw, and I said to myself, "Such is the Democratic party." I was going along the road the other day, when I came to where there had once been a hotel. But the hotel and barn had burned down; nothing remained but the two chimneys, monuments of the disaster. In the road there was an old sign, upon which were these words: "Entertainment for man and beast." The word "man" was nearly burned out. There hadn't been a hotel there for thirty years. That sign had swung and creaked in the wind; the snow had fallen upon it in the winter, the birds had sung upon it in the summer. Nobody ever stopped at that hotel; but the sign stuck to it and kept swearing to it, "Entertainment for man and beast," and I said to myself, "Such is the Democratic party of the United States."

"And I further said, "One chimney ought to be called Tilden and the other Hendricks."

OPPOSING CANDIDATES

Now, my friends, both of these parties have candidates. The Democratic party trots out Samuel A. Tilden. Who is he? He is a man that advertises his honesty and reform, the same as people advertise quack medicines. In every Democratic paper in the United States he has advertisements of his honesty and reform.

Samuel J. Tilden is an attorney; a legal spider that weaves webs of technicalities, and catches in its meshes honest incorporated flies. He has stood on the shores of bankruptcy and clutched the drowning by the throat. Samuel J. Tilden is a demurrer that the confederate congress has failed against the amendments to the constitution of the United States. Samuel J. Tilden is an old bachelor. In a country depending upon the increase of its population for its glory and honor, to elect an old bachelor is suicidal policy. Think of a man surrounded by beautiful women, dimpled cheeks, coral lips, pearly teeth, shining eyes; think of a man throwing them all away for the embrace of the Democratic party. Such a man does not even know the value of time.

Samuel J. Tilden belongs to the Democratic party of New York. That party never had but two objects—grand and petit larceny. They rarely elect a man to office except for a crime committed. They don't elect on a crime credit, it must be a crime accomplished. They have stolen everything they could lay their hands on, and my God, what hands! When they had stolen all the people could pay the interest on, they clapped their enormous hands upon their spacious pocket-books, and shouted for honesty and reform. Samuel J. Tilden has been a pupil in that school. He was reared in Tammany Hall, which bears the same relation to a penitentiary, as a Sunday-school to the church. More than this, when the rebellion began they called a Union meeting at Union Square, in the city of New York. It was of great importance how the city of New York should go. No man refused to sign that petition in the city of New York, but one, and that man was Samuel J. Tilden. A man that will not lend his name to save his country never should be the President of that country. You offered to give your lives, and he would not give his infamous name.

Samuel J. Tilden said in 1860–61: "Our fathers left revolution organized in every State, so

that whenever the public opinion of a State demands it, the State can snap the tie of confederation that binds it to the nation, the same as a nation can break a treaty, and a State can repel coercion the same as a nation can repel invasion." No one ought to be President who thinks this nation is a confederacy. No man ought to be President who has said this war is an outrage. If he is, hide your scars that now make your faces sacred; if you have an empty sleeve hide it; if you have crutches throw them away; if you fought for the flag don't mention it.

CHARACTER OF HAYES

On the other side we are running for the Presidency Rutherford B. Hayes, of Ohio. Rutherford B. Hayes is an honest man. Now some Democrats will say that isn't anything; now you try it. Rutherford B. Hayes is a sincere man. He says what he means, and means what he says. More than that, he says all he means, and means all he says. When the war commenced, Rutherford B. Hayes said: "I would go into this war if I knew I would be killed, rather than live through it and not take any part in it. Search all the patriotic records of the world, and you

will find no nobler words than that noble saying of Rutherford B. Hayes.

When Tilden refused to give his name, Hayes offered to give his heart. Hayes is a man of learning, a man of talent, of firmness; I do not say obstinacy, I say firmness. Do you know the difference between firmness and obstinacy? A firm man is a man that stands up for the right because right; an obstinate man is a man that wants his own way whether right or wrong. Hayes is a firm man. In the war he received many wounds in his flesh but not a scratch on his honor. Tilden received wound after wound in his honor, but not a scratch in his flesh. Rutherford B. Hayes is a man of spotless character—a character which rests upon a record, not upon a prospectus. Good character rests on what you have done, not what you say you are going to do. Good character rests upon a fulfillment and not on a promise. It rests on a specie basis. Into that grand edifice that you call character, goes every good and splendid deed of your life. Hayes has built himself a noble character. You can't build a good character in a day. If you could get a good character in a day the whole Democratic party would have one to-morrow. You can't do it. Hayes,

to-day, has a perfect character, and that character rises before the American people to-day like a faultless edifice domed with honor, and pinnacled with patriotism. I will tell you something: Hayes will be the next President of the United States. Rutherford B. Hayes carries at his belt three political scalps: one of Thurman, one of Pendleton, and one of Rise-up-William Allen. Next November he will have another scalp at that belt. If Mr. Tilden will feel the top of his head, he will have a realizing sense of who furnished that fourth scalp.

Now, my friends, I want you to vote the Republican ticket. I want you to swear you will not vote for a man who opposed putting down the rebellion. I want you to swear you will not vote for a man opposed to the proclamation of emancipation. I want you to swear that you will not vote for a man opposed to the utter abolition of slavery. I want you to swear that you will not vote for a man who called the soldiers in the field Lincoln hirelings. I want you to swear that you will not vote for a man who denounced Lincoln as a tyrant. I want you to swear that you will not vote for any enemy of human progress. Go and talk to every Democrat that you can see; get him by the coat-collar,

talk to him, and hold him like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, with your glittering eye; hold him, tell him all the mean things his party ever did; tell him kindly; tell him in a Christian spirit as I do, but tell him. Recollect there never was a more important election than the one you are going to hold in Indiana. I want you every one to swear that you will vote for glorious Ben Harrison. I tell you we must stand by the country. It is a glorious country. It permits you and me to be free. It is the only country in the world where labor is respected. Let us support it. It is the only country in the world where the useful man is the only aristocrat. The man that works for a dollar a day, goes home at night to his little ones, takes his little boy on his knee, and he thinks that boy can achieve anything that the sons of wealthy men can achieve. The free schools are open to him; he may be the richest, the greatest; and the grandest, and that thought sweetens every drop of sweat that rolls down the honest face of toil. Vote to save that country.

INGERSOLL'S DREAM

My friends, this country is getting better every day. Samuel J. Tilden says we are a nation of

thieves and rascals. If that is so he ought to be the President. But I denounce him as a calumniator of my country; a maligner of this nation. It is not so. This country is covered with asylums for the aged, the helpless, the insane, the orphan, wounded soldiers. Thieves and rascals don't build such things. In the cities of the Atlantic coast this summer, they built floating hospitals, great ships, and took the little children from the sub-cellars and narrow dirty streets of New York city, where the Democratic party is the strongest, took these poor waifs and put them in these great hospitals out at sea, and let the breezes of ocean kiss the roses of health back to their pallid cheeks. Rascals and thieves do not do so. When Chicago burned, railroads were blocked with the charity of the American people. Thieves and rascals did not do so.

I am a Republican. The world is getting better. Husbands are treating their wives better than they used to; wives are treating their husbands better. Children are better treated than they used to be; the old whips and gads are out of the schools, and they are governing children by love and by sense. The world is getting better; it is getting better in Maine. It

is getting better in every state of the North, and I tell you we are going to elect Hayes and Wheeler, and the world will then be better still. I have a dream that this world is growing better and better every day and every year; that there is more charity, more justice, more love every day. I have a dream that prisons will not always curse the earth; that the shadow of the gallows will not always fall on the land; that the withered hand of want will not always be stretched out for charity; that finally wisdom will sit in the legislatures, justice in the courts, charity will occupy all the pulpits, and that finally the world will be controlled by liberty and love, by justice and charity. That is my dream, and if it does not come true, it shall not be my fault. Good bye.

INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT

In the first place I want to admit that there are a great many good people, quite pious people, who don't agree with me; and all that proves in the world, is, that I don't agree with them. I am not endeavoring to force my ideas or notions upon other people, but I am saying what little I can to induce everybody in the world to grant to every other person every right he claims for himself. I claim, standing under the flag of nature, under the blue and the stars, that I am the peer of any other man, and have the right to think and express my thoughts. I claim that in the presence of the Unknown, and upon a subject that nobody knows anything about, and never did, I have as good a right to guess as anybody else. The gentlemen who hold views against mine, if they had any evidence, would have no fears—not the slightest. If a man has a diamond that has been examined by the lapidaries of the world, and some ignorant

stonecutter tells him that it is nothing but an ordinary rock, he laughs at him; but if it has not been examined by lapidaries, and he is a little suspicious himself that it is not genuine, it makes him mad. Any doctrine that will not bear investigation is not a fit tenant for the mind of an honest man. Any man who is afraid to have his doctrine investigated is not

only a coward but a hypocrite. Now, all I ask is simply an opportunity to say my say. I will give that right to everybody else in the world. I understand that owing to my success in the lecture field several clergymen have taken it into their heads to lecture—some of them, I believe, this evening. I say all that I claim is the right I give to others, and any man who will not give that right is a dishonest man, no matter what church he may belong to or not belong to—if he does not freely accord to all others the right to think, he is not an honest man. I said some time ago that if there was any being who would eternally damn one of his children for the expression of an honest opinion, that he was not a God, but that he was a demon; and from that they have said first, that I did not

believe in any God, and, secondly, that I called him a demon. If I did not believe in him how could I call him anything? These things hardly hang together. But that makes no difference; I expect to be maligned; I expect to be slandered; I expect to have my reputation blackened by gentlemen who are not fit to blacken my shoes. But letting that pass—I simply believe in liberty; that is my religion; that is the altar where I worship; that is my shrine—that every human being shall have every right that I have—that is my religion. I am going to live up to it and going to say what little I can to make the American people brave enough and generous enough and kind enough to give everybody else the rights they have themselves. Can there ever be any progress in this world to amount to anything until we have liberty? The thoughts of a man who is not free are not worth much—not much. A man who thinks with the club of a creed above his head—a man who thinks casting his eye askance at the flames of Hell, is not apt to have very good thoughts. And for my part, I would not care to have any status or social position even in Heaven if I had to admit that I never would have been there only I got scared. When we are frightened we do not think very

HONEST THOUGHTS

well. If you want to get at the honest thoughts of a man he must be free. If he is not free you will not get his honest thought. You won't trade with a merchant, if he is free; you won't employ him if he is a lawyer, if he is free; you won't call him if he is a doctor, if he is free; and what are you going to get out of him but hypocrisy? Force will not make thinkers, but hypocrites. A minister told me awhile ago, "Ingersoll," he says, "if you do not believe the Bible you ought not to say so." Says I, "Do you believe the Bible?" He says, "I do." I says, "I don't know whether you do or not; may be you are following the advice you gave me; how shall I know whether you believe it or not?" Now, I shall die without knowing whether that man believed the Bible or not. There is no way that I can possibly find out, because he said that even if he did not believe it he would not say so. Now, I read, for instance, a book. Now, let us be honest. Suppose that a clergyman and I were on an island—nobody but us two—and I were to read a book, and I honestly believed it untrue, and he asked me about it—what ought I to say? Ought I to say I believed

it, and be lying, or ought I to say I did not?—that is the question; and the church can take its choice between honest men, who differ, and hypocrites, who differ, but say they do not—you can have your choice, all of you.* If you give us liberty, you will have in this country a splendid diversity of individuality; but if, on the contrary, you say men shall think so and so, you will have the sameness of stupid nonsense. In my judgment, it is the duty of every man to think and express his thoughts; but at the same time do not make martyrs of yourselves. Those people that are not willing you should be honest, they are not worth dying for, they are not worth being a martyr for, and if you are afraid you cannot support your wife and children in this town and express your honest thought, why keep it to yourself, but if there is such a man here he is a living certificate of the meanness of the community in which he lives. Go right along, if you are afraid it will take food from the mouths of your dear babes—if you are afraid you cannot clothe your wife and children, go along with them to church, say amen in as near the right place as you can, if you happen to be awake.

* "These black-coats are the only persons of my acquaintance who resemble the chameleon, in being able to keep one eye directed upwards to heaven, and the other downwards to the good things of this world."—*Alex. von Humboldt.*

and I will do your talking for you. I will say my say, and the time will come when every man in the country will be astonished that there ever was a time that everybody had not the right to speak his honest thoughts. If there is a man here or in this town, preacher or otherwise, who is not willing that I should think and speak, he is just so much nearer a barbarian than I am. Civilization is liberty, slavery is barbarism; civilization is intelligence, slavery is ignorance; and if we are any nearer free than were our fathers, it is because we have got better heads and more brains in them—that is the reason. Every man who has invented anything for the use and convenience of man has helped raise his fellow man, and all we have found out of the laws and forces of nature so that we are finally enabled to bring these forces of nature into subjection, to give us better houses, better food, better clothes—these are the real civilizers of our race; and the men who stand up as prophets and predict hell to their fellow man, they are not the civilizers of our race; the men who cut each other's throats because they fell out about baptism—they are not the civilizers of my race—the men who built the inquisitions and put into dungeons all the grand and honest men

they could find—they are not the civilizers of my race.

MEN WHO CORRUPT

The men who have corrupted the imaginations and hearts of men by their infamous dogma of hell—they are not the civilizers of my race. The men who have been predicting good for mankind, the men who have found some way to get us better homes and better houses and better education, the men who have allowed us to make slaves of the blind forces of nature—they have made this world fit to live in.

I want to prove to you if I can that this is all a question of intellectual development, a question of sense, and the more a man knows the more liberal he is; the less a man knows the more bigoted he is. The less a man knows the more certain he is that he knows it, and the more a man knows the better satisfied he is that he is entirely ignorant. Great knowledge is philosophic, and little, narrow, contemptible knowledge is bigoted and hateful. I want to prove it to you. I saw a little while ago models of nearly everything man has made for his use—nearly everything. I saw models of all the water craft; from the rude dug-out

in which paddled the naked savage, with his forehead about half as high as his teeth were long—all the water craft from that dug-out up to a man-of-war that carries a hundred guns and miles of canvas—from that rude dug-out to a steamship that turns its brave prow from the port of New York, with three thousand miles of foaming billows before it, and not missing a throb or beat of its mighty iron heart from one shore to the other. I saw there their ideas of weapons, from the rude club, such as was seized by that same barbarian as he emerged from his den in the morning, hunting a snake for his dinner; from that club to the boomerang, to the dagger, to the sword, to the blunderbuss, to the old flint-lock, to the cap-lock, to the needle-gun, to the cannon invented by Krupp, capable of hurling a ball weighing two thousand pounds through eighteen inches of solid steel. I saw their ideas of defensive armor, from the turtle-shell which one of these gentlemen lashed upon his breast preparatory to going to war, or the skin of a porcupine, dried with the quills on, that he pulled on his orthodox head before he sallied forth. By "orthodox" I mean a man who has quit growing, not simply in religion, but in everything; whenever a man is done, he

is orthodox; whenever he thinks he has found out all, he is orthodox; whenever he becomes a drag on the swift car of progress, he is orthodox. I saw their defensive armor, from the turtle-shell and the porcupine skin to the shirts of mail of the middle ages, that defied the edge of the sword and the point of the spear. I saw their ideas of agricultural implements, from the crooked stick that was attached to the horn of an ox by some twisted straw, to the agricultural implements of to-day, that make it possible for a man to cultivate the soil without being an ignoramus. When they had none of these agricultural implements—when they depended upon one crop—they were superstitious, for if the frosts struck one crop they thought the gods were angry with them.

THE LAWS OF NATURE

Now, with the implements, machinery and knowledge of mechanics of to-day, people have found out that no man can be good enough nor bad enough to cause a frost. After having found out these things are contrary to the laws of nature, they began to raise more than one kind of crop. If the frost strikes one they have the other; if it happens to strike all in that

locality there is a surplus somewhere else, and that surplus is distributed by railways and steamers and by the thousand ways that we have to distribute these things; and as a consequence the agriculturist begins to think and reason, and now for the first time in the history of the world the agriculturist begins to stand upon a level with the mechanic and with the man who has confidence in the laws and facts of nature. I saw there their musical instruments, from the tom-tom (that is a hoop with two strings of rawhide drawn across it) to the instruments we have that make the common air blossom with melody. I saw their ideas of ornaments, from a string of the claws of a wild beast that once ornamented the dusky bosom of some savage belle, to the rubies and sapphires and diamonds with which civilization to-day is familiar. I saw their books, written upon the shoulder-blades of sheep, upon the bark of trees, down to the illustrated volumes that are now in the libraries of the world. I saw their ideas of paintings, from the rude daubs of yellow mud to the grand pictures we see in the art galleries of to-day. I saw their ideas of sculpture, from a monster god with several legs, a good many noses, a great many

eyes, and one little, contemptible, brainless head, to the sculpture that we have, where the marble is clothed with such personality that it seems almost impudence to touch it without an introduction. I saw all these things, and how men had gradually improved through the generations that are dead. And I saw at the same time a row of men's skulls—skulls from the Bushmen of Australia, skulls from the center of Africa, skulls from the farthest islands of the Pacific, skulls from this country—from the aborigines of America, skulls of the Aztecs, up to the best skulls or many of the best of the last generation; and I noticed there was the same difference between the skulls as between the products of the skulls, the same between that skull and that as between the dug-out and the man-of-war, as between the dug-out and the steamship, as between the tom-tom and an opera of Verdi, as between those ancient agricultural implements and ours, as between that yellow daub and that landscape, as between that stone god and a statue of to-day, and I said to myself, This is a question of Intellectual Development, this is a question of brain. The man has advanced just in proportion as he has mingled his thoughts with his labor, and just in proportion that his

brain has gotten into partnership with his hand.

CAUSE OF ADVANCEMENT

Man has advanced just as he has developed intellectually, and no other way. That skull was a low den in which crawled and groped the meaner and baser instincts of mankind, and this was a temple in which dwelt love, liberty, and joy. Why is it that we have advanced in the arts? It is because every incentive has been held out to the world, because we want better clubs or better cannons with which to kill our fellow Christians; we want better music, we want better houses; and any man who will invent them, and any man who will give them to us, we will clothe him in gold and glory; we will crown him with honor. That gentleman in his dug-out not only had his ideas of mechanics, but he was a politician. His idea of politics was, might makes right; and it will take thousands of years before the world will be willing to say that right makes might. That was his idea of politics; and he had another idea—that all power came from the clouds, and that every armed thief that lived upon the honest labor of mankind had had poured out upon his head the divine oil of authority. He didn't believe the

power to govern came from the people; he did not believe that the great mass of people had any right whatever, or that the great mass of people could be allowed the liberty of thought—and we have thousands of such to-day. They say, Thought is dangerous—don't investigate;* don't inquire; just believe; shut your eyes, and then you are safe. You must not hear this man or that man or some other man, or our dear doctrines will be overturned, and we have nobody on our side except a large majority; we have nobody on our side except the wealth and respectability of the world; we have nobody on our side except the infinite God, and we are afraid that one man, in one or two hours, will beat the whole party. This man (in the dug-out) also had his ideas of religion—that fellow was orthodox, and any man who differed with him he called an infidel, an atheist, an outcast, and warned everybody against him. He had his religion—he believed in hell; he was glad of it; he enjoyed it; it was a great source of comfort to him to think when he didn't like people that he would have the pleasure of looking over and seeing them squirm upon the gridiron. When any man said

*"There is no method of reasoning more common, or more blamable, than in philosophical disputes, to endeavor the refutation of any hypothesis by a pretense of its dangerous consequences to religion and morality."—*David Hume.*

he didn't believe there was a hell, this gentleman got up in his pulpit and called him a "hyena." That fellow believed in a devil too; that lowest skull was a devil factory—he believed in him. He believed he had a long tail adorned with a fiery dart; he believed he had wings like a bat, and had a pleasant habit of breathing sulphur; and he believed he had a cloven foot—such as most of your clergymen think I am blessed with myself. They are shepherds of the sheep, the people are the sheep—that is all they are—they have to be watched and guarded by these shepherds and protected from the wolf who wants to reason with them—that is the doctrine. Now, all I claim is the same right to improve on that gentleman's politics, as on the dug-out, and

RIGHT TO IMPROVE

the same right to improve upon his religion as upon his plough, or the musical instrument known as the tom-tom—that is all. Now, suppose the King and Priest, if there was one, and there probably was one, as the farther you go back the more ignorant you find mankind and the thicker you find these gentlemen—suppose the King and Priest had said: "That boat is the best boat that ever can be built; we got the

model of that from Neptune, the god of the seas, and I guess the god of the water knows how to build a boat, and any man that says he can improve it by putting a stick in the middle with a rag on the end of it and has any talk about the wind blowing this way and that, he is a heretic—he is a blasphemer—honor bright—what in your judgment would have been the effect upon the circumnavigation of the globe? I think we would have been on the other side yet. Suppose the King and Priests had said: "That plow is the best that ever can be invented and the model of that was given to a pious farmer in a holy dream, and that twisted straw is the ne plus ultra of all twisted things, and any man who says he can out-twist it, we will twist him." Suppose the King and Priests had said: "That tom-tom is the finest instrument of music in the world—that is the kind of music found in Heaven; an angel sat upon the edge of a glorified cloud playing upon that tom-tom and became so entranced with the music that in a kind of ecstacy she dropped it, and that is how we got it, and any man who talks about putting any improvement on that, he is not fit to live."

Let me ask you—do you believe if that had been done that the human ear ever would have

been enriched with the divine symphonies of Beethoven? All I claim is the same right to improve upon this barbarian's ideas of politics and religion as upon everything else, and whether it is improvement or not, I have a right to suggest it—that is my doctrine. They say to me, "God will punish you forever, if you do these things." Very well. I will settle with him. I had rather settle with him than any one of his agents. I do not like them very well. In theology I am a granger—I do not believe in middle-men; what little business I have with Heaven I will attend to myself. Our fathers thought, just as many now think, that you could force men to think your way, and if they failed to do it by reason, they tried it another way. I used to read about it when I was a boy—it did not seem to me that these things were true; it did not seem to me that there ever was such heartless bigotry in the heart of man; but there was and is to-night. I used to read about it—I did not appreciate it—I never appreciated it until I saw the arguments of those gentlemen. They used to use just such arguments as that man in the dug-out would have used to the next man ahead of him. This low miserable skull—this next man was a little higher, and this

fellow behind called him a heretic, and the next was still a little higher, and he was called an infidel. And, so it went on through the whole row—always calling the man who was ahead an infidel and a heretic. No man was ever called so who was behind the army of progress. It has always been the man ahead that has been called the heretic. Heresy is the last and best thought always. Heresy extends the hospitality of the brain to a new idea; that is what the rotting says to the growing; that is what the dweller in the swamp says to the man on the sunlit hill; that is what the man in the darkness cries out to the grand man upon whose forehead is shining the dawn of a grander day; that is what the coffin says to the cradle. Orthodoxy is a kind of shroud, and heresy is a banner—Orthodoxy is a fog and Heresy a star shining forever above the cradle of truth. I do not mean simply in religion, I mean in everything, and the idea I wish to impress upon you is that you should keep your minds open to all the influences of nature, you should keep your minds open to reason; hear what a man has to say, and do not let the turtle-shell of bigotry grow above your brain. Give everybody a chance and an opportunity; that is all.

PUNISHMENT FOR DOUBTERS

I saw the arguments that those gentlemen have used on each other through all the ages. I saw a little bit of a thumb-screw not more than so long (illustrating) and attached to each end was a screw, and the inner surface was trimmed with little protuberances to prevent their slipping; and when some man doubted—when a man had an idea—then those that did not have an idea put the thumb-screw upon him who did. He had doubted something. For instance, they told him Christ says you must love your enemies; he says "I do not know about that": then they said "We will show you!" "Do unto others as you would be done by," they said, is the doctrine. He doubted. "We will show you that it is!" So they put this screw on; and in the name of universal love and universal forgiveness—"pray for those who despitefully use you"—they began screwing these pieces of iron into him—always done in the name of religion—always. It never was done in the name of reason, never was done in the name of science—never. No man was ever persecuted in defense of a truth—never. No man was ever persecuted except in defense of a lie—never.

This man had fallen out with them about something; he did not understand it as they did. For instance he said: "I do not believe there ever was a man whose strength was in his hair." They said: "You don't? We'll show you." "I do not believe," he says, "that a fish ever swallowed a man to save his life." "You don't? Well, we'll show you!" And so they put this on, and generally the man would recant and say, "Well, I'll take it back." Well, I think I should. Such men are not worth dying for. The idea of dying for a man that would tear the flesh of another on account of an honest difference of opinion—such a man is not worth dying for, he is not worth living for, and if I was in a position that I could not send a bullet through his brain, I would recant, I would say: "You write it down and I will sign it—I will admit that there is one God, or a million—suit yourself; one hell or a billion; you just write it—only stop this screw. You are not worth suffering for, you are not worth dying for, and I am never going to take the part of any Lord that won't take my part—you just write it down and I'll sign it." But there was now and then a man who would not do that. He said, "No, I believe I am right, and I will die

for it," and I suppose we owe what little progress we have made to a few men in all ages of the world who really stood by their convictions. The men who stood by the truth and the men who stood by a fact, they are the men that have helped to raise this world, and in every age there has been some sublime and tender soul who was true to his convictions and who really lived to make men better. In every age some men carried the torch of progress and handed it to some other, and it has been carried through all the dark ages of barbarism; and had it not been for such men we would have been naked and uncivilized to-night, with pictures of wild beasts tattooed on our skins, dancing around some dried snake fetish. When a man would not recant, these men, in the name of the love of the Lord, screwed them down to the last thread of agony and threw them into some dungeon, where in the throbbing silence of darkness they suffered the pangs of the fabled damned; and this was done in the name of civilization, love and order, and in the name of the most merciful Christ.

There are no thumb-screws now; they are rusting away; but every man in this town who is not willing that another shall do his own

thinking and will try to prevent it, has in him the same hellish spirit that made and used that very instrument of torture, and the only reason he does not use it to-day is because he cannot. The reason that I speak here to-night is because they cannot help it.

I saw at the same time a beautiful little instrument for the propagation of kindness, called "The Scavenger's Daughter."

The victim would be thrown upon that instrument, and the strain upon the muscles was such that insanity would sometimes come to his relief. See what we owe to the civilizing influence of the gentlemen who have made a certain idea in metaphysics necessary to salvation—see what we owe to them.

I saw a collar of torture which they put about the neck of their victim, and inside of that there were a hundred points, so that the victim could not stir without the skin being punctured with these points, and after a little while the throat would swell and suffocation would end the agony, and they would have that done in the presence of his wife and weeping children. That was all done so that finally everybody would love everybody else as his brother. I

saw a rack. Imagine a wagon with a windlass on each end, and each windlass with leather bands, and a ratchet that prevented slipping. The victim was placed upon this. May be he had denied something that some idiot said was true; may be he had a discussion—a division of opinion with a man like John Calvin. John Calvin said Christ was the Eternal Son of God, and Michael Servetus said that Christ was the Son of the Eternal God. That was the only difference of opinion. Think of it! What an important thing it was! How it would have affected the price of food! "Christ is the Eternal Son of God," said one; "No," said the other, "Christ is the Son of the Eternal God"—that was all, and for that difference of opinion Michael Servetus was burned at a slow fire of green wood, and the wind happening to blow the flames from him instead of towards him, he was in the most terrible agony, writhing for minutes and minutes, and hours, and hours, and finally he begged and implored those wretches to move him so that the wind would blow the flames against him and destroy him without such hellish agony, but they were so filled with the

doctrine of "love your enemies" that they would not do it. I never will, for my part, depend upon any religion that has ever shed a drop of human blood.*

Upon this rack I have described, this victim was placed, and those chains were attached to his ankles and then to his wrists, and clergymen, good men! pious men! men that were shocked at the immorality of their day! they talked about playing cards and the horrible crime of dancing! Oh! how such things shocked them; men going to theaters and seeing a play written by the grandest genius the world ever has produced—how it shocked their sublime and tender souls! but they commenced turning this machine, and they kept on turning until the ankles, knees, hips, elbows, shoulders and wrists were all dislocated and the victim was red with sweat of agony, and they had standing by a physician to feel the pulse, so that the last faint flutter of life would not leave his veins. Did they wish to save his life? Yes. In mercy? No! simply that they might have the pleasure of racking him once again. That is the spirit, and it is a spirit born of the doctrine that there

*Speaking of the Inquisition, Prof. Draper says: "With such savage alacrity did it carry out its object of protecting the interests of religion, that between 1480 and 1808 it had punished 340,000 persons, and of these nearly 32,000 had been burned."—*Conflict between Religion and Science, p. 207.*

is upon the throne of the universe a being who will eternally damn his children, and they said: "If God is going to have the supreme happiness of burning them forever, certainly he ought not to begrudge to us the joy of burning them for an hour or two." That was their doctrine, and when I read these things it seems to me that I have suffered them myself.

When I look upon those instruments I look upon them as though I had suffered all these tortures myself. It seems to me as though I had stood upon the shore an exile and looked with tear-filled eyes towards home and native land. It seems as though my nails had been plucked out, and into the bleeding flesh needles had been thrust; as though my eyelids had been torn away and I had been set out in the ardent rays of the sun; as though I had been set upon the sands of the sea and drowned by the inexorable tide; as though I had been in the dungeon waiting for coming footsteps of relief; as though I had been upon the scaffold and seen the glittering axe falling upon me; and seen bending above me the white faces of hypocrite priests; as though I had been taken from my wife and

children to the public square, where faggots had been piled around me and the flames had climbed around my limbs and scorched my eyes to blindness; as though my ashes had been scattered by all the hands of hatred; and I feel like saying, that while I live I will do what little I can to preserve and augment the rights of men, women and children; while I live I will do a little something so that they who come after me shall have the right to think and express that thought. The trouble is, those who oppose us pretend they are better than we are. They are more moral, they are kinder, they are more generous. I deny it. They are not. And if they are the ones that are to be saved in another world and if those who simply think they are honest and express that honest thought are to be damned, there will be but little originality, to say the least of it, in heaven. They say they are better than we are—and to show you how much better they are, I have got at home copies of some letters that passed between gentlemen high in the church several hundred years ago, and the question was this: "Ought we to cut out the tongues of blasphemers before we burn them?" And they finally decided that they ought to do so, and I will tell you the reason

they gave. They said if they were not cut out, that while they were being burned, they might by their heresies scandalize the gentlemen who would bring the wood; they were too good to hear these things and they might be injured; and the same idea appears to prevail in this world now, that they are too good and they must not be shocked.

They say to us: "You must not shock us, and when you say there is no hell we are shocked. You must not say that." When I go to church and they tell me there is a hell, I must not get shocked; and if they tell me that there is not only a hell, but that I am going to it, I must not be shocked. Even if they take the next step and act as though they would be glad to see me there, still I must not be shocked. I will agree to keep from being shocked as long as anybody in the world—they can say what they please; I will not get shocked, but let me say it. You send missionaries to Turkey and tell them that the Koran is a lie. You shock them. You tell them that Mahomet was not a prophet—you shock them. It is too bad to shock them. You go to India and you tell them that Vishnu was nothing, that Purana was nothing, that Buddha was nobody and their Brahma, he is nothing.

Why do you shock these people? You should not do that; you ought not to hurt their feelings. I tell you no man on earth has a right to be shocked at the expression of an honest opinion when it is kindly done, and I don't believe there is any God in the universe who has put a curtain over the fact and made it a crime for the honest hand of investigation to endeavor to draw that curtain.

THE WORLD NOT FIT TO LIVE IN

This world has not been fit to live in fifty years. There is no liberty in it—very little. Why, it is only a few years ago that all the Christian nations were engaged in the slave trade. It was not until 1808, that England abolished the slave trade, and up to that time her priests in her churches, and her judges on her benches, owned stock in slave ships, and luxuriated on the profits of piracy and murder; and when a man stood up and denounced it, they mobbed him as though he had been a common burglar or a horse thief. Think of it! It was not until the 28th day of August, 1833, that England abolished slavery in her colonies; and it was not until the first day of January, 1862, that Abraham Lincoln, by direction of the

entire North, wiped that infamy out of this country; and I never speak of Abraham Lincoln but I want to say that he was in my judgment in many respects the grandest man ever President of the United States. I say that upon his tomb there ought to be this line—and I know of no other man deserving it so well as he: "Here lies one who, having been clothed with almost absolute power, never abused it except on the side of mercy." Just think of it! Our churches and best people, as they call themselves, defending the institution of slavery. When I was a little boy I used to see steamers go down the Mississippi river with hundreds of men and women chained hand to hand, and even children, and men standing about them with whips in their hands and pistols in their pockets in the name of liberty, in the name of civilization and in the name of religion! I used to hear them preach to these slaves in the South, and the only text they ever took was, "Servants, be obedient unto your masters." That was the salutation of the most merciful God to a man whose back was bleeding, that was the salutation of the most merciful God to the slave-mother bending over an empty cradle, to the woman from whose breast a child had been stolen—"Servants, be

obedient unto your masters." That was what they said to a man running for his life and for his liberty through tangled swamps and listening to the baying of blood-hounds, and when he listened for them, the voice came from heaven: "Servants, be obedient unto your masters." That is civilization. Think what slaves we have been! Think how we have crouched and cringed before wealth even! How they used to cringe in old times before a man who was rich —there are so many of them gone into bankruptcy lately that we are losing a little of our fear.

THE RIGHT ARISTOCRACY

We used to worship the golden calf, and the worst you can say of us now, is, we worship the gold of the calf, and even the calves are beginning to see this distinction. We used to go down on our knees to every man that held office, now he must fill it if he wishes any respect. We care nothing for the rich, except what they will do with their money. Do they benefit mankind? That is the question. You say this man holds an office. How does he fill it?—that is the question. And there is rapidly growing up in the world an aristocracy of heart and brain

—the only aristocracy that has a right to exist. We are getting free. We are thinking in every direction. We are investigating with the microscope and the telescope. We are digging into the earth and finding souvenirs of all the ages. We are finding out something about the laws of health and disease. We are adding years to the span of human life and we are making the world fit to live in. That is what we are doing and every man that has an honest thought and expresses it, helps, and every man that tries to keep honest thought from being expressed is an obstruction and a hindrance.

WOMEN TO BLAME

Now if men have been slaves what shall we say of women? They have been the slaves of slaves. The meaner a man is, the better he thinks he is than a woman. As a rule, you take an ignorant, brutal man—don't talk to him about a woman governing him, he don't believe it—not he; and nearly every religion of this world has been gallant enough to account for all the trouble and misfortune we have had by the crime of woman.

Even if it is true, I do not care; I had rather live in a world full of trouble with the woman I

love than in heaven with nobody but men. Nearly every religion accounts for all the trouble we have ever had by the crime of woman. I recollect one book where I read an account of what is called the creation—I am not giving the exact words—I will give the substance of it. The supreme being thought best to make a world and one man—never thought about making a woman at that time—making a woman was a second thought, and I am free to admit that second thoughts as a rule are best. He made this world and one man, and put this man in a park, or garden, or public square, or whatever you might call it, to dress and keep it. The man had nothing to do. He moped around there as though he was waiting for a train. And the supreme being noticed that he got lonesome—I am glad he did! It occurred to him that he would make a companion, and having made the world and one man out of nothing, and having used up all the nothing, he had to take a part of the man to start the woman with—I am not giving the exact language, neither do I say this story is true—I do not know—I would not want to deceive anybody.

ORIGINAL SIN

So sleep fell upon this man, and they took from his side a rib—the French would call it a cutlet. And out of that they made a woman, and taking into consideration the amount and quality of the raw material used, I look upon it as the most successful job ever accomplished in this world. I am giving just a rough outline of this story. After he got the woman done she was brought to the man—not to see how she liked him, but to see how he liked her. He liked her and they went to keeping house. Before she was made there was really nothing to do; there was no news, no politics, no religion, not even civil service reform. And as the devil had not yet put in an appearance there was no chance to conciliate him. They started in the housekeeping business, and they were told they could do anything they liked except eat an apple. Of course they ate it. I would have done it myself I know. I am satisfied I would have had an apple off that tree, if I had been there, in fifteen minutes. They were caught at it, and they were turned out, and there was an extra police force put on to keep them from coming in again. And then measles, and whooping-cough, and

mumps, etc., started in the race of man, roses began to have thorns and snakes began to have teeth, and people began to fight about religion and politics, and they have been fighting and scratching each other's eyes out from that day to this.

I read in another book an account of the same transaction. They tell us the Supreme Brahma made up his mind to make a man, a woman, and a world; and that he put this man and woman in the Isle of Ceylon. According to the description, it was the most beautiful isle that ever existed; it beggared the description of a Chicago land agent completely. It was delightful; the branches of the trees were so arranged that when the wind swept through them they seemed like a thousand Æolian harps, and the man was named Adami, and the woman's name was Heva. This book was written about three or four thousand years before the other one, and all the commentators in this country agree that the story that was written first was copied from the one that was written last. I hope you will not let a matter of three or four thousand years interfere with your ideas on the subject. The Supreme Brahma said: "Let them have a period of courtship, because

it is my desire that true love always should precede marriage"—and that was so much better than lugging her up to him and saying, "Do you like her?" that upon my word I said when I read it, "If either one of these stories turn out to be true, I hope it will be this one."

They had a courtship in the starlight and moonlight, and perfume-laden air, with the nightingale singing his song of joy, and they got in love. There was nobody to bother them, no prospective fathers- or mothers-in-law, no gossiping neighbors, nobody to say "Young man, how do you propose to support her"? They got in love and they were married, and they started keeping house and the Supreme Brahma said to them: "You must not leave this island." After awhile the man got uneasy —wanted to go West.

THE FIRST EMIGRATION

He went to the western extremity of the island and there the devil got up, and when he looked over on the mainland he saw such hills and valleys and torrents, and such mountains crowned with snow, such cataracts robed in glory, that he went right back to Heva. Says he: "Come over here; it is a thousand times

better;" says he: "Let us emigrate." She said, like another woman: "No, let well enough alone; we have no rent to pay, and no taxes; we are doing very well now, let us stay where we are." But he insisted and so she went with him; and when he got to this western extremity where there was a little neck of land leading to this better land he took her on his back and walked over, and the moment he got over he heard a crash, and he looked back and this narrow neck of land had sunk into the sea, leaving here and there a rock (and those rocks are called even unto this day the footsteps of Adami) and when he looked back this beautiful mirage had disappeared. Instead of verdure and flowers there was naught but rocks and sand, and then he heard the voice of the Supreme Brahma crying out, cursing them both to the lowest hell, and then it was that Adami said, "Curse me, if you choose, but not her; it was not her fault, it was mine; curse me." That is the kind of man to start a world with. And the Supreme Brahma said: "I will spare her, but I will not spare you." Then she spoke out of a breast so full of affection that she has left a legacy of love to all her daughters. "If thou wilt not spare him, spare neither me, because I love him." Then the Supreme

Brahma said—and I have liked him ever since—"I will spare both and watch over you and your children forever."

Now, really this story appears to me better than the other one. It is loftier; there is more in it that I can admire. In order to show you that humanity does not belong to any particular nation, and that there are great and tender souls everywhere, let me tell you a little more that is in this book.

EQUAL RIGHTS FOR MAN AND WOMAN

"Blessed is that man, and beloved of all the gods, who is afraid of no man, and of whom no man is afraid." Think of that kind of character! Another, "Man is strength, woman is beauty; man is courage, woman is love; and where the one man loves the one woman the very angels leave heaven and come and sit in that house and sing for joy." I think that is nearly equal to this: "If you do not want your wife give her a writing of divorcement," and make the mother of your children a houseless wanderer and a vagrant—nearly as good as that. I believe that marriage should be a perfect partnership; that woman should have all the rights that man has, and one more—the

right to be protected. I believe in marriage. It took hundreds and thousands of years for woman to get from a state of abject slavery up to the height even of marriage. I have not the slightest respect for the ideas of those short-haired women and long-haired men who denounce the institution of the family, who denounce the institution of marriage; but I hold in greater contempt the husband who would enslave his wife. I hold in greater contempt the man who is anything in his family except love and tenderness and kindness. I say it took hundreds of years for woman to come from a state of slavery to marriage; and ladies, the chains that were upon your necks and the bracelets that were put upon your arms were iron, and they have changed by the touch of the wand of civilization to shining, glittering gold. Woman came from a condition of abject slavery and thousands and thousands of them are in that condition now. I believe marriage should be a perfect and equal partnership. I do not like a man who thinks he is a boss. That fellow in the dug-out was always talking about being boss. I do not like a man who thinks he is the head of the family. I do not like a man who thinks he has got authority and that the woman belongs to

him—that wants for his wife a slave. I would not have a slave for my wife. I would not want the love of a woman that is not great enough, grand enough, and splendid enough to be free. I will never give to any woman my heart upon whom I afterwards would put chains.

GENEROSITY THE ONLY VIRTUE

Do you know sometimes I think generosity is about the only virtue there is. How I do hate a man that has to be begged and importuned every minute for a few cents by his wife. "Give me a dollar?" "What did you do with that fifty cents I gave you last Christmas?" If you make your wife a perpetual beggar, what kind of children do you expect to raise with a beggar for their mother? If you want great children, if you want to people this world with great and grand men and women, they must be born of love and liberty. I have known men that would trust a woman with their heart—if you call that thing which pushes their blood around, a heart, and with their honor—if you call the fear of getting into the penitentiary, honor—I have known men that would trust that heart and that honor with a woman, but not their pocket-book—not a dollar bill. When I see a man of

that kind I think they know better than I do which of these three articles is the most valuable. I believe if you have got a dollar in the world and you have got to spend it, spend it like a man; spend it like a king, like a prince. If you have to spend it, spend it as though it was a dried leaf, and you were the owner of unbounded forests. I had rather be a beggar and spend my last dollar like a king than be a king and spend my money like a beggar. What is it worth compared with the love of a splendid woman? People tell me that is very good doctrine for rich folks, but it won't do for poor folks. I tell you that there is more love in the huts and homes of the poor, than in the mansions of the rich, and the meanest hut with love in it is a palace fit for the gods, and a palace without that is a den only fit for wild beasts. The man who has the love of one splendid woman is a rich man. Joy

LOVE IS LEGAL TENDER

is wealth, and love is the legal tender of the soul! Love is the only thing that will pay ten per cent to borrower and lender both; and if some men were as ashamed of appearing cross in public as they are of appearing tender at home, this world would be infinitely better. I think you

can make your home a heaven if you want to—you can make up your minds to that. When a man comes home, let him come home like a ray of light in the night bursting through the doors and illuminating the darkness. What right has a man to assassinate joy, and murder happiness in the sanctuary of love—to be a cross man, a peevish man—is that the way he courted? Was there always something ailing him? Was he too nervous to hear her speak? When I see a man of that kind I am always sorry that doctors know so much about preserving life as they do. It is not necessary to be rich, nor powerful, nor great to be a success; and neither is it necessary to have your name between the putrid lips of rumor to be great. We have had a false standard of success. In the years when I was a little boy we read in our books that no fellow was a success that did not make a fortune or get a big office, and he generally was a man that slept about three hours a night. They never put down in the books the names of those gentlemen that succeeded in life who slept all they wanted to; and we all thought that we could not sleep to exceed three or four hours if we ever expected to be anything in this world. We have had a wrong standard. The happy man is the suc-

cessful man; and the man who makes somebody else happy, is a happy man. The man that has gained the love of one good splendid, pure woman, his life has been a success, no matter if he dies in the ditch; and if he gets to be a crowned monarch of the world, and never had the love of one splendid heart, his life has been an ashen vapor.

NAPOLEON VERSUS THE PEASANT

A little while ago I stood by the tomb of the first Napoleon, a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a dead deity, and here was a great circle, and in the bottom there, in a sarcophagus, rested at last the ashes of that restless man. I looked at that tomb, and I thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world. As I looked in imagination I could see him walking up and down the banks of the Seine contemplating suicide. I could see him at Toulon; I could see him at Paris, putting down the mob; I could see him at the head of the army of Italy; I could see him crossing the bridge of Lodi, with the tricolor in his hand; I saw him in Egypt, fighting battles under the shadow of the Pyramids; I saw him returning; I saw him conquer the Alps, and mingle the

eagles of France with the eagles of Italy; I saw him at Marengo, I saw him at Austerlitz; I saw him in Russia where the infantry of the snow and the blast smote his legions, when death rode the icy winds of winter. I saw him at Leipsic; hurled back upon Paris; banished; and I saw him escape from Elba and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him at the field of Waterloo, where fate and chance combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. I saw him at St. Helena with his hands behind his back, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea; and I thought of all the widows he had made, of all the orphans, of all the tears that had been shed for his glory; and I thought of the woman, the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition—and I said to myself, as I gazed: I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes, and lived in a little hut with a vine running over the door and the purple grapes growing red in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun—I would rather have been that poor French peasant, to sit in my door, with my wife knitting by my side and my children upon my knees with their arms around my neck—I would rather have lived and died unnoticed and unknown ex-

cept by those who loved me, and gone down to the voiceless silence of the dreamless dust—I would rather have been that French peasant than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder who covered Europe with blood and tears.

DESIRE TO MAKE SOMEBODY HAPPY

I tell you I had rather make somebody happy, I would rather have the love of somebody; I would rather go to the forest, far away, and build me a little cabin—build it myself and daub it with mud, and live there with my wife and children; I had rather go there and live by myself—our little family—and have a little path that led down to the spring, where the water bubbled out day and night like a little poem from the heart of the earth; a little hut with some hollyhocks at the corner, with their bannered bosoms open to the sun, and with the thrush in the air, like a song of joy in the morning; I would rather live there and have some lattice work across the window, so that the sunlight would fall checkered on the baby in the cradle; I would rather live there and have my soul erect and free, then to live in a palace of gold and wear the crown of imperial power, and

know that my soul was slimy with hypocrisy. It is not necessary to be rich and great and powerful in order to be happy. If you will treat your wife like a splendid flower, she will fill your life with a perfume and with joy. I believe in the democracy of the fireside, I believe in the republicanism of home, in the equality of man and woman, in the equality of husband and wife, and for this I am denounced by the sentinels upon the walls of Zion. They say there must be a head to the family. I say no—equal rights for man and wife, and where there is really love there is liberty, and where the idea of authority comes in you will find that love has spread its pinions and flown forever. It is a splendid thing for me to think that when a woman really loves a man he never grows old in her eyes; she always sees the gallant gentleman that won her hand and heart; and when a man really and truly loves a woman she does not grow old to him; through the wrinkles of years he sees the face he loved and won. That is all there is in this world—all the rest amounts to nothing—it is a tale told by an idiot, signifying nothing. You take from the family love, and nothing is left. There must be equality; there must be no master; there must be no servant.

There must be equality and kindness. The man should be infinitely tender towards the woman—and why?—because she cannot go at hard work, she cannot make her own living. She has squandered her wealth of beauty and youth upon him.

CHILDREN AS SLAVES

Now, if woman have been slaves, what do you say about children? Children have been the slaves of the slaves of slaves. I know children that turn pale with fright when they hear their mother's voice; children of poverty, children of crime, children of subcellars; children of the narrow streets, the flotsam and jetsam upon the wild, rude sea of life—my heart goes out to them one and all; I say they have all the rights we have and one more—the right to be protected. I believe in governing children by kindness, by love, by tenderness. If a child commits a fault, take it in your arms, let your heart beat against its heart; don't go and talk to it about hell and the bankruptcy of the universe. If your child tells a lie—what of it? Be honest with the child, tell him you have told hundreds of them yourself. Then your child will not be afraid to tell you when it com-

mits a fault; it will not regard you as old perfection, until it gets a few years older, and finds you are an old hypocrite, and you cannot put a thick enough veil upon you but what the eyes of childhood will peep through it; they will see; they will find out; and when your child tells a lie, examine yourself, and in all probability you will find you have been a tyrant. A tyrant father will have liars for his children. A liar is born of tyranny on the one hand and fear on the other. Truth comes from the lips of courage. It is born in confidence and honor. If you want a child to tell you the truth you want to be a faithful man yourself. You go at your little child, five or six years old, with a stick in your hand—what is he to do? Tell the truth? Then he will get whipped. What is he to do? I thank mother nature for putting ingenuity in the mind of a little child so that when it is attacked by a brutal parent it throws up a little breastwork in the shape of a lie. That being done by nations it is called strategy, and many a general wears his honors for having practiced it; and will you deny it to little children to protect themselves from brutal parents. Supposing a man as much larger than we are as we are larger than a child would come at us with a liberty-pole

in his hand and would shout in tones of thunder, "Who broke that plate?" Every one of us—including myself— would just stand right up and swear either that we never saw that plate, or that it was cracked when we got it. Give a child a chance; there is no other way to have children tell the truth—tell the truth to them—keep your contracts with your children the same

KEEP FAITH WITH CHILDREN

as you would to your banker. I was up at Grand Rapids, Michigan, the other day. There was a gentleman there, and his wife, who had promised to take their little boy for a ride every night for ten days, or every day for ten days, but they did not do it. They slipped out to the barn and they went without him. The day before I was there they played the same game on him again. He is a nice little boy, an American boy, a boy with brains, one of those boys that don't take the hatchet-story as a fact, he had his own ideas. They fooled him again, and they came around the corner as big as life, man and wife. The little fellow was standing on the doorstep with his nurse, and he looked at them, and he made this remark: "There go the two damnedest liars in Grand Rapids." I merely

tell you this story to show you that children have level heads; they understand this business. Teach your children to tell you the truth—tell them the truth. If there is one here that ever intends to whip his child I have a favor to ask. Have your photograph taken when you are in the act, with your red and vulgar face, your brow corrugated, pretending you would rather be whipped yourself. Have the child's photograph taken too, with his eyes streaming with tears, and his chin dimpled with fear as a little sheet of water struck by a sudden cold wind; and if your child should die I cannot think of a sweeter way for you to spend an afternoon than to go to the graveyard in the autumn, when the maples are clad in pink and gold, when the little scarlet runners come like poems out of the breast of the earth—go there and sit down and look at that photograph and think of the flesh now dust, and how you caused it to writhe in pain and agony. I will tell you what I am doing; I am doing what little I can to save the flesh of children. You have no right to whip them. It is not the way; and yet some Christians drive their children from their doors if they do wrong, especially if it is a sweet, tender girl—I believe there is no instance on record of any veal being given for

the return of a girl—some Christians drive them from their doors and then go down upon their knees and ask God to take care of their children! I will never ask God to take care of my children unless I am doing my level best in that same direction. Some Christians act as though they thought when the Lord said, "Suffer little children to come unto me" that he had a rawhide under his mantle—they act as if they thought so. That is all wrong. I tell my children this: Go where you may, commit what crime you may, fall to what depths of degradation you may, I can never shut my arms, my heart or my door to you. As long as I live you shall have one sincere friend; do not be afraid to tell anything wrong you have done; ten to one if I have not done the same thing. I am not perfection, and if it is necessary to sin in order to have sympathy, I am glad I have committed sin enough to have sympathy. The sternness of perfection I do not want. I am going to live so that my children can come to my grave and truthfully say, "He who sleeps here never gave us one moment of pain." Whether you call that religion or infidelity, suit yourselves; that is the way I intend to do it.

AN OLD FASHIONED SUNDAY

When I was a little fellow most everybody thought that some days were too sacred for the young ones to enjoy themselves in. That was the general idea. Sunday used to commence Saturday night at sundown, under the old text, "The evening and the morning were the first day." They commenced then, I think, to get a good ready. When the sun went down Saturday night, darkness ten thousand times deeper than ordinary night fell upon that house. The boy that looked the sickest was regarded as the most pious. You could not crack hickory-nuts that night, and if you were caught chewing gum it was another evidence of the total depravity of the human heart. It was a very solemn evening. We would sometimes sing, "Another day has passed." Everybody looked as though they had the dyspepsia—you know lots of people think they are pious, just because they are bilious, as Mr Hood says. It was a solemn night, and the next morning the solemnity had increased. Then we went to Church, and the minister was in a pulpit about twenty feet high. If it was in the winter there was no fire; it was not thought proper to be

comfortable while you were thanking the Lord. The minister commenced at firstly and ran up to about twenty-fourthly, and then he divided it up again: and then he made some concluding remarks, and then he said lastly, and when he said lastly he was about half through. Then we had what we called the catechism—the chief end of man. I think that has a tendency to make a boy kind of bubble up cheerfully.

We sat along on a bench with our feet about eight inches from the floor. The minister said, "Boys, do you know what becomes of the wicked?" We all answered as cheerfully as grasshoppers sing in Minnesota, "Yes sir." "Do you know, boys, that you all ought to go to hell?" "Yes, sir." As a final test: "Boys, would you be willing to go to hell if it was God's will?" And every little liar said, "Yes, sir." The dear old minister used to try to impress upon our minds about how long we would stay there after we got there, and he used to say in an awful tone of voice—do you know I think that is what gives them the bronchitis—that tone—you never heard of an auctioneer having it—"Suppose that once in a billion of years a bird were to come from some far distant clime and carry off in its bill a grain of sand, when the

time came when the last animal matter of which this mundane sphere is composed would be carried away," said he, "boys, by that time in hell it would not be sun-up." We had this sermon in the morning and the same one in the afternoon, only he commenced at the other end. Then we started home full of doctrine—we went sadly and solemnly back. If it was in the summer and the weather was good and we had been good boys, they used to take us down to the graveyard, and to cheer us up we had a little conversation about coffins, and shrouds, and worms, and bones, and dust; and I must admit that it did cheer me up when I looked at those sunken graves, those stones, those names, half effaced with the decay of years. I felt cheered, for I said, "This thing can't last always." Then we had to read a good deal. We were not allowed to read joke books or anything of that kind. We read Baxter's Call to the Unconverted; Fox's Book of Martyrs; Milton's History of the Waldenses, and Jenkins on the Atonement. I generally read Jenkins; and I have often thought that the atonement ought to be pretty broad in its provisions to cover the case of a man that would write a book like that for a boy. Then we used to go and see how the sun was

getting on—when the sun was down, the thing was over. I would sit three or four hours reading Jenkins, and then go out, and the sun would not have gone down perceptibly. I used to think it stuck there out of simple, pure cussedness. But it went down at last, it had to; that was a part of the plan, and as the last rim of light would sink below the horizon, off would go our hats and we would give three cheers for liberty once again. I do not believe in making Sunday hateful for children. I believe in allowing them to be happy, and no day can be so sacred but that the laugh of a child will make it holier still. There is no God in the heavens that is pleased at the sadness of childhood. You cannot make me believe that. You fill their poor, little, sweet hearts with the fearful doctrine of hell. A little child goes out into the garden; there is a tree covered with a glory of blossoms, and the child leans against it, and there is a little bird on the bough singing and swinging, and the waves of melody run out of its tiny throat, thinking about four little speckled eggs in the nest warmed by the breast of its mate, and the air is filled with perfume, and that little child leans against that tree and thinks about hell and the worm that never dies—think

of filling the mind of a child with that infamous dogma!

THE DOCTRINE OF HELL

Where was that doctrine of hell born? Where did it come from? It came from that gentleman in the dug-out; it was a souvenir from the lower animals. I honestly believe that the doctrine of hell was born in the glittering eyes of snakes that run in frightful coils, watching for their prey. I believe it was born in the yelping and howling and growling and snarling of wild beasts. I believe it was born in the grin of hyenas and in the malicious chatter of depraved apes. I despise it, I defy it and I hate it; and when the great ship freighted with the world goes down in the night of death, chaos and disaster, I will not be guilty of the ineffable meanness of pushing from my breast my wife and children and paddling off in some orthodox canoe. I will go down with those I love and with those who love me. I will go down with the ship and with my race. I will go where there is sympathy. I will go with those I love. Nothing can make me believe that there is any being that is going to burn and torment and damn his children forever. No, sir! You will never

make me believe you can divide the world up into saints and sinners, and that the saints are all going to heaven and the others to hell. I don't believe that you can draw the line. You are sometimes in the presence of a great disaster; there is a fire; at the fourth story window you see the white face of a woman with a child in her arms, and humanity calls out for somebody to go to the rescue through that smoke and flame, may be death. They don't call for a Baptist, nor a Presbyterian, nor a Methodist, but humanity calls for a man. And all at once, out steps somebody that nobody ever did think was much, not a very good man, and yet he springs up the ladder and is lost in the smoke, and a moment afterward he emerges, and the cruel serpents of fire climb and hiss around his brave form, but he goes on and you see that woman and child in his arms, and you see them come down and they are handed to the bystanders, and he has fainted, may be, and the crowd stand hushed, as they always do, in the presence of a grand action, and a moment after the air is rent with a cheer. Tell me that that man is going to hell, who is willing to lose his life merely to keep a woman and child from the torment of a moment's flame—tell me that he is going to hell; I tell you that it is a

falsehood, and if anybody says so he is mistaken.

SCENE FROM A BATTLEFIELD

I have seen upon the battlefield a boy sixteen years of age struck by the fragment of a shell and life oozing slowly from the ragged lips of his death-wound, and I have heard him and seen him die with a curse upon his lips, and he had the face of his mother in his heart. Do you tell me that that boy left that field of battle where he died that the flag of his country might wave forever in the air—do you tell me that he went from that field where he lost his life in defense of the liberties of men to an eternal hell? I tell you it is infamous!—and such a doctrine as that would tarnish the reputation of a hyena and smirch the fair fame of an anaconda. Let us see whether we are to believe it or not. We had a war a little while ago and there was a draft made, and there was many a good Christian hired another fellow to take his place, hired one that was wicked, hired a sinner to go to hell in his place for five hundred dollars! While if *he* was killed he would go to heaven. Think of that. Think of a man willing to do that for five hundred dollars! I tell you, when you come right down to it, they have got too much heart

to believe it; they say they do, but they do not appreciate it. They do not believe it. They would go crazy if they did. They would go insane. If a woman believed it, looking upon her little dimpled darling in the cradle, and said, "Nineteen chances in twenty I am raising fuel for hell," she would go crazy. They don't believe it. The old doctrine was that the angels in heaven would become happier as they looked upon those in hell. That is not the doctrine now; we have civilized it. That is not the doctrine—what is the doctrine now? The doctrine is that those in heaven can look upon the agonies of those in hell, whether it is a fire or whatever it is, without having the happiness of those in heaven decreased—that is the doctrine. That is preached to-day in every orthodox pulpit in Harrisburg. Let me put one case and I will be

THE HUMAN HEART

through with this branch of the subject. A husband and wife love each other. The husband is a good fellow and the wife a splendid woman. They live and love each other, and all at once he is taken sick, and they watch day after day and night after night around his bedside until their property is wasted, and finally

she has to go to work, and she works through eyes blinded with tears, and the sentinel of love watches at the bedside of her prince, and at the least breath or the least motion she is awake; and she attends him night after night and day after day for years, and finally he dies, and she has him in her arms and covers his wasted face with the tears of agony and love. He is a believer and she is not. He dies, and she buries him and puts flowers above his grave, and she goes there in the twilight of evening and she takes her children, and tells her little boys and girls through her tears how brave and how true and how tender their father was, and finally she dies and she goes to hell, because she was not a believer; and he goes to the battlements of heaven and looks over and sees the woman who loved him with all the wealth of her love, and whose tears made his dead face holy and sacred, and he looks upon her in the agonies of hell without having his happiness diminished in the least. With all due respect to everybody, I say, Damn any such doctrine as that. It is infamous! it never ought to be preached; it never ought to be believed. We ought to be true to our hearts, and the best revelation of the Infinite is the human heart.

GIVE CHILDREN A CHANCE

Now, I come back to where I started from. They used to think that a certain day was too good for a child to be happy in, so they filled the imagination of this child with these horrors of hell. I said, and I say again, no day can be so sacred but that the laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Strike with hand of fire, oh, weird musician, thy harp, strung with Apollo's golden hair; fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keys; blow, bugler, blow, until thy silver notes do touch the skies, with moonlit waves, and charm the lovers wandering on the vine-clad hills; but know, your sweetest strains are discords all, compared with childhood's happy laugh, the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy; oh, rippling river of life, thou art the blessed boundary-line between the beasts and man, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fiend of care; oh, laughter, divine daughter of joy, make dimples enough in the cheeks of the world to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief.

I am opposed to any religion that makes

them melancholy, that makes children sad, and that fills the human heart with shadow.

Give a child a chance. When I was a boy we always went to bed when we were not sleepy, and we always got up when we were sleepy. Let a child commence at which end of the day they please, that is their business; they know more about it than all the doctors in the world. The voice of nature, when a man is free, is the voice of right, but when his passions have been dammed up by custom, the moment that is withdrawn, he rushes to some excess. Let him be free from the first. Let your children grow in the free air and they will fill your house with perfume. Do not create a child to be a post set in an orthodox row; raise investigators and thinkers, not disciples and followers; cultivate reason, not faith; cultivate investigation, not superstition; and if you have any doubt yourself about a thing being so, tell them about it; don't tell them the world was made in six days—if you think six days means six good whiles, tell them six good whiles. If you have any doubts about anybody being in a furnace and not being burnt, or even getting uncomfortably warm, tell them so—be honest about it. If you look upon the jawbone of a donkey as not a good weapon,

say so. Give a child a chance. If you think a man never went to sea in a fish, tell them so, it wont make them any worse. Be honest—that is all; don't cram their heads with things that will take them years and years to unlearn; tell them facts—it is just as easy. It is as easy to find out botany, and astronomy, and geology, and history—it is as easy to find out all these things as to cram their minds with things you know nothing about,* and where a child knows what the name of a flower is when it sees it, the name of a bird and all those things, the world becomes interesting everywhere, and they do not pass by the flowers—they are not deaf to all the songs of birds, simply because they are walking along thinking about hell. I tell you, this is a pretty good world if we only love somebody in it, if we only make somebody happy, if we are only honor-bright in it, if we have no fear. That is my doctrine. I like to hear children at the table telling what big things they have seen during the day; I like to hear their merry voices mingling with the clatter of knives and forks. I had rather hear that than any opera that was ever put on the stage. I hate

*"We know of no difference between matter and spirit, because we know nothing with certainty about either. Why trouble ourselves about matters of which, however important they may be, we do know nothing and can know nothing?"—*Huxley.*

this idea of authority. I hate dignity. I never saw a dignified man that was not, after all, an old idiot. Dignity is a mask; a dignified man is afraid that you will know he does not know everything. A man of sense and argument is always willing to admit what he don't know—why?—because there is so much that he does know; and that is the first step towards learning anything—willingness to admit what you don't know, and when you don't understand a thing, ask—no matter how small and silly it may look to other people—ask, and after that you know. A man never is in a state of mind that he can learn until he gets that dignified nonsense out of him, and so, I say let us treat our children with perfect kindness and tenderness.

ABSOLUTE INTELLECTUAL LIBERTY

Now, then, I believe in absolute intellectual liberty; that a man has a right to think, and think wrong, provided he does the best he can to think right—that is all. I have no right to say that Mr. Smith shall not think; Mr. Smith has no right to say I shall not think; I have no right to go and pull a clergyman out of his pulpit and say: "You shall not preach that doctrine," but I have just as much right as he has to say my

say. I have no right to lie about a clergyman, and with great modesty I claim—and with some timidity—that he has no right to slander me—that is all.

I claim that every man and wife are equal, except that she has a right to be protected; that there is nothing like the democracy of the home and the republicanism of the fireside, and that a man should study to make his wife's life one perpetual poem of joy; that there should be nothing but kindness and goodness; and then I say that children should be governed by love, by kindness, by tenderness, and by the sympathy of love, kindness and tenderness. That is the religion I have got, and it is good enough for me, whether it suits anybody else in the world or not. I think it is altogether more important to believe in my wife than it is to believe in the Master; I think it is altogether more important to love my children than the twelve apostles—that is my doctrine. I may be wrong, but that is it. I think more of the living than I do of the dead. This world is for the living. The grave is not a throne, and a corpse is not a king. The living have a right to control the world. I think a good deal more of today than I do of yesterday, and I think more of

to-morrow than I do of this day; because it is nearly gone—that is the way I feel, and this is my creed. The time to be happy is now; the way to be happy is to make somebody else happy; and the place to be happy is here. I never will consent to drink skim milk here with the promise of cream somewhere else.

EXCUSES FOR THE RACE

Now, my friends, I have some excuses to offer for the race to which I belong.

In the first place, this world is not very well adapted to raising good people; there is but one-quarter of it land to start with; it is three times as well adapted to fish-culture as it is to man, and of that one-quarter there is but a small belt where they raise men of genius. There is one strip from which all the men and women of genius come. When you go too far north you find no brain; when you go too far south you find no genius, and there never has been a high degree of civilization except where there is winter. I say that winter is the father and mother of the fireside, the family of nations; and around that fireside blossom the fruits of our race. In a country where they don't need any bed-clothes except the clouds, revolution is the

normal condition—not much civilization there. When in the winter I go by a house where the curtain is a little bit drawn ,and I look in there and see children poking the fire and wishing they had as many dollars or knives or something else as there are sparks; when I see the old man smoking and the smoke curling above his head like incense from the altar of domestic peace, the other children reading or doing something, and the old lady with her needle and shears—I never pass such a scene that I do not feel a little ache of joy in my heart. A while ago they were talking about annexing San Domingo. They said it was the finest soil in the world, and so on. Says I, "It don't raise the right kind of food; you take five thousand of the best people in the world and let them settle there, and you will see the second generation barefooted, with the hair sticking out of the top of their sombreros; you will see them riding bare-backed, with a rooster under each arm, going to a cock-fight on Sunday." That is one excuse I have.

ORIGIN OF MAN

Another is, I think we came from the lower animals. I am not dead sure of it. On

that question I stand about eight to seven. If there is nothing of the snake, or hyena, or jackal in man, why would he cut his brother's throat for a difference of belief? Why would he build dungeons and burn the flesh of his brother man with red-hot irons? I think we came from the lower animals. When I first heard that doctrine I did not like it. I felt sorry for our English friends, who would have to trace their pedigree back to the Duke of Ourang-outang, or the Earl of Chimpanzee. But I have read so much about rudimentary bones and rudimentary muscles that I began to doubt about it. Says I: "What do you mean by rudimentary muscles?" They say: "A muscle that has gone into bankruptcy—" "Was it a large muscle?" "Yes." "What did our forefathers use it for?" They say: "To flap their ears with." After I found that out I was astonished to find that they had become rudimentary; I know so many people for whom it would be handy to-day, so many people where that would have been on an exact level with their intellectual development. So after awhile I began to like it, and says I to myself: "You have got to come to it." I thought, after all, I had rather belong to a race of people that came

from skullless vertebræ in the dim Laurentian period, that wiggled without knowing they were wiggling, that began to develop and came up by a gradual development until they struck this gentlemen in the dug-out coming up slowly —up—up—up—until, for instance, they produced such a man as Shakespeare—he who harvested all the fields of dramatic thought and after whom all others have been only gleaners of straw, he who found the human intellect dwelling in a hut, touched it with the wand of his genius and it became a palace—producing him and hundreds of others I might mention—with the angels of progress leaning over the far horizon beckoning this race of work and thought—I had rather belong to a race commencing at the skullless vertebræ producing the gentleman in the dug-out and so on up, than to have descended from a perfect pair, upon which the Lord has lost money from that day to this. I had rather belong to a race that is going up than to one that is going down. I would rather belong to one that commenced at the skullless vertebræ and started for perfection, than to belong to one that started from perfection and started for the skullless vertebræ.

These are the excuses I have for my race, and taking everything into consideration, I think we have done extremely well.

FREE THOUGHT WILL GIVE TRUTH

Let us have more liberty and free thought. Free thought will give us truth. It is too early in the history of the world to write a creed. Our fathers were intellectual slaves; our fathers were intellectual serfs. There never has been a free generation on the globe. Every creed you have got bears the mark of whip, and chain, and fagot. There has been no creed written by a free brain. Wait until we have had two or three generations of liberty, and it will then be time enough to seize the swift horse of progress by the bridle and say—thus far and no farther; and in the meantime let us be decent towards each other. We are all travelers on the great plain we call life, and there is nobody quite sure what road to take—not just dead sure, you know. There are lots of guide-boards on the plain and you find thousands of people swearing to-day that their guide-board is the only board that shows the right direction. I go and talk to them and they say: "You go that way, or you will be damned." I go to another and they say: "You go this way, or you will be

damned." I find them all fighting and quarreling and beating each other, and then I say: "Let us cut down all these guide-boards." "What," they say, "leave us without any guide-boards?" I say: "Yes." Let every man take the road he thinks is right, and let everybody wish him a happy journey; let us part friends. I say to you to-night, my friends, that I have no malice upon this subject—not a particle; I simply wish to express my thoughts. The world has grown better just in proportion as it is happier; the world has grown better just in proportion as it has lost superstition; the world has grown better just in the proportion that the sacerdotal class has lost influence—just exactly; the world has grown better just in proportion that secular ideas have taken possession of the world. The world has grown better just in proportion that it has ceased talking about the visions of the clouds, and talked about the realities of tde earth. The world has grown better just in the proportion that it has grown free, and I want to do what little I can in my feeble way to add another flame to the torch of progress. I do not know, of course, what will come, but if I have said anything to-night that will make a husband

love his wife better, I am satisfied; if I have said anything that will make a wife love her husband better, I am satisfied; if I have said anything that will add one more ray of joy to life, I am satisfied; if I have said anything that will save the tender flesh of a child from a blow, I am satisfied; if I have said anything that will make us more willing to extend to others the right we claim for ourselves,

A GLORIOUS FUTURE

I am satisfied. I do not know what inventions are in the brain of the future; I do not know what garments of glory may be woven for the world in the loom of the years to be; we are just on the edge of the great ocean of discovery. I do not know what is to be discovered; I do not know what science will do for us. I do know that science did just take a handful of sand and make the telescope, and with it read all the starry leaves of heaven; I know that science took the thunderbolts from the hands of Jupiter, and now the electric spark, freighted with thought and love, flashes under waves of the sea; I know that science stole a tear from the cheek of unpaid labor, converted it into steam, and created a giant

that turns with tireless arms the countless wheels of toil; I know that science broke the chains from human limbs and gave us instead the forces of nature for our slaves; I know that we have made the attraction of gravitation work for us; we have made the lightnings our messengers; we have taken advantage of fire and flames and wind and sea; these slaves have no backs to be whipped; they have no hearts to be lacerated; they have no children to be stolen, no cradles to be violated. I know that science has given us better houses; I know it has given us better pictures and better books; I know it has given us better wives and better husbands, and more beautiful children. I know it has enriched a thousand-fold our lives; and for that reason I am in favor of intellectual liberty. I know not, I say, what discoveries may lead the world to glory; but I do know that from the infinite sea of the future never a greater or grander blessing will strike this bank and shoal of time, than liberty for man, woman and child.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have delivered this lecture a great many times; clergymen have attended, and editors of religious newspapers, and they have gone away and written in their

papers and declared in their pulpits that in this lecture I advocated universal adultery; they have gone away and said it was obscene and disgusting. Between me and my clerical maligners, between me and my religious slanderers, I leave you, ladies and gentlemen, to judge.

MODERN THINKERS

THE Chicago Times some time since published a series of papers, under the general caption of "Modern Thinkers," which have been collected and published in book form, with an introduction by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. This introduction, with the author's preface, is published below. Grouped under the names of certain prominent leaders or representatives of diverse and unlike schools of thought, the book presents virtually the successive postulates whose assertion and defense constitute the history of the progress toward a social science during the past hundred years. The preface and introduction state who the leaders are. The essay on Swedenborg is, however, a brief history of the historical origin of some of the most vital beliefs in Christianity. That on Adam Smith is a condensed history of political economy from Quesnay to Cary. That on Thomas Paine is an

analysis of the function which the revolutionary spirit performs in developing civilization.

PREFACE BY THE AUTHOR

This book is both a product and a proof of the extent to which, in America, the daily press, owing to its greater wealth, circulation and enterprise, is performing for the people, as rapidly as the demand arises, the function which in Europe is performed by the reviews—viz., that of supplying discussions of the more abstract elements of politics and sociology, and rendering the reading public familiar to some extent with the philosophic systems of leading thinkers. The articles were written for the Chicago Times, at the request of Mr. Story, its editor, and published in its Saturday edition, before being collected in book form. Most of them attracted very general attention, and letters of criticism, commendation and response came in to them from the most distant and unexpected quarters of the globe, as well as from points near at hand. The people demand to know, not merely what seers and prophets, oracles and men, acting under some form of mystical infatuation or supernatural frenzy, have taught, for there is always a liability

that these may be lunatics, but also what the calm scholars and rigid investigators, who were favored with no divine afflatus, have thought concerning man, his origin, duty and destiny. For, while a few of the latter, like Newton and Comte, have suffered from cerebral disease brought on by stress of mental labor, even these differ from seers like Swedenborg and Mahomet, in the fact that we are not indebted to their disease for their revelations. Philosophers as well as prophets may be the subjects of catalepsy or of lunacy; but a marked distinction still reigns, if the latter, like Mahomet, commune with angels only while foaming at the mouth, while the former, like Comte, elaborate their philosophic systems only after all signs of mental distress have disappeared.

No attempt has been made to collect the views of merely speculative philosophers or metaphysicians—those who undertake to consider the nature of knowledge, of being, of consciousness, of ideas, or of the sources of any of these. It has designedly nothing to say of Bacon, Descartes, Locke, Hume, Reid, Stewart, Hamilton, or any of the German metaphysicians from Spinoza to Hegel. It aims only to present a few of the leading thinkers upon social science; upon the

great questions arising out of the evils that afflict society, and the supposed means of scientifically and philosophically counteracting them. It endeavors, however, to elucidate the systems of each more constructively and sympathetically than is usually done in histories of philosophy.

Swedenborg thought society would derive its greatest salvation from an entire renovation of the accepted creeds of Christianity. Spiritualizing what had become materialized, and converting hell from a lake of flame into a love of self, and heaven from a jeweled city into an amiable character, he then adhered to the spiritualized word, thus obtained or created, as the most potent means of renovating society through the purification of its individual members. Though his means were theological, his end was social.

Adam Smith thought wealth, industry, division of labor, the introduction of money and freedom of exchange, to be the great progressive forces in society, though for eighteen centuries Christianity had been compelled, by the narrow social views which attended its origin, to decry wealth, and the love and pursuit of it as the source of all misery. Dr.

Smith founded a school of economists, whose views as to the method of counteracting the evils of society are none the less hostile to those of the sermon on the mount, from the fact that the economical writers seldom so much as deign to notice the hostility.

Jeremy Bentham discovered that crime was not an impulse of the devil, but a result of imperfect development, and taught mankind that the reform of many of our evils lay in governing men less and teaching them more. Both Smith and Bentham were as eminent positive scientific philosophers as if they had sat under the teachings of Auguste Comte.

Thomas Paine was the representative critic, destroyer and revolutionist of his period, but his end at all times was such a reconstruction of society as would prevent the building up of an aristocratic governing class, by keeping the wheel of popular elections in perpetual revolution. His political ideas corresponded more closely with the actual form and structure of the American government than those of any of his contemporaries. This entitles him to a front rank as a social philosopher.

Charles Fourier and Herbert Spencer have made sociology their chief end and aim. Ernst

Haeckel put in a scientific form the evidences of the spontaneous evolution of man, the individual, from the lower forms of life, thus knocking the last prop that sustained the toleological and supernatural theories of the evolution of society. He who writes a scientific genesis for man begins the true history and philosophy of society at its actual beginning. According to Haeckel, the child begins in the womb, where human society begins in its true Adam —viz., in a cell clothed in protoplasm. All the subsequent growth arises out of adaptation to its environment and heredity. The great powers, therefore, which make up progress are tact and talent. Tact is that which adapts each life to its environment, from the mote that basks in the sunbeam to the millionaire that controls a railway. Talent is the growth which each life underwent in its parent, the original inheritance of calibre, vitality and force with which offspring are born into the world. All creation, including the creation of society, is the evolution, by material forms, of these two innate powers, equally present in a worm and in a Webster; the extent and complexity of the environment upon which they act growing al-

ways with the diversity and complexity of the mechanism through which they act.

Auguste Comte could not have fitly closed the theological and metaphysical periods in his own person, had he not by example boldly taught the world that the business of god-making was a legitimate branch of human industry. It was philosophically impossible for any man to imagine a God that would not be a product of human imagination. But Comte, as an ambitious and scientific manufacturer of Deity, could not be content with taking some fraction, or attribute, or type of humanity, whether Jewish, Greek or Roman, for his idol, but must embrace in one comprehensive act of worship the entire stock, whatever it might inventory. Comte attempted to substitute sociology for theology, sociolatry for idolatry, and sociocracy for democracy, plutocracy and ecclesiocracy.

Although but a century has passed since Swedenborg, Bentham, Adam Smith and Thomas Paine taught, the political ideas of the three last have passed into the creed of the common people, and the theologians of the present day would be extremely glad to compromise on Swedenborg's view of the Word, if they could

thereby rescue it from its impending utter extinction as a power over human thought. The tendency of society for half a century past has rapidly been toward a complete realization of many of the social theories, both of Fourier and Comte, unlike as their views are in their details. Spencer and Haeckel expound evolution amidst the applause of the generation that hears them, with the assurance that all theological expositions, having already been banished from scientific minds, cannot long dwell in the popular mind.

To this state of facts the question that comes up from every quarter is, "What are you going to give us in place of the idols and myths you are destroying?" And to this the great thinkers answer, in substance, "We will give you the patience that is content to assume to know only that which human faculties have the capacity to reduce to knowledge. We will give you the knowledge which does all that has ever been done to adorn, bless and ennoble human life. If we should discover any fact concerning another life, we will give it to you as freely as we would give those concerning this life. We will give you all that the educated and scientific men of the world ever believed,

viz., the accumulated results of all observation, experiment and comparison. We will impose upon you no guesses which nature has endowed us with no faculties for verifying."

"It took two hundred years," says Condorcet, "for Archimedes' and Apollonius' investigations in mathematics and astronomy to so perfect the science of navigation as to save the sailor from shipwreck." But when the science was perfected, it totally superseded the efforts of the human mind to control, through prayers and sacrifices, that divine mind which controlled the seas and the winds, or to secure safety for the ship by exerting a supernatural influence over its environment. So long as prayer strove to adapt the seas to the ship, it went down. When science adapted the ship to the seas, it sailed on. It cost a like period of study before chemists discovered that the basilisk which haunted cellars, which was invisible, but which killed all whom it looked upon, was carbonic acid gas. But when this was discovered, the basilisk's dreadful eye was no longer fatal. The world is still filled with invisible basilisks, invisible save as knowledge makes them visible, but killing their millions. Epidemic diseases,

cruel and false social theories, vast social wrongs and oppressions, great theological wastes of wealth relatively to no purpose, compared with the good it might effect, are among these basilisks. Incantations have been chanted over them, but they still kill. Anathemas and prayers have failed to exterminate them. Slowly but surely the world's great thinkers are exterminating them, for what they think to-day forms the creed of educated men to-morrow, and of all men on the day after.

INTRODUCTION BY BOB INGERSOLL

If others who read this book get as much information as I did from the advance sheets, they will feel repaid a hundred times. It is perfectly delightful to take advantage of the conscientious labors of those who go through volume after volume, divide with infinite patience the gold from the dross, and present us with the pure and shining coin. Such men may be likened to bees who save us numberless journeys by giving us the fruit of their own.

While this book will greatly add to the information of all who read it, it may not increase the happiness of some to find that Swedenborg was really insane. But when they

remember that he was raised by a bishop, and disappointed in love, they will cease to wonder at his mental condition. Certainly an admixture of theology and "disprized love" is often sufficient to compel reason to abdicate the throne of the mightiest soul.

THE TROUBLE WITH SWEDENBORG

was that he changed realities into dreams, and then, out of the dreams, made facts, upon which he built, and with which he constructed his system.

He regarded all realities as shadows cast by ideas. To him the material was the unreal, and things were definitions of the ideas of God. He seemed to think that he had made a discovery when he found that ideas were back of words, and that language had a subjective as well as an objective origin; that is, that the interior meaning had been clothed upon. Of course, a man capable of drawing the conclusion that natural reason cannot harmonize with spiritual truth because he had seen a beetle, in a dream, that could not use its feet, is capable of any absurdity of which the imagination can conceive. The fact is, that Swedenborg believed the bible. That was his misfortune.

His mind had been overpowered by the bishop, but the woman had not utterly destroyed his heart. He was shocked by the literal interpretation of the scriptures, and sought to avoid the difficulty by giving new meanings consistent with

THE DECENCY AND GOODNESS OF GOD.

He pointed out a way to preserve the old bible with a new interpretation. In this way infidelity could be avoided; and, in his day, that was almost a necessity. Had Swedenborg taken the ground that the bible was not inspired, the ears of the world would have been stopped. His readers believed in the dogma of inspiration, and asked not how to destroy the scriptures, but for some way in which they might be preserved. He and his followers unconsciously rendered immense service to the cause of intellectual enfranchisement by their efforts to show the necessity of giving new meanings to the barbarous laws and cruel orders of Jehovah. For this purpose they attacked with great fury the literal text, taking the ground that if the old interpretation was right, the bible was the work of savage men. They heightened in every way the absurdities, cruelties

and contradictions of the scriptures, for the purpose of showing that a new interpretation must be found, and that the way pointed out by Swedenborg was the only one by which the bible could be saved.

Great men are, after all, the instrumentalities of their time. The heart of the civilized world was beginning to revolt at the

CRUELTIES ASCRIBED TO GOD

and was seeking for some interpretation of the bible that kind and loving people could accept. The method of interpretation found by Swedenborg was suitable for all. Each was permitted to construct his own "science of correspondence" and gather such fruits as he might prefer. In this way the ravings of revenge can be instantly changed to mercy's melting tones, and murder's dagger to a smile of love. In this way, and in no other, can we explain the numberless mistakes and crimes ascribed to God. Thousands of most excellent people, afraid to throw away the idea of inspiration, hailed with joy a discovery that allowed them to write a bible for themselves.

But, whether Swedenborg was right or not, every man who reads a book necessarily gets

from that book all that he is capable of receiving. Every man who walks in the forest, or gathers a flower, or looks at a picture, or stands by the sea, gets all the intellectual wealth he is capable of receiving. What the forest, the flower, the picture, or the sea, is to him, depends upon his mind, and upon the stage of development he has reached. So that, after all, the bible must be a different book to each person who reads it, as the

REVELATIONS OF NATURE

depend upon the individual to whom they are revealed, or by whom they are discovered. And the extent of the revelation or discovery depends absolutely upon the intellectual and moral development of the person to whom, or by whom, the revelation or discovery is made. So that the bible cannot be the same to any two people, but each one must necessarily interpret it for himself. Now the moment the doctrine is established that we can give to this book such meanings as are consistent with our highest ideals; that we can treat the old words as purses or old stockings in which to put our gold, then each one will, in effect, make a new inspired bible for himself,

and throw the old away. If his mind is narrow, if he has been raised by ignorance and nursed by fear, he will believe in the literal truth of what he reads. If he has a little courage, he will doubt, and the doubt will with new interpretations modify the literal text; but if his soul is free, he will with scorn reject it all.

Swedenborg did one thing for which I feel almost grateful He gave an account of having met

JOHN CALVIN IN HELL.

Nothing connected with the supernatural could be more perfectly natural than this. The only thing detracting from the value of this report is that, if there is a hell, we know without visiting the place that John Calvin must be there.

All honest founders of religions have been the dreamers of dreams, the sport of insanity, the prey of visions, the deceivers of others and of themselves. All will admit that Swedenborg was a man of great intellect, of vast acquirements, and of honest intentions; and I think it equally clear that upon one subject, at least, his mind was touched, shattered and shaken.

Misled by analogies, imposed upon by the

bishop, deceived by the woman, borne to other worlds upon the wings of dreams, living in the twilight of reason and the dawn of insanity, he regarded every fact as a patched and ragged garment with a lining of costly silk, and insisted that the wrong side, even of the silk, was far more beautiful than the right.

HERBERT SPENCER

is almost the opposite of Swedenborg. He relies upon evidence, upon demonstration, upon experience, and occupies himself with one world at a time. He perceives that there is a mental horizon that we cannot pierce, and beyond that is the unknown—possibly the unknowable. He endeavors to examine only that which is capable of being examined, and considers the theological method as not only useless, but hurtful. After all, God is but a guess, throned and established by arrogance and assertion. Turning his attention to those things that have in some way affected the condition of mankind, Spencer leaves the unknowable to priests and to the believers in the "moral government" of the world. He sees only natural causes and natural results, and seeks to induce man to give up gazing into void and empty space, that he may give his

entire attention to the world in which he lives. He sees that right and wrong do not depend upon the arbitrary will of even an infinite being, but upon the nature of things; that they are relations, not entities, and that they cannot exist, so far as we know, apart from human experience.

It may be that men will finally see that selfishness and self-sacrifice are both mistakes, that the first devours itself; that the second is not demanded by the good, and that the bad are unworthy of it. It may be that our race has never been, and never will be, deserving of a martyr. Sometime we may see that justice is the highest possible form of mercy and love, and that all should not only be allowed, but compelled, to reap exactly what they sow; that industry should not support idleness, and that they who waste the spring, and summer, and autumn of their lives should bear the winter when it comes. The fortunate should assist the victims of accident; the strong should defend the weak, and the intellectual should lead, with loving hands, the mental poor; but justice should remove the bandage from her eyes long enough to distinguish between the vicious and the unfortunate.

Mr. Spencer is wise enough to declare that "acts are called good or bad according as they are well or ill adjusted to ends;" and he might have added, that ends are good or bad according as they affect the happiness of mankind.

It would be hard to overestimate the influence of this great man. From an immense intellectual elevation he has surveyed the world of thought.

He has rendered absurd the idea of special providence, born of the egotism of slavery. He has shown that the "will of God" is not a rule for human conduct; that morality is not a cold and heartless tyrant; that by the destruction of the individual will a higher life cannot be reached, and that, after all, an intelligent love of self extends the hand of help and kindness to all the human race.

But, had it not been for such men as

THOMAS PAINE

Herbert Spencer could not have existed for a century to come. Some one had to lead the way, to raise the standard of revolt, and draw the sword of war. Thomas Paine was a natural revolutionist. He was opposed to every gov-

ernment existing in his day. Next to establishing a wise republic, based upon the equal rights of man, the best thing that can be done is to destroy a monarchy.

Paine had a sense of justice, and had imagination enough to put himself in the place of the oppressed. He had, also, what in these pages is so felicitously expressed, "a haughty intellectual pride, and a willingness to pit his individual thought against the clamor of a world."

I cannot believe that he wrote the letters of Junius, although the two critiques combined in this volume, entitled Paine and Junius, make by far the best argument upon that subject that I have ever read. First—Paine could have had no personal hatred against the men so bitterly assailed by Junius. Second—He knew, at that time, but little of English politicians, and certainly had never associated with men occupying the highest positions, and could not have been personally acquainted with the leading statesmen of England. Third—He was not an unjust man. He was neither a coward, a calumniator, nor a sneak. All these delightful qualities must have lovingly united in the character of Junius. Fourth—Paine

could have had no reason for keeping the secret after coming to America.

I have always believed that Junius, after having written his letters, accepted office from the very men he had maligned, and at last became a pensioner of the victims of his slander. "Had he as many mouths as Hydra, such a course must have closed them all." Certainly, the author must have kept the secret to prevent the loss of his reputation.

It cannot be denied that the style of Junius is much like that of Paine. Should it be established that Paine wrote the letters of Junius, it would not, in my judgment, add to his reputation as a writer. Regarded as literary efforts, they cannot be compared with "Common Sense," "The Crisis," or "The Rights of Man"

The claim that Paine was the real author of the Declaration of Independence is much better founded. I am inclined to think that he actually wrote it; but whether this is true or not, every idea contained in it had been written by him long before. It is now claimed that the original document is in Paine's handwriting. It certainly is not in Jefferson's. Certain it is that Jefferson could not have writ-

ten anything so manly, so striking, so comprehensive, so clear, so convincing, and so faultless in rhetoric and rhythm, as the Declaration of Independence.

Paine was the first man to write these words: "The United States of America." He was the first great champion of absolute separation from England. He was the first to urge the adoption of a federal constitution; and, more clearly than any other man of his time, he perceived the future greatness of this country.

He has been blamed for his attack on Washington. The truth is, he was in prison in France. He had committed the crime of voting against the execution of the king. It was the grandest act of his life, but at that time to be merciful was criminal. Paine being an American citizen, asked Washington, then president, to say a word to Robespierre in his behalf. Washington remained silent. In the calmness of power, the serenity of fortune, Washington, the president, read the request of Paine, the prisoner, and with the complacency of assured fame, consigned to the waste-basket of forgetfulness the patriot's cry for help.

"Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes,
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done."

In this controversy my sympathies are with the prisoner.

Paine did more to free the mind, to destroy the power of ministers and priests in the new world, than any other man. In order to answer his arguments, the churches found it necessary to attack his character. There was a general resort to falsehood. In trying to destroy the reputation of Paine, the churches have demoralized themselves. Nearly every minister has been a willing witness against the truth. Upon the grave of Thomas Paine the churches of America have sacrificed their honor. The influence of the hero author increases every day, and there are more copies of the "Age of Reason" sold in the United States than of any work written in defense of the Christian religion. Hypocrisy, with its forked tongue, its envious and malignant heart, lies coiled upon the memory of Paine, ready to fasten its poisonous fangs in the reputation of any man who dares defend the great and generous dead.

Leaving the dust and glory of revolutions, let us spend a moment of quiet with

ADAM SMITH

I was glad to find that a man's ideas upon the subject of protection and free trade depend almost entirely upon the country in which he lives, or the business in which he happens to be engaged, and that, after all, each man regards the universe as a circumference of which he is the centre. It gratified me to learn that even Adam Smith was no exception to this rule, and that he regarded all "protection as a hurtful and ignorant interference," except when exercised for the good of Great Britain. Owing to the fact that his nationality quarreled with his philosophy, he succeeded in writing a book that is quoted with equal satisfaction by both parties. The protectionists rely upon the exceptions he made for England, and the free-traders upon the doctrines he laid down for other countries.

He seems to have reasoned upon the question of money precisely as we have, of late years, in the United States; and he has argued both sides equally well. Poverty asks for inflation.

Wealth is conservative, and always says there is money enough.

Upon the question of money, this volume contains the best thing I have ever read. "The only mode of procuring the services of others, on any large scale, in the absence of money, is by force, which is slavery. Money, by constituting a medium in which the smallest services can be paid for, substitutes wages for the lash, and renders the liberty of the individual consistent with the maintenance and support of society." There is more philosophy in that one paragraph than Adam Smith expresses in his whole work. It may truthfully be said that, without money, liberty is impossible, No one, whatever his views may be, can read the article on Adam Smith without profit and delight.

The discussion of the money question is in every respect admirable, and is as candid as able. The world will, sooner or later, learn that there is nothing miraculous in finance; that money is a real and tangible thing, a product of labor, serving not merely as a medium of labor, but as a basis of credit as well; that it cannot be created by an act of the legisla ture; that dreams cannot be coined, and that

only labor, in some form, can put upon the hand of want Aladdin's magic ring.

Adam Smith wrote upon the wealth of nations, while

CHARLES FOURIER

labored for the happiness of mankind. In this country few seem to understand communism. While, here, it may be regarded as vicious idleness, armed with the assassin's knife and the incendiary torch, in Europe it is a different thing. There is a reaction from feudalism. Nobility is communism in its worst possible form. Nothing can be worse than for idleness to eat the bread of industry. Communism in Europe is not the "stand and deliver" of the robber, but the protest of the robbed. Centuries ago, kings and priests, that is to say, thieves and hypocrites, divided Europe among themselves. Under this arrangement, the few were masters and the many slaves. Nearly every government in the old world rests upon simple brute force. It is hard for the many to understand why the few should own the soil. Neither can they clearly see why they should give their brain and blood to those who steal their birthright and their bread. It has be-

curred to them that they who do the most should not receive the least, and that, after all, an industrious peasant is of far more value to the world than a vain and idle king.

The communists of France, blinded as they were, made the republic possible. Had they joined with their countrymen, the invaders would still have occupied the throne. Socialism perceives that Germany has been enslaved by victory, while France found liberty in defeat. In Russia the nihilists prefer chaos to the government of the bayonet, Siberia and the knout, and these intrepid men have kept upon the coast of despotism one beacon-fire of hope.

As a matter of fact, every society is a species of communism—a kind of co-operation in which selfishness, in spite of itself, benefits the community. Every industrious man adds to the wealth, not only of his nation, but to that of the world. Every inventor increases human power, and every sculptor, painter and poet adds to the value of human life.

Fourier, touched by the sufferings of the poor, as well as by the barren joys of hoarded wealth, and discovering the vast advantage of combined effort, and the immense economy of co-opera-

tion, sought to find some way for men to help themselves by helping each other. He endeavored to do away with monopoly and competition, and to ascertain some method by which the sensuous, the moral and the intellectual passions of man could be gratified.

For my part I can place no confidence in any system that does away, or tends to do away, with the institution of marriage. I can conceive of no civilization of which the family must not be the unit.

Societies cannot be made; they must grow. Philosophers may predict, but they cannot create. They may point out as many ways as they please; but, after all, humanity will travel in paths of its own.

Fourier sustained about the same relation to this world that Swedenborg did to the other. There must be something wrong about the brain of one who solemnly asserts that "the elephant, the ox, and the diamond were created by the sun; the horse, the lily, and the ruby, by Saturn; the cow, the jonquil, and the topaz, by Jupiter; and the dog, the violet, and the opal-stone, by the earth itself."

And yet, forgetting these aberrations of the mind, this lunacy of a great and loving soul,

for one, I hold in tenderest regard the memory of Charles Fourier, one of the best and noblest of our race.

While Fourier was in his cradle,

JEREMY BENTHAM

who read history when three years old, played on the violin at five, "and at fifteen detected the fallacies of Blackstone," was demonstrating that the good was the useful; that a thing was right because it paid in the highest and best sense; that utility was the basis of morals; that without allowing interest to be paid upon money, commerce could not exist; and that the object of all human governments should be to secure the greatest happiness of the greatest number. He read Hume and Helvetius, threw away the thirty-nine articles, and endeavored to impress upon the English law the fact that its ancestor was a feudal savage. He held the past in contempt, hated Westminster, and despised Oxford. He combated the idea that governments were originally founded on contract. Locke and Blackstone talked as though men originally lived apart, and formed societies by agreement. These writers probably imagined that at one time the

trees were separated like telegraph poles, and finally came together and made groves by agreement. I believe that it was Puffendorf who said that slavery was originally founded on contract. To which Voltaire replied: "If my lord Puffendorf will produce the original contract, signed by the party who was to be the slave, I will admit the truth of his statement."

A contract back of society is a myth manufactured by those in power to serve as a title to place, and to impress the multitude with the idea that they are, in some mysterious way, bound, fettered, and even benefited by its terms.

Many scientists have favored the theologians. They have admitted that these questions could not, at present, be solved. These admissions have been thankfully received by the clergy, who have always begged for some curtain to be left, behind which God could still exist. Men calling themselves "scientific" have tried to harmonize the "apparent" discrepancies between the bible and the other works of Jehovah. In this way they have made reputations. They were at once quoted by the ministers as wonderful examples of piety and learning. These men discounted the future that they

might enjoy the ignorant praise of the present. Agassiz preferred the applause of Boston, while he lived, to the reverence of a world after he was dead. Small men appear great only when they agree with the multitude.

The last scientific congress in America was opened with prayer. Think of a science that depends upon the efficacy of words addressed to the unknown and unknowable!

In our country, most of the so-called scientists are professors in sectarian colleges, in which Moses is considered a geologist and Joshua an astronomer. For the most part their salaries depend upon the ingenuity with which they can explain away facts and dodge demonstration.

The situation is about the same in England. When Mr. Huxley saw fit to attack the Mosaic account of the creation, he did not deem it advisable to say plainly what he meant. He attacked the account of creation as given by Milton, although he knew that the Mosaic and Miltonic were substantially the same. Science has acted like a guest without a wedding garment, and has continually apologized for existing. In the presence of arrogant absurdity, overawed by the patronizing airs of a successful

charlatan, it has played the role of a "poor relation," and accepted, while sitting below the salt, insults as honors.

There can be no more pitiable sight than a scientist in the employ of superstition, dishonoring himself without assisting his master. But there are a multitude of brave and tender men who give their honest thoughts, who are true to nature, who give the facts and let consequences shirk for themselves, who know the value and meaning of a truth, and who have bravely tried the creeds by scientific tests.

Among the bravest, side by side with the greatest of the world, in Germany, the land of science, stands

ERNST HAECKEL

who may be said to have not only demonstrated the theories of Darwin, but the monistic conception of the world. Rejecting all the puerile ideas of a personal creator, he has had the courage to adopt the noble words of Bruno: "A spirit exists in all things, and no body is so small but it contains a part of the divine substance within itself, and by which it is animated." He has endeavored—and I think with complete success—to show that there

is not, and never was, and never can be, the creator of anything. There is no more a personal creator than there is a personal destroyer. Matter and force must have existed from eternity, all generation must have been spontaneous, and the simplest organisms must have been the ancestors of the most perfect and complex.

Haeckel is one of the bitterest enemies of the church, and is, therefore, one of the bravest friends of man.

Catholicism was, at one time, the friend of education—of an education sufficient to make a Catholic out of a barbarian. Protestantism was also in favor of education—of an education sufficient to make a Protestant out of a Catholic. But now, it having been demonstrated that real education will make free-thinkers, Catholics and Protestants both are the enemies of true learning.

CRIME TO TEACH A SLAVE

In all countries where human beings are held in bondage, it is a crime to teach a slave to read and write. Masters know that education is an abolitionist, and theologians know that science is the deadly foe of every creed in Christendom.

In the age of faith a personal god stood at the head of every department of ignorance, and was supposed to be the king of kings, the rewarder and punisher of individuals, and the governor of nations.

The worshipers of this god have always regarded the men in love with simple facts as atheists in disguise. And it must be admitted that nothing is more atheistic than a fact. Pure science is necessarily godless. It is incapable of worship. It investigates and cannot afford to shut its eyes even long enough to pray. There was a time when those who disputed the divine right of kings were denounced as blasphemous; but the time came when liberty demanded that a personal god should be retired from politics. In our country this was substantially done in 1776, when our fathers declared that all power to govern came from the consent of the governed. The cloud theory was abandoned, and one government has been established for the benefit of mankind. Our fathers did not keep God out of the constitution from principle, but from jealousy. Each church, in colonial times, preferred to live in single blessedness rather than see some rival wedded to the state. Mutual hatred planted

our tree of religious liberty. A constitution without a god has at last given us a nation without a slave.

A personal god sustains the same relation to religion as to politics. The Deity is a master, and man a serf; and this relation is inconsistent with true progress. The universe ought to be a true democracy—an infinite republic without a tyrant and without a chain.

AUGUSTE COMTE

endeavored to put humanity in the place of Jehovah, and no conceivable change can be more desirable than this. This great man did not, like some of his followers, put a mysterious something called law in the place of God, which is simply giving the old master a a new name. Law is this side of phenomena, not the other. It is not the cause, neither is it the result, of phenomena. The fact of succession and resemblance, that is to say, the same thing happening under the same conditions, is all we mean by law. No one can conceive of a law existing apart from matter, or controlling matter, any more than he can understand the eternal procession of the Holy Ghost, or motion apart from substance. We

are beginning to see that law does not, and cannot, exist as an entity, but that it is only a conception of the mind to express the fact that the same entities, under the same conditions, produce the same results. Law does not produce the entities, the conditions, or the results, or even the sameness of the results. Neither does it affect the relations or entities, nor the result of such relations, but it stands for the fact that the same causes under the same conditions, eternally have, and eternally will, produce the same results.

The metaphysicians are always giving us explanations of phenomena which are as difficult to understand as the phenomena they seek to explain; and the believers in God establish their dogmas by miracles, and then substantiate the miracles by assertions.

CHILDREN OF IGNORANCE

The designer of the toleologist, the first cause of the religious philosopher, the vital force of the biologist, and the law of the half orthodox scientist, are all the shadowy children of ignorance and fear.

The universe is all there is. It is both subject and object; contemplator and contemplated;

creator and created; destroyer and destroyed; preserver and preserved, and within itself are all causes, modes, motions and effects.

Unable in some things to rise above the superstitions of his day, Comte adopted not only the machinery, but some of the prejudices of Catholicism. He made the mistake of Luther. He tried to reform the Church of Rome. Destruction is the only reformation of which that church is capable. Every religion is based upon a misconception, not only of the cause of phenomena, but of the real object of life, that is to say, upon falsehood; and the moment the truth is known and understood, these religions must fall. In the field of thought, they are briers, thorns and noxious weeds; on the shores of intellectual discovery, they are sirens, and in the forests that the brave thinkers are now penetrating, they are the wild beasts, fanged and monstrous. You cannot reform these weeds. Sirens cannot be changed into good citizens; and such wild beasts, even when tamed, are of no possible use. Destruction is the only remedy. Reformation is a hospital where the new philosophy exhausts its strength nursing the old religion.

There was, in the brain of the great French-

man, the dawn of that happy day in which humanity will be the only religion, good the only god, happiness the only object, restitution the only atonement, mistake the only sin, and affection, guided by intelligence, the only savior of mankind. This dawn enriched his poverty, illuminated the darkness of his life, peopled his loneliness with the happy millions yet to be, and filled his eyes with proud and tender tears.

A few years ago I asked the superintendent of Pere La Chaise if he knew where I could find the tomb of Auguste Comte. He had never heard even the name of the author of the positive philosophy. I asked him if he had ever heard of Napoleon Bonaparte. In a half-insulted tone, he replied, "Of course I have; why do you ask me such a question?" "Simply," was my answer, "that I might have the opportunity of saying that, when everything connected with Napoleon, except his crimes, shall have been forgotten, Auguste Comte will be lovingly remembered as a benefactor of the human race."

The Jewish God must be dethroned! A personal Deity must go back to the darkness of barbarism from whence he came. The theologians must abdicate, and popes, priests and

clergymen, labeled as "extinct species," must occupy the mental museums of the future.

In my judgment, this book, filled with original thought, will hasten the coming of that blessed time.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 29, 1879.

REPUBLICAN SPEECH

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll has been contributing his wit and eloquence to the cause of Republicanism in Maine. He addressed a gathering of 10,000 people at Lewiston last Friday night, and the manner in which he entertained them can best be gathered from a perusal of the speech itself, which is as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: This is in my opinion the grandest and best country in the world. And when I speak of "our country" I mean the North, East, and West. There are parts of this country that are not yet civilized. There are parts of this country in which the people do not believe in the great principle of self-government. In other words, they don't believe in being governed at all. The question we must settle is, whether our Government shall be preserved or not. That is the question for us. And the North must decide it! The Republicans, Democrats, and Greenbackers of the

North, when they understand it as I understand it, will all unite, and overwhelm the solidity of barbarism with the solidity of civilization. I do not pretend that the Republican party is perfectly good, and I do not pretend that the Democratic party is perfectly bad. I admit that there are thousands of good Democrats, men whom I like. And I cheerfully admit, with a mixture of regret, that there are many Republicans whom I do not like. But there are thousands of only bad Democrats, and there are thousands of only good Republicans.

Now I think this is a good country. If so, I am bound to do all I can to preserve it; I am bound to do all I can to make it better. Man is the providence of man. As long as I live (whatever party may be in power and have the handling of the offices), I mean to talk on the side of human liberty. The reason why I admire a good government is because the people are made happy. What's the good of government unless the people are happy; unless they have plenty to eat and to wear? Now I believe that in

OUR COUNTRY

we've got more kind husbands, more good

women, that we wear better clothes, and that our clothes fit us better on an average than in any other country on the globe. We've got more information. We know more things about more things. We've got greater charity and a fuller sense of justice than any other people on the face of the globe. Now how is it we've got a good government? We've taken the failures of all other nations! We've taken the paupers of all other countries! And of their paupers we've made grander men than the nobility they've left behind them in their old countries.

I believe in a country where every man has an equal chance. That's the reason why I work for the Republican party. Now, if there's anything that's dear to an American citizen it's the right of free speech! The grand reason is that every human being has a right to the public ear. If a man cannot speak, others cannot hear. The right of free speech is the priceless gem of the human soul. And a man that don't allow another man the right of free speech is a barbarian. What is the use of free speech, if all the results of free speech are to be reversed by fraud? What's the use for the counsel on one side of a case to address a jury, if, before

he commences, the jury has been bought? What's the use to try a man, if, after he's tried, he's taken out and hung by a mob?

This is a Government of liberty regulated by law. This is a Government founded on reason. This is a Government where the people have honest thought on every subject. The man who has these privileges himself and is not willing to accord them to others is a barbarian. I believe it. So do you. I'm not going to say a word to exclude my Democratic hearers. They believe it as well as I do. It makes no matter what they say with their mouths. Inside they'll swear to it! When a man hears what he knows to be true, he feels it, no matter what he says. I'm not going to say a word that a Democrat will dispute. Is there a Democrat who denies the common right of free speech? He dare not say it! Is there a Democrat who denies the right to talk and breathe in one common air? He dare not say it!

Now, if that liberty is to be preserved, whom will you have preserve it? Honor bright, now! Will you appoint the South to keep that treasure? Will you leave it to Alabama? Is there a Democrat here who doesn't know that a man stands no chance for the right of free speech

in Alabama? I'm not going there! I'm not going to put myself into the hands of a State where there is no law. I'm going further off, and the longer the lever the more I can lift! Maine is a good place in which to begin. Let a Republican try it in Alabama and see how soon he'll get Ku-Kluxed. Let a Greenbacker try it, and see how soon he'll get mobbed for attempting to draw voters away from the Democratic party!

I'll admit there are thousands of good men in

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

but those men are not in the ascendant. They don't hold the power. There are many honest men in the party, but their voice has been lost. I'd rather trust Maine with my right to free speech than Louisiana. I'd rather intrust Massachusetts than Louisiana. In order to preserve this right, the North must be kept in power. There is an aristocracy in the South, based on a trade in human beings. They are men who believed that lashes were a legal-tender for a human being. That is the kind of aristocracy there is in the South. I sometimes feel like finding fault with the North because she ain't proud enough. I want the time to come

when a Northern man will be as proud because his father was an honest man, as a Southern man is proud because his father was a slaveholder. I want the time to come when we will be as proud of breaking the chains of the slave as they were of forging them.

In this country we have our sovereign, our King—one power. That is the legally expressed will of the majority of the people. That's our king. Every solitary voter has a certain amount of King! Any man that will throw an illegal vote; any man that will count votes illegally after they have been thrown, is a traitor to the great principles of our Government. He is a traitor to the only King we have. He deserves the punishment of a traitor, too. Now, who are you going to have count your votes and protect your ballot-box for you? [A voice—"Garfield."] And he'll do it, too; Are you going to have the South protect your ballot-box for you? In the South elections are a farce. It is there that Bulldozing holds the election, Dishonesty counts their votes, and Fraud declares the result! Now it is a fact, my friends, that since the Rebellion the South has killed more men, in a time of profound peace, than our country lost in the two wars with Great Britain! Are

they the men you will have to protect your ballot-box? Do you want to leave it with the masked man who shoots fathers, mothers, and children? Oh, Mr. Honest Greenbacker and Democrat! 'Way down in your soul I know you say "No!" no matter what you say outside. Do you want the Chalmers, the Hamptons, and the murderers of Coushatta to hold your ballot-box? I guess not!

MR. CHALMERS

comes here to Maine, and the people of Maine regard it as an honor to themselves that they allow him to waste their air without opposition! Let a Republican go down into the Shoestring District in Mississippi and try to express his sentiments, and see how long he can stay there!

We want an honest vote, and after an honest vote we want an honest count. Come a little nearer home, now! Do you want the Democrats of Maine to count your votes for local affairs? Of course, I don't know much about your local affairs. I know enough to make me blush to think that Maine had men that were guilty of that great treason of last winter! I know enough to know that they ought to have been sent to the Penitentiary! I know enough to

know that that great crime has made the cheeks of Maine red with the hectic flush of shame. The only way to wipe it off is to give Gov. Davis at least 10,000 or 15,000 majority in September! You must tell the whole country that Maine is a State of law-abiding people and that no great crime can go unpunished. You must declare to the world that in your State every vote shall be honestly counted and honestly declared. You must do that much to save the honor of your State. Honest Greenbackers and Democrats, you must vote the Republican ticket this fall, for the honcr of your state! No use for you to vote for your man, he won't be elected. There are thousands of honest Democrats who wouldn't steal a ballot-box. There are thousands of Democrats who wouldn't rob a hen-roost, who wouldn't steal the shroud that covered a dead man. Mr. Good Democrat, if you have any self-respect, teach your leaders that you follow nowhere where virtue does not lead.

I learn that the Democratic party has had cheek enough to pass a resolution declaring that the right to vote is the right preservative of all rights! Can you believe that is the same party that stuffs ballot-boxes and carries elections

by Bulldozing? The same party that believes that being a Republican is a crime? "Oh," you ask me, "ain't you ever going to forgive the Democrat party?" No! I'm not going to forgive them until I can speak as freely in one part of the land as another, protected by the old flag! And I ought not to! The men who tried to repeal the constitutional amendments; the men who tried to keep the negro in the chains of slavery! Is it possible that that is the same party who now passes a resolution about the "right preservative of all rights"? I guess it is the same old party!

This reminds me of the story about the man who wanted to buy a family horse. He went into a Boston stable, and the keeper showed him a handsome bay. "Oh, that one won't do for me. I want one that's handsome, spirited, and safe," said the man. The dealer brought out another horse. "Oh, he's too logy," said the man. Then they came along to a handsome gray. "There," said the dealer, "is a horse I wouldn't part with. I keep it for my wife. She thinks more of him than she does of me! You know Gen. Banks has a steel engraving of the horse that George Washington rode. Well, horsemen who have seen that picture say that this

horse looks exactly like that one." "Yes," said the man, looking at the horse's teeth, "I'll be d—d if I don't believe it is the same horse."

So I find it is the same party, precisely. I can't trust it. Why? Because I want free speech. I want an honest ballot. And what else? I know the history of that party!

REVENUE

What else have we got to have in this country? We have got to have a revenue to pay our bills with. Can you trust the Democratic party to raise our revenue? That's the question. Let me tell you how it is in the South. We get a large proportion of our revenue by a tax on highwines, whisky, and tobacco. It is a fact that the collectors of revenue in the Southern States have to be armed as though they were going to war. There is not one but who goes armed with a breech-loading gun! It is necessary when the Democrats have complete control. Let's be honest about it!

Do you want them to get rid of paying their taxes? Do we want the people where the soil is rich to have their taxes paid by people where the soil is poor? How many illicit distilleries have been found in the South? Just guess.

I'll tell you. In the last four years, in the Southern States, 3,874 illicit distilleries have been uncovered. They're the gentlemen whom you wish to trust with the collection of your revenue. If you trust them, you'll be like the minister. Two ministers were holding a revival in a certain place. After the services one of them passed around the hat. The congregation threw in a lot of old nails and sticks, but no money. The minister turned his hat up, and out came the old nails! He couldn't find a cent of money. "Well," said the other minister, "let us thank God." "What for?" asked the first minister. "Because we've got the hat back!" You depend on the Southern people for your revenue, and you'll be fortunate if you can thank God you've got your hat back!

How many men, in the Southern States, do you suppose have been arrested for stealing revenue? Seven thousand and seventy-eight have been arrested and indicted! Think of that! They're the gentlemen whom the Democrats of Maine wish to have collect their revenue. They are the gentlemen that Greenbackers have joined the Democrats, to help along! Twenty-five Collectors of Revenue have been shot dead in the South by ambushed Democrats. Twenty-

five by men who hid in the bush to shoot officers of the United States, and make widows and orphans of their wives and children! They're the men! What has been done with them? They have been defended by the State authorities. What more did they do? They have wounded fifty-five more!

And still we've got to pay interest on over $1,900,000,000 of bonds. Are we going to let them collect it? Of course not. No sensible man would!

MONEY

Another thing. We've got to make our money. On this point I differ with some Republicans. I am in favor of a double standard, because this is the greatest silver producing country on the earth. We want a National money. I want to say a few words to Greenbackers. They have done a great deal of good. They have opened the way to our examination of the whole question. The Greenbackers made resumption possible. They went into every school district in the country and stuck to it that the greenback was the best money in the world. And they convinced so many of it that, when they were offered gold, they said, "No, we want greenbacks." If we all had demanded

gold, our resumption would have been impossible. But we preferred greenbacks. I want to thank the Greenbackers for that much! Having accomplished that, I think their mission is ended.

No man can calculate the grandeur of this country from '73 to resumption. Oh, my friends, it's a great deed to die for one's country! But I think there is the greatest heroism in living for a thing! There's no glory in digging potatoes. You don't wear a uniform when you're picking up stones. You can't have a band of music when you dig potatoes! In 1873 came the great crash. We staggered over the desert of bankruptcy. No one can estimate the anguish of that time. Millionaires found themselves paupers. Palaces were exchanged for hovels. The aged man who had spent his life in hard labor, and who thought he had accumulated enough to support himself in his old age, and leave a little something to his children and grandchildren, found they were all beggars. The highways were filled with tramps.

REPUDIATION

Then it was that the serpent of temptation whispered in the ear of want that dreadful word "Repudiation." An effort was made to repu-

diate. They appealed to want, to misery, to threatened financial ruin, to the bare hearthstones, to the army of beggars. We had grandeur enough to say: "No; we'll settle fair if we don't pay a cent!" And we'll pay it. 'Twas grandeur! Is there a Democrat now who wishes we had taken the advice of Bayard to scale the bonds? Is there an American, a Democrat here, who is not glad we escaped the stench and shame of repudiation, and did not take Democratic advice? Is there a Greenbacker here who is not glad we didn't do it? He may say he is, but he isn't. We then had to pay 7 per cent interest on our bonds. Now we only pay 4. Our greenbacks were then at 10 per cent discount. Now they are at par. How would an American feel to be in Germany or France and hear it said that the United States repudiated? We have found out that money is something that can't be made. We have found out that money is a product of Nature. When a nation gets hard up, it is right and proper for it to give its notes; and it should pay them. We have found out that it is better to trust for payment to the miserly cleft of the rocks than to any Congress blown about by the wind of demagogs. We want our money good in any civilized nation.

Yes, we want it good in Central Africa! And when a naked Hottentot sees a United States greenback blown about by the wind, he will pick it up as eagerly as if it was a lump of gold. They say even now that money is a device to facilitate exchange. 'Tisn't so! Gold is not a device. Silver is not a device. You might as well attempt to make flat suns, moons, and stars as a flat dollar.

WHAT MONEY ISN'T

Again they say that money is a measure of value. 'Tisn't so! A bushel doesn't measure values. It measures diamonds as well as potatoes. If it measured values, a bushel of potatoes would be worth as much as a bushel of diamonds. A yardstick doesn't measure values. They used to say "there is no use in having a gold yardstick." That was right. You don't buy the yardstick. If money bore the same relation to trade as a yardstick or half-bushel you would have the same money when you got through trading as you had when you begun. A man don't sell half-bushels. He sells corn. All we want is a little sense about these things.

I don't blame the man who wanted inflation. I don't blame him for praying for another period

of inflation. "When it comes," said the man who had a lot of shrunken property on his hands, "blame me, if I don't unload, you may shoot me." It's a good deal like the game of poker! I don't suppose any of you know anything about that game! Along towards morning the fellow who is ahead always wants another deal. The fellow that is behind says his wife's sick, and he must go home. You ought to hear that fellow descant on domestic virtue! And the other fellow accuses him of being a coward and wanting to jump the game. A man whose dead wood is hung up on the shore in a dry time wants the water to rise once more and float it out into the middle of the stream.

We were in trouble. The thing was discussed. Some said there wasn't enough money. That's so; I know what that means myself. They said if we had more money we'd be more prosperous. The truth is, if we were more prosperous we'd have more money. They said more money would facilitate business.

A GREASE STORY

Now, suppose a shareholder in a railroad that had earned $18,000 the past year should look over the books and find that in that year

the railroad had used $12,000 worth of grease. The next year, suppose the earnings should fall off $5,000, and the man, in looking over the accounts, should learn that in that year the road had used only $500 worth of grease! Supposing the man should say: "The trouble is, we want more grease." What would you think of a man if he discharged the Superintendent for not using more grease? Here we come to a ferryman with his boat hauled up on the sand, and the river dry. "How's business?" we ask him. He says business is rather dull. We say, "You need more boats." I guess he'd tell us, "All I ask for is more water for this one."

I said years ago, that resumption would come only by prosperity, and the only way to pay debts was by labor. I knew that every man who raised a bushel of corn helped resumption. It was a question of crops, a question of industry.

REPUBLICAN HONESTY

Now then, honor bright, don't you believe you're better off than if you hadn't resumed? I don't care what you say! I know what you mean. The Republicans have made mistakes. There are good and bad men in all parties. We have collected in the year past $468,000,000 of

revenue. And we have collected it cheaper then it could have been collected in any other country in the world. It cost us, I believe, 3½ per cent to collect it. And of the whole amount not a dollar has been lost. Can the Democrats equal that? Do you now wish your bonds had been repudiated? I guess not! Do you now wish you had adopted the Democratic policy? I want to ask you Democrats one question. Which had you rather own, a bond of Maine, or a bond of Tennessee? a Southern promise or a Northern performance? Southern words or Northern gold? You must decide the question for yourselves. Every man of us is an agent of the United States of America. Each man of us has a part to perform. On him depends, in part, whether we shall have true Government or not! That's why I want you to think carefully on these things.

THE BEST PEOPLE

Another thing. We want to trust the Government to the best people. Now, the best State in the South is Georgia. In that State criminals are rented out to task-masters, like slaves, for $10 or $11 apiece. They have overseers. They have the power of life and death over those men.

They can shoot them down. They violate the laws of decency. They chain men and women together. The death-rate in the prisons of the North is about 1 per cent per annum. There's something that I like in the North. It's a monument to Northern charity and honesty. In one of those Georgia camps the death-rate was 30 per cent. In another 40 per cent. In one of them it reached 50 per cent. In another it ran up to 10 per cent per month. Those are the kind of people the Northern Democrats will get on their knees to please in power. Robert Allston, as good a man as ever breathed, brought their atrocities to light. He went back to Georgia, and was assassinated.

They're the kind of men honest Democrats want to support; that the Greenbackers want to tie to. And Georgia is the best State in the South. Her bonds are worth the most. I ask whether they're the people to be trusted with this Government!

THE SOUTHERN CHURCH

has no respect for men's rights. Good Northern men and women have gone South and taken letters from Northern churches. In the House of God they have have been refused the Sacra-

mental bread. Recollect it! There's not anybody in the South who will admit that there ever was a Northern gentleman or lady. Why? They won't admit that labor is honorable. I like the North because it respects its industry. There's only one way to make them respect us, and that is to respect ourselves. There's only one way to overcome the South. That is to hold fast to our own principles.

Now, then, whom will you trust? There's still another important thing we have got to overcome. We can't overcome it without killing it, either. You can convince a man without killing him, but you can't kill him without convincing him! The South is honest in one thing, and that is their belief in the doctrine of State sovereignty. They are ready to fight for it.

The truth is, the confederation idea has been outgrown. They talked about it for the sake of slavery. They never would have done it but for slavery. And you know it. They pretended that the difference in climate forbade their working and made slavery necessary. The idea that justice isn't the same in all climates. If that was so, you'd have to have two sets of justice in Maine,—one for winter and one for sum-

mer. The Northern Democrats became slaves for the South, and so did the whigs.

The old Democratic party followed the South and ate dirt for years, and they seemed to like the diet. Another thing they wanted. They wanted to keep the slave-trade agoing. They did it. And they kept the Fugitive-Slave law in force. It was so a man in the North was obliged to pursue a fugitive slave woman, no matter if she was within one step of Canadian soil, and send her back to slavery. Ain't you ashamed of it? I am. We never would have been out of it but for the Republican party. Splendid, splendid party!

The next time the South appealed to State-sovereignty was when she wanted Slavery to extend over the West. Next, she used it to defend treason and secession. And so I've made up my mind that, when I hear a man taking up the doctrine of State sovereignty, he wants to steal something from somebody, somewhere.

I'm not afraid of

CENTRALIZATION.

I want the power where somebody can use it. As long as a man is responsible to the people there is no fear of despotism. There's no reign-

ing family in this country. We are all of us Kings. We are the reigning family. And when any man talks about despotism, you may be sure he wants to steal or be up to devilment. If we have any sense, we have got to have localization of brain. If we have any power, we must have centralization. Carry out the Democratic doctrine, and you'll scatter your brains all over you. We want centralization of the right kind. The man we choose for our head wants the army in one hand and the navy in the other, and to execute the supreme will of the supreme people.

But you say you will cross a State-line. I hope so. When the Democratic party was in power and wanted to pursue a human slave, there was no State-line. When we want to save a human being, the State-line rises up like a Chinese wall. I believe when one party can cross a State-line to put a chain on, another party can cross it to take a chain off. "Why," you say, "you want the Federal Government to interfere with the rights of a State." Yes, I do, if necessary. I want the ear of the Government acute enough and arms long enough to reach a wrong man in any State. A government that will not protect its protectors is no government. Its flag is a dirty rag. That is not my

government. I want a government that will protect its citizens at home. The Democratic doctrine is that a government can only protect its citizens abroad. If a father can't protect his children at home, depend upon it, that old gentleman can't do much for them when they are abroad.

Think of it! Here's a war. They come to me in Illinois and draft me. They tell me I must go. I go through the war and come home safe. Afterwards that State finds a way to trample on me. I say to the Federal Government; "You told me I owed my first allegiance to you, and I had to go to war. Now I say to you, You owe your first allegiance to me, and I want you to protect me!" The Federal Government says, "Oh, you must ask your State to request it." I say, "That's just what they won't do?" Such a condition of things is perfectly horrible!

If so with a man who was drafted, what will you say of a volunteer? Yet that's the Democratic doctrine of Federal Government. It won't do! And you know it! There's not a Democrat or a Greenbacker who believes it. Not one! You hate to admit you were wrong. You hate to eat your words. You'd rather re-

main in the hell you've made for yourselves than eat all your words. It's a hard thing to do. You had almost rather be with the damned. But you've got to do it. And you will do it!

THE TEWKSBURY ILLUSTRATION

You're like the old woman in the Tewksbury, Mass., Poor-House. She used to be well off, and didn't like her quarters. You Greenbackers have left your father's house of many mansions and have fed on shucks about long enough. The Supervisor came into the Poor-House one day and asked the old lady how she liked it. She said she didn't like the company, and asked him what he would advise her to do under similar circumstances.

"Oh, you'd better stay. You're prejudiced," said he.

"Do you think anybody is ever prejudiced in their sleep?" asked the old lady. "I had a dream the other night. I dreamed I died and went to Heaven. Lots of nice people were there. A nice man came to me and asked me where I was from. Says I, 'From Tewksbury, Mass.' He looked in his book and said, 'You can't stay here.' I asked what he would advise me to do under similar circumstances. 'Well,' he said,

'there's Hell down there, you might try that!'

"Well, I went down there, and the man told me my name wasn't on the book, and I couldn't stay there. 'Well,' said I, 'what would you advise me to do under similar circumstances?' Said he, 'You'll have to go back to Tewksbury.'"

And greenbackers, when you remember what you once were, you must feel now, when you are forced to join the Democratic party, as bad as the old lady who had to go back to Tewksbury. I want to tell you what kind of company you're in. I want you to know that every man that thinks the State is greater than the Union, is a Democrat. Every man that signed an ordinance of secession was a Democrat. Every man that lowered our flag from the skies was a Democrat. Every man that bred bloodhounds was a Democrat. Every preacher that said that slavery was a divine institution was a Democrat. Recollect it! Every man that shot a Union soldier was a Democrat. Every wound borne by you Union soldiers is a souvenir of a Democrat. You got your crutches from Democrats. Every man that starved a Union soldier was a Democrat. Every man who shot the emaciated maniac who happened to totter across the dead line, with a hellish grin on his face, was

a Democrat. Nice company you're in! The keepers of Andersonville and Libby, those two wings that will bear the Confederacy to eternal infamy, were all Democrats. There were lots of

SPLENDID DEMOCRATS.

I mean the war Democrats. I never will bear hard feelings against a man who bared his breast in his country's defense. The men who attempted to spread yellow fever in our Northern cities were all Democrats. The men who proposed to give our Northern cities to the flames were all Democrats! Just think of it! Think what company you're in! Recollect it! The men who wanted to assassinate Northern Governors were Democrats.

Now all I ask you to do is what you believe to be right. If you really think liberty of speech, the ballot box, the revenue, are safer with the South than with the North, then vote the Democratic ticket early and often. If you believe it is better to trust the men who fought against the country than the men who fought to preserve it; if you have more confidence in Chalmers than in Blaine; if you have more confidence in Hampton than your own men; if you have a greater trust in the solvency of Mississippi than

in Massachusetts, then vote the Democratic ticket. But there's not a Democrat in Maine believes it!

THE CANDIDATES

I've got a little while to talk about candidates. I haven't much against Hancock. The most I have against him is that he was a creature of Andy Johnson. I would as soon vote for Andy Johnson as for him. What are his opinions on finance? What are his opinions on state rights? I don't know nor anybody else. The Democrats now have both houses of Congress. If they get the Executive they'll have the whole; they'll annul the legislation of the war. They'd make Unionism disreputable. They'd make a Union soldier ashamed to own he lost a leg on the field of glory and make him say he lost it in a threshing-machine. I don't want to see them have that pleasure. The Rebel possessions and claims don't amount to anything in dollars and cents. Liberty is cheap at any price. I want my Government to be proud and free. Liberty is a thing wherein extravagance is economy.

Now comes the Republican party. Who is at its head? Thousands of men say to me: "How can you support Garfield? He's a Chris-

tian; he's a Campbellite." I support him because I am not a bigot; I support him because he is not a bigot; I support him because there is no man better acquainted with the civil affairs of the country; I support him because he's a politician in the best sense. We want no land lubbers on our ship. Garfield is as good a soldier as Hancock. I've got nothing against the regular army, but a man who, in a time of profound peace, determines to make killing folks his regular business, who, when there's no sound of war, longs for the din of shot and shell—is no better, in my opinion, than the man who hates war, but when he's called upon, puts his sword on, and goes into the field of battle! That's my man.

DEMOCRATIC CHARGES

They say he's dishonest. Who says it? The solid South and the counting-out conspirators of Maine! That won't do. Garfield has been in a position where he could have reaped millions by selling his influence for good. Yet he's a poor man. Put a Maine Democrat in his place and see how long he'll remain poor! I know Garfield. You know him! I want you in Maine to know that your vote in September will elect

him, that as Maine goes, so goes the Union. I want the Democrats to know it, so they can help do it. The honor of Maine must be reclaimed. I understand that there's a man here who has voted the Democratic ticket for forty-nine years, and who now intends to put a blossom on the half-century of his life by voting the Republican ticket next September!—It's J. M. Crooker, of Waterville!

Time fails me, but I want to impress on your minds that we must hand over to our country a legacy of power and glory.

SOME REASONS WHY

The history of the world shows that religion has made enemies instead of friends. That one word "religion" paints the horizon of the past with every form of agony and torture; and when one pronounces the name of "religion" we think of 1,500 years of persecution, of 6,000 years of hatred, slander, and vituperation. Strange, but true, that those who have loved God most have loved men least; strange that in countries where there has been the most religion there has been the most agony; and that is one reason why I am opposed to what is known as religion. By religion I mean the duties that men are supposed to owe to God: by religion I mean, not what man owes to man, but what we owe to some invisible, infinite, and Supreme Being. The question arises, Can any relation exist between finite man and infinite being? An infinite being? An infinite being is absolutely conditional. An infinite being cannot walk, cannot

receive, and a finite being cannot give to the infinite. Can I increase his happiness or decrease his misery? Does he need my strength or my life? What can I do for him? I say, nothing. For one,

I DO NOT BELIEVE

there is any God who gives rain or sunshine for praying. For one, I do not believe there is any being who helps man simply because he kneels. I may be mistaken, but that is my doctrine, that the finite cannot by any possibility help the infinite or the infinite be indebted to the finite; that the finite cannot by any possibility assist a being who is all in all. What can we do? We can help man; we can help clothe the naked, feed the hungry; we can help break the chains of the slave; we can help weave a garment of joy that will finally cover this world. That is all that man can do. Wherever he has endeavored to do more he has simply increased the misery of his fellows. I can find out nothing of these things myself by my unaided reasoning. If there is an infinite God and I have not reason enough to comprehend His universe, whose fault is it? I am told that we have the inspired will of God. I do not know exactly what they

mean by inspired. No two sects agree on that word. Some tell me that

EVERY GREAT WORK IS INSPIRED,

that Shakespeare is inspired. I would be less apt to dispute that than a similar remark about any other book on this earth. If the Jehovah had wanted to have a book written, the inspiration of which should not be disputed, He should have waited until Shakspeare lived. Whatever they mean by inspiration they at least mean that it is true. If it is true, it does not need to be inspired. The truth will take care of itself. Nothing except a falsehood needs inspiration. What is inspiration? A man looks at the sea and the sea says something to him. Another man looks at the same sea, and the sea tells another story to him. The sea cannot tell the same story to any two human beings. There is not a thing in Nature, from a pebble to a constellation, that tells the same story to any two human beings. It depends upon the man's experience, his intellectual development, and what chord of memory it touches. One looks upon the sea and is filled with grief; another looks upon it and laughs. Last year, riding in the cars from Boston to Portsmouth,

SAT OPPOSITE ME

a lady and gentleman. As we reached the latter place the woman, for the first time in her life, caught a burst of the sea, and she looked and said to her husband: "Isn't that beautiful?" and he looked and said: "I'll bet you can dig clams right there."

Another illustration. A little while ago a gentleman was walking with another in South Carolina, at Charleston,—one who had been upon the other side. Said the Northerner to the Southerner, "Did you ever see such a night as this; did you ever in your life see such a moon?" "Oh my God," said he, "you ought to have seen that moon before the war." I simply say these things to convince you that everything in nature has a different story to tell every human being. So the Bible tells a different story to every man that reads it. History proves what I say. Why so many sects? Why so much persecution? Simply because two people couldn't understand it exactly alike. You may reply that God intended it should be so understood, and that is the real revelation that God intended. For instance,

I WRITE A LETTER TO SMITH.

I want to convey to him certain thoughts. If I am honest, I will use the words which will convey to him my thoughts, but not being infinite I don't know exactly how Smith will understand words; but if I were infinite I would be bound to use the words that I knew Smith would get my exact idea from. If God intended to make a revelation to me, He has to make it to me through my brain and my reasoning. He cannot make a revelation to another man for me. That other man will have God's word for it, but I will only have that man's word for it. As that man has been dead for several thousand years, and as I don't know what his reputation was for truth and veracity in the neighborhood in which he lived, I will wait for the Lord to speak again. Suppose when I read it, the revelation to me, through the Bible, is that it is not true, and God knew that I would know that when I did read it, and knew, if I did not say it,

I WOULD BE DISHONEST.

Is it possible that he would damn me for being honest and give me wings if I would play the hypocrite? The inspiration of the Bible

depends upon the ignorance of the gentleman who reads it. Yet they tell me this book was written by the Creator of every shining star. Now let us see. I want to be honest and candid. I have just as much at stake in the way of soul as any doctor of divinity that ever lived, and more than some I have met. According to this book, the first attempt at peopling this world was a failure. God had to destroy all but eight. He saved some of the same kind to start again, which I think was a mistake. After that, the people still getting worse, he selected from the wide world a few of the tribe of Abraham. He had no time to waste with everybody. He had no time to throw away on Egypt. It had at that time a vast and splendid civilization, in which there were free schools; in which the one man married the one wife; where there were courts of law; where

THERE WERE CODES OF LAWS.

Neither could he give attention to India, that had at that time a literature as splendid almost as ours, a language as perfect, that had produced poets, philosophers, statesmen. He had no time to waste with them, but took a few of the tribe

of Abraham, and he did his best to civilize these people. He was their Governor, their Executive, their Supreme Court. He established a despotism, and from Mount Sinai he proclaimed his laws. They didn't pay much attention to them. He wrought thousands of miracles to convince them that he was a God. Isn't it perfectly wonderful that the priest of one religion never believes the miracle told by the priest of another? Is it possible that they know each other? I heard a story the other day. A gentleman was telling a very remarkable circumstance that happened to himself, and all the listeners except one said, "Is it possible? did you ever hear such a wonderful thing in all your life?" They noticed that this one man didn't appear to take a vivid interest in the story, so one said to him, "You don't express much astonishment at the story?" "No," says he,

"I AM A LIAR MYSELF."

I find by reading this book that a worse Government was never established than that established by Jehovah; that the Jews were the most unfortunate people who lived upon the globe. Let us compare this book. In all civilized countries

it is not only admitted, but passionately asserted, that slavery is an infamous crime: that a war of extermination is murder; that polygamy enslaves woman, degrades man, and destroys home; that nothing is more infamous than the slaughter of decrepid men and helpless women and of prattling babes; that the captured maiden should not be given to her captors; that wives should not be stoned to death for differing in religion from their husbands. We know there was a time in the history of most nations when all these crimes were regarded as divine institutions. Nations entertaining these views to-day are called savage, and with the exception of the Feejee Islanders, some tribes in Central Africa, and a few citizens of Delaware, no human being can be found degraded enough to agree upon those subjects with Jehovah. To-day, the fact that a nation has abolished and abandoned those things is

THE ONLY EVIDENCE

that it can offer to show that it is not still barbarous; but a believer in the inspiration of the Bible is compelled to say there was a time when slavery was right, when polygamy was the high-

est form of virtue, when wars of extermination were waged with the sword of mercy, and when the Creator of the whole world commanded the soldier to sheathe the dagger of murder in the dimpled breast of infancy. The believer of inspiration of the Bible is compelled to say there was a time when it was right for a husband to murder his wife because they differed upon subjects of religion. I deny that such a time ever was. If I knew the real God said it, I would still deny it. Four thousand years ago, if the Bible is true, God was in favor of slavery, polygamy, wars of extermination and religious persecution. Now we are told the Devil is in favor of all those things, and God is opposed to them—in other words, the Devil stands now where God stood 4,000 years ago; yet they tell me God is just as good now as he was then, and

THE DEVIL JUST AS BAD

now as God was then. Other nations believed in slavery, polygamy, and war and persecution, without ever having received one ray of light from Heaven. That shows that a special revelation is not necessary to teach a man to do wrong. Other nations did no worse without the Bible than the Jews did with it. Suppose

the Devil had inspired a book. In what respect would he have differed from God on the subject of slavery, polygamy, wars of extermination, and religious persecution? Suppose we knew that after God had finished his book the Devil had gotten possession of it, and wrote a few passages to suit himself, which passages, O Christian, would you pick out now as having probably been written by the Devil? which of these two, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," or "Kill all the males among the little ones, and kill every man, but all the women and girls keep alive for yourselves,"—which of those two passages would you select as having been written by the Devil? If God wrote the last, there is no need of a Devil. Is there a Christian in the wide world

WHO DOES NOT WISH

that God, from the thunder and lightning of Sinai, had said: "You shall not enslave your fellow-man"? I am opposed to any man who is in favor of slavery. If a revolution is needed at all, it is to prevent man enslaving his fellow-man. But they say God did the best he could; that the Jews were so bad that He had to come up kind of slow. If he had told them suddenly

they must not murder and steal, they would not have paid any respect to the Ten Commandments. Suppose you go to the Cannibal Islands to prevent the gentlemen there from eating missionaries, and you found they ate them raw. The first move is to induce them to cook them. After you get them to eat cooked missionaries, you will then, without their knowing it, occasionally slip in a little mutton. We will go gradually decreasing missionaries and increasing mutton, until finally the last will be so cultivated that they will prefer the sheep to the priest. I think the missionaries would object to that mode, of course. I know this was

WRITTEN BY THE JEWS THEMSELVES

If they were to write it now it would be different to-day. They are a civilized people. I do not wish it understood that a word I say to-night touches the slightest prejudice in any man's mind against the Jewish people. They are as good a people as live to-day. I will say right here, they never had any luck until Jehovah abandoned them. Now we come to the New Testament. They tell me that is better than the old. I say it is worse. The great objection to the Old Testament is that it is cruel; but in the

Old Testament the revenge of God stopped with the portals of the tomb. He never threatened punishment after death. He never threatened one thing beyond the grave. It was reserved for the New Testament to make known the doctrine of eternal punishment.

Is the New Testament inspired? I have not time to give many reasons, but I will give some. In the first place, they tell me that the very fact the witnesses disagree in minor matters shows that they have not conspired to tell the same story. Good. And I say in every lawsuit where four or five witnesses testify, or endeavor to testify,

TO THE SAME TRANSACTION

it is natural that they should differ on minor points. Why? Because no two occupy exactly the same position; no two see exactly alike; no two remember precisely the same, and their disagreement is due to and accounted for by the imperfection of human nature and the fact that they did not all have an equal opportunity to know. But if you admit or say that the four witnesses were inspired by an infinite being who did see it all, then they should remember all the same, because inspiration does not depend on

memory. That brings me to another point. Why were there four gospels? What is the use of more than one correct account of anything? If you want to spread it, send copies. No human being has got the ingenuity to tell me why there were four gospels when one correct gospel would have been enough. Why should there have been four original multiplication tables? One is enough, and if anybody has got any use for it he can copy that one. The very fact that we have got four gospels shows that it is not an inspired book.

THE NEXT POINT

is that according to the New Testament the salvation of the world depended upon the atonement. Only one of the books in the New Testament says anything about that, and that is John. The Church followed John, and they ought to follow John, because the Church wrote that book called John. According to that the whole world was to be damned on account of the sins of one man; and that absurdity was the father and mother of another absurdity,—that the whole world could be saved on account of the virtue of another man. I deny both propositions. No man can sin for me; no man can

be virtuous for me; I must reap what I sow. But they say the law must be satisfied. What kind of a law is it that would demand punishment of the innocent? Just think of it. Here is a man about to be hanged, and another comes up and says: "That man has got a family, and I have not; that man is in good health and I am not well, and I will be hung in his place." And the Governor says, "All right. There has

A MURDER BEEN COMMITTED

and we have got to have a hanging,—we don't care who." Under the Mosaic dispensation there was no remission of sins without the shedding of blood. If a man committed a murder he brought a pair of doves or a sheep to the priest, and the priest laid his hands on the animal, and the sins of the man were transferred to the animal. You see how that could be done easily enough. Then they killed the animal, and sprinkled its blood on the altar. That let the man off. And why did God demand the sacrifice of a sheep? I will tell you: because priests love mutton. To make the innocent suffer is the greatest crime. I don't wish to go to Heaven on the virtues of somebody else. If I can't settle by the books and go, I don't wish to go.

I don't want to feel as if I was there on sufferance, —that I was in the poorhouse of the universe, supported by the town. They tell us Judas betrayed Christ. Well, if Christ had not been betrayed, no atonement would have been made, and then

EVERY HUMAN SOUL

would have been damned and Heaven would have been for rent. Supposing that Judas knew the Christian system, then perhaps he thought that by betraying Christ he could get forgiven not only for the sins that he had already committed, but for the sin of betrayal, and if, on the way to Calvary, and later, some brave, heroic soul had rescued Christ from the mob, he would have made his own damnation sure. It won't do. There is no logic in that. They say God tried to civilize the Jews. If He had succeeded, according to the Christian system, we all would have been damned, because if the Jews had been civilized they would not have crucified Christ. They would have believed in freedom of speech, and as a result the world would have been lost for 2,000 years. The Christian world has been trying to explain the atonement, and they have always ended by failing to ex-

plain it. Now I come to the second objection, which is that certain belief is necessary to salvation. I will believe according to the evidence. In my mind are certain scales

WHICH WEIGH EVERYTHING

and my integrity stands there and knows which side goes up and which side goes down. If I am an honest man I will report the weights like an honest man. They say I must believe a certain thing or I will be eternally damned. They tell me that to believe is the safer way. I deny it. The safest thing you can do is to be honest. No man, when the shadows of the last hours were gathering around him, ever wished that he had lived the life of a hypocrite. If I find at the day of judgment that I have been mistaken, I will say so like a man. If God tells me then that he is the author of the Old Testament I will admit that he is worse than I thought he was; and when he comes to pronounce sentence upon me I will say to him: Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you. I have a right to think; I cannot control my belief; my brain is my castle, and if I don't defend it, my soul becomes a slave and a serf.

IF YOU THROW AWAY

your reason, your soul is not worth saving. Salvation depends not upon belief, but upon deeds —upon kindness, upon justice, upon mercy. Your own deeds are your savior, and you can be saved in no other way. I am told in this Testament to love my enemies. I cannot; I will not. I don't hate enemies; I don't wish to injure enemies, but I don't care about seeing them. I don't like them. I love my friends, and the man who loves enemies and friends loves me. The doctrine of nonresistance is born of weakness. The man that first said it said it because it was the best he could do under the circumstances. While the church said, "Love your enemies," in her sacred vestments gleamed the daggers of assassination. With her cunning hand she wore the purple for hypocrisy and placed the crown upon the brow of crime. For more than 1,000 years larceny held the scales of justice and hypocrisy wore the mitre, and the tiara of Christ was in fact God. He knew of the future, He knew what crimes and horrors would be

COMMITTED IN HIS NAME.

He knew the fires of persecution would climb

around the limbs of countless martyrs, that brave men and women would languish in dungeons and darkness, that the Church would use instruments of torture, that in His name His followers would trade in human flesh, that cradles would be robbed and women's breasts unbabed for gold, and yet He died with voiceless lips. If Christ was God, why did He not tell his disciples, and through them the world, Man shall not persecute his fellow-man? Why didn't He say, "I am God?" why didn't He explain the doctrine of the Trinity? why didn't He tell what manner of baptism was pleasing to Him? why didn't He say the Old Testament is true? why didn't He write His Testament Himself? why did He leave His words to accident, to ignorance, to malice, and to chance? Why didn't He say something positive, definite, satisfactory, about another world? Why did He not turn the tear-stained hope of immortality to the glad knowledge of another life. Why did He go dumbly to his death, leaving the world to misery and to doubt?—Because He was a man.

THE READING OF EXTRACTS

Col. Ingersoll read several extracts from the Bible, which he said originated with Zoroaster,

Buddha, Cicero, Epictetus, Pythagoras, and other ancient writers, and he read extracts from various pagan writers, which he claimed contrasted favorably with the best things in the Bible. He continued, that no God has a right to create a man who is to be eternally damned. Infinite wisdom has no right to make a failure, and a man that is to be eternally damned is not a conspicuous success. Infinite wisdom has no right to make an instrument that will not finally pay a dividend. No God has a right to add to the agony of this universe, and yet around the angels of immortality Christianity has coiled this serpent of eternal pain. Upon love's breast the Church has placed that asp, and yet people talk to me about the consolations of religion. A few days ago the bark Tiger was found upon the wide sea 126 days from Liverpool. For nine days not a mouthful of food or a drop of water was to be had. There were on board the Captain, mate, and eleven men. When they had been out 117 days they

KILLED THE CAPTAIN'S DOG

Nine days more—no food, no water, and Capt. Kruger stood upon the deck in the presence of his starving crew, with a revolver in his

hand, put it upon his temple, and said, "Boys, this can't last much longer; I am willing to die to save the rest of you." The mate grasped the revolver from his hand, and said, Wait; and the next day upon the horizon of despair was the smoke of the ship which rescued them. Do you tell me to-night if Capt. Kruger was not a Christian and he had sent that ball crashing through his generous brain, that there was an Almighty waiting to clutch his naked soul that he might damn him forever? It won't do. Ah, but they tell me you have no right to pick the bad things out of the Bible. I say, an infinite God has no right to put bad things into His Bible. Does anybody believe if God was going to write a book now He would uphold slavery; that He would favor polygamy; that He would say, Kill the heathen, stab the women, dash out the brains of the children? We have civilized Him.

WE MAKE OUR OWN GOD

and we make Him better day by day. Some honest people really believe that in some wonderful way we are indebted to Moses for geology, to Joshua for astronomy and military tactics, to Samson for weapons of war, to Daniel for holy curses, to Solomon for the art of cross-examina-

tion, to Jonah for the science of navigation, to St. Paul for steamships and locomotives, to the four Gospels for telegraphs and sewing-machines, to the Apocalypse for looms, saw-mills, and telephones; and that to the Sermon on the Mount we are indebted for mortars and Krupp guns. We are told that no nation has ever been civilized without a Bible. The Jews had one, and yet they crucified a perfectly innocent man. They couldn't have done much worse without a Bible. God must have known 6,000 years ago that it was impossible to civilize people without a Bible just as well as they know it now. Why did He ever allow a nation to be without a Bible? Why didn't He give a few leaves to Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden?

TAKE FROM THE BIBLE

the miracles, and I admit that the good passages are true. If they are true they don't need to be inspired. Miracles are the children of mendacity. Nothing can be more wonderful than the majestic, sublime, and eternal march of cause and effect. Reason must be the final arbiter. An inspired book cannot stand against a demonstrated fact. Is a man to be rewarded eternally for believing without evidence or

against evidence? Do you tell me that the less brain a man has the better chance he has for heaven? Think of a heaven filled with men who never thought. Better that all that is should cease to be; better that God had never been; better that all the springs and seeds of things should fall and wither in great Nature's realm; better that causes and effects should lose relation; better that every life should change to breathless death and voiceless blank, and every star to blind oblivion and moveless naught, than that this religion should be true. The religion of the future is humanity.

THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE

will say to every man, you have the right to think and investigate for yourself. Liberty is my religion. Everything that is true, every good thought, every beautiful thing, every self-denying action—all these make my Bible. Every bubble, every star, are passages in my Bible. A constellation is a chapter. Every shining world is a part of it. You cannot interpolate it; you cannot change it. It is the same forever. My Bible is all that speaks to man. Every violet, every blade of grass, every tree, every mountain

crowned with snow, every star that shines, every throb of love, every honest act, all that is good and true combined, make my Bible, and upon that book I stand.

FARMING

I am not an old and experienced farmer, nor a tiller of the soil, nor one of the hard-handed sons of labor. I imagine, however, that I know something about cultivating the soil, and getting happiness out of the ground.

I know enough to know that agriculture is the basis of all wealth and prosperity. I know that in a country where the tillers of the fields are free, everybody is free and ought to be prosperous.

The old way of farming was a great mistake. Everything was done the wrong way. It was all work and waste, weariness and want. They used to fence a hundred and sixty acres of land with a couple of dogs. Everything was left to the protection of the blessed trinity of chance, accident and mistake.

When I was a farmer they used to haul wheat two hundred miles in wagons and sell it for thirty-five cents a bushel. They would bring home about three hundred feet of lumber, two bunches of shingles, a barrel of salt, and a cook-stove that would never draw and never did bake.

In those blessed days the people lived on corn and bacon. Cooking was an unknown art.

Eating was a necessity, not a pleasure. It was hard work for the cook to keep on good terms even with hunger.

We had poor houses. The rain held the roofs in perfect contempt, and the snow drifted joyfully on the floors and beds. They had no barns. The horses were kept in rail pens surrounded with straw. Long before spring the sides would be eaten away and nothing but roofs would be left. Food is fuel. When the cattle were exposed to all the blasts of winter, it took all the corn and oats that could be stuffed into them to prevent actual starvation.

In those times most farmers thought the best place for the pig-pen was immediately in front of the house. There is nothing like sociability.

Women were supposed to know the art of making fires without fuel. The wood-pile consisted, as a general thing, of one log, upon which an axe or two had been worn out in vain. There was nothing to kindle a fire with. Pickets were pulled from the garden fence, clap-boards taken from the house, and every stray plank was seized

upon for kindling. Everything was done in the hardest way. Everything about the farm was disagreeable. Nothing was kept in order. Nothing was preserved. The wagons stood in the sun and rain, and the plows rusted in the fields.

NO PLEASURES

There was no leisure, no feeling that the work was done. It was all labor and weariness and vexation of spirit. The crops were destroyed by wandering herds, or they were put in too late, or too early, or they were blown down, or caught by the frost, or devoured by bugs, or stung by flies, or eaten by worms, or carried away by birds, or dug up by gophers, or washed away by floods, or dried up by the sun, or rotted in the stack, or heated in the crib, or they all ran to vines, or tops, or straw, or smut, or cobs. And when in spite of all these accidents that lie in wait between the plow and the reaper, they did succeed in raising a good crop, and a high price was offered, then the roads would be impassable. And when the roads got good, then the prices went down. Everything worked together for evil.

Nearly every farmer's boy took an oath that he would never cultivate the soil. The moment

they arrived at the age of twenty-one they left the desolate and dreary farms and rushed to the towns and cities. They wanted to be book-keepers, doctors, merchants, railroad men, insurance agents, lawyers, even preachers, anything to avoid the drudgery of the farm. Nearly every boy acquainted with the three R's—reading, writing and arithmetic—imagined that he had altogether more education than ought to be wasted in raising potatoes and corn. They made haste to get into some other business. Those who stayed upon the farm envied those who went away.

PROSPEROUS CONDITIONS

A few years ago the times were prosperous, and the young men went to the cities to enjoy the fortunes that were waiting for them. They wanted to engage in something that promised quick returns. They built railways, established banks and insurance companies. They speculated in stocks in Wall street, and gambled in grain at Chicago. They became rich. They lived in palaces. They rode in carriages. They pitied their poor brothers on the farms, and the poor brothers envied them.

But time has brought its revenge. The farm-

ers have seen the railroad president a bankrupt, and the road in the hands of a receiver. They have seen the bank president abscond, and the insurance company a wrecked and ruined fraud. The only solvent people, as a class, the only independent people, are the tillers of the soil.

Farming must be made more attractive. The comforts of the town must be added to the beauty of the fields. The sociability of the city must be rendered possible in the country.

Farming has been made repulsive. The farmers have been unsociable and their homes have been lonely. They have been wasteful and careless. They have not been proud of their business.

PROFITABLE FARMING

No farmer can afford to raise corn and oats and hay to sell. He should sell horses, not oats: sheep, cattle and pork, not corn. He should make every profit possible out of what he produces. So long as the farmers of the Middle States ship their corn and oats, so long they will be poor,—just so long will their farms be mortgaged to the insurance conpanies and banks of the East,—just so long will they do the work and others reap the benefit,—just so long will they

be poor, and the money lenders grow rich,—just so long will cunning avarice grasp and hold the net profits of honest toil. When the farmers of the West ship beef and pork instead of grain,—when we manufacture here,—when we cease paying tribute to others, ours will be the most prosperous country in the world.

Another thing—It is just as cheap to raise a good as a poor breed of cattle. Scrubs will eat just as much as thoroughbreds If you are not able to buy Durhams and Alderneys, you can raise the corn-breed. By "corn-breed" I mean the cattle that have, for several generations, had enough to eat, and have been treated with kindness. Every farmer who will treat his cattle kindly, and feed them all they want, will, in a few years, have blooded stock on his farm. All blooded stock has been produced in this way. You can raise good cattle just as you can raise good people. If you wish to raise a good boy you must give him plenty to eat, and treat him with kindness. In this way, and in this way only, can good cattle or good people be produced.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES

Another thing –You must beautify your homes.

When I was a farmer it was not fashionable to set out trees, nor to plant vines.

When you visited the farm you were not welcomed by flowers, and greeted by trees loaded with fruit. Yellow dogs came bounding over the tumbled fence like wild beasts. There is no sense—there is no profit—in such a life. It is not living. The farmers ought to beautify their homes. There should be trees and grass and flowers and running vines. Everything should be kept in order—gates should be on their hinges, and about all there should be the pleasant air of thrift. In every house there should be a bath-room. The bath is a civilizer, a refiner, a beautifier. When you come from the fields tired, covered with dust, nothing is so refreshing. Above all things, keep clean. It is not necessary to be a pig in order to raise one. In the cool of the evening, after a day in the field, put on clean clothes, take a seat under the trees, 'mid the perfume of flowers, surrounded by your family, and you will know what it is to enjoy life like a gentleman.

In no part of the globe will farming pay better than in the Western States. You are in the best portion of the earth. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, there is no such country as yours. The

east is hard and stony; the soil is stingy. The far west is a desert parched and barren, dreary and desolate as perdition would be with the fires

FARMING BETTER THAN MINING

out. It is better to dig wheat and corn from the soil than gold. Only a few days ago I was where they wrench the precious metals from the miserly clutch of the rocks. When I saw the mountains, treeless, shrubless, flowerless, without even a spire of grass, it seemed to me that gold had the same effect upon the country that holds it, as upon the man who lives and labors only for that. It affects the land as it does the man. It leaves the heart barren, without a flower of kindness—without a blossom of pity.

The farmer in the Middle States has the best soil—the greatest return for the least labor—more leisure—more time for enjoyment—than any other farmer in the world. His hard work ceases with autumn. He has the long winters in which to become acquainted with his family—with his neighbors—in which to read and keep abreast with the advanced thought of his day. He has the time and means of self-culture. He has more time than the mechanic, the merchant or the professional man. If the farmer is not

well informed it is his own fault. Books are cheap, and every farmer can have enough to give him the outline of every science, and an idea of all that has been accomplished by man.

In many respects the farmer has the advantage of the mechanic. In our time we have plenty of mechanics but no tradesmen. In the subdivision of labor we have a thousand men working upon different parts of the same thing, each taught in one particular branch, and in only one. We have, say, in a shoe-factory, hundreds of men, but not one shoemaker. It takes them all, assisted by a great number of machines, to make a shoe. Each does a particular part, and not one of them knows the entire trade. The result is that the moment the factory shuts down these men are out of employ-

ment. Out of employment means out of bread —out of bread means famine and horror. The mechanic of to-day has but little independence. His prosperity often depends upon the good will of one man. He is liable to be discharged for a look, for a word. He lays by but little for his declining years. He is, at the best, the slave of capital.

It is a thousand times better to be a whole farmer than part of a mechanic. It is better to till the ground and work for yourself than to be hired by corporations. Every man should endeavor to belong to himself.

About seven hundred years ago, Khayam, a Persian, said: "Why should a man who possesses a piece of bread securing life for two days, and who has a cup of water—why should such a man serve another?"

Young men should not be satisfied with a salary. Do not mortgage the possibilities of your future. Have the courage to take life as it comes, feast or famine. Think of hunting a gold mine for a dollar a day, and think of finding one for another man. How would you feel then?

We are lacking in true courage, when, for fear of the future, we take the crusts and scraps and niggardly salaries of the present. I had a thousand times rather have a farm and be independent, than to be President of the United States without independence, filled with doubt and trembling, feeling of the popular pulse, resorting to art and artifice, inquiring about the wind of opinion, and succeeding at last in losing my

self-respect without gaining the respect of others.

HAPPINESS IS WEALTH

Man needs more manliness, more real independence. We must take care of ourselves. This we can do by labor, and in this way we can preserve our independence. We should try to choose that business or profession the pursuit of which will give us the most happiness. Happiness is wealth. We can be happy without being rich—without holding office—without being famous. I am not sure that we can be happy with wealth, with office, or with fame.

There is a quiet about the life of a farmer, and the hope of a serene old age, that no other business or profession can promise. A professional man is doomed some time to feel that his powers are waning. He is doomed to see younger and stronger men pass him in the race of life. He looks forward to an old age of intellectual mediocrity. He will be last where once he was first. But the farmer goes, as it were, into partnership with nature—he lives with trees and flowers—he breathes the sweet air of the fields. There is no constant and frightful strain upon his mind. His nights are filled with sleep and

rest. He watches his flocks and herds as they feed upon the green and sunny slopes. He hears the pleasant rain falling upon the waving corn, and the trees he planted in youth rustle above him as he plants others for the children yet to be.

FARMS FOR IDLE

Our country is filled with the idle and unemployed, and the great question asking for an answer is: What shall be done with these men? What shall these men do? To this there is but one answer: They must cultivate the soil. Farming must be rendered more attractive. Those who work the land must have an honest pride in their business. They must educate their children to cultivate the soil. They must make farming easier, so that their children will not hate it—so that they will not hate it themselves. The boys must not be taught that tilling the soil is a curse and almost a disgrace. They must not suppose that education is thrown away upon them unless they become ministers, lawyers, doctors, or statesmen. It must be understood that education can be used to advantage on a farm. We must get rid of the idea that a little learning unfits one for work. There

are hundreds of graduates of Yale and Harvard and other colleges, who are agents for sewing-machines, solicitors for insurance, clerks, copyists, in short, performing a hundred varieties of menial service. They seem willing to do anything that is not regarded as work—anything that can be done in a town, in the house, in an office, but they avoid farming as they would a leprosy. Nearly every young man educated in this way is simply ruined. Such an education ought to be called ignorance. It is a thousand times better to have common sense without education, than education without the sense. Boys and girls should be educated to help themselves. They should be taught that it is disgraceful to be idle, and dishonorable to be useless.

I say again, if you want more men and women on the farms, something must be done to make farm life pleasant. One great difficulty is that the farm is lonely. People write about the

NO PLEASURE IN SOLITUDE

pleasures of solitude, but they are found only in books. He who lives long alone becomes insane. A hermit is a madman. Without friends and wife and child, there is nothing left worth living for. The unsocial are the enemies of joy.

They are filled with egotism, and envy, with vanity and hatred. People who live much alone become narrow and suspicious. They are apt to be the property of one idea. They begin to think there is no use in anything. They look upon the happiness of others as a kind of folly. They hate joyous folks, because way down in their hearts, they envy them.

In our country, farm life is too lonely. The farms are large, and neighbors are too far apart. In these days, when the roads are filled with "tramps," the wives and children need protection. When the farmer leaves home and goes to some distant field to work, a shadow of fear is upon his heart all day, and a like shadow rests upon all at home.

In the early settlement of our country the pioneer was forced to take his family, his axe, his dog and his gun, and go into the far wild forest, and build his cabin miles and miles from any neighbor. He saw the smoke from his hearth go up alone in all the wide and lonely sky.

But this necessity has passed away, and now, instead of living so far apart upon the lonely farms, you should live in villages. With the improved machinery which you have—with your

generous soil—with your markets and means of transportation, you can now afford to live together.

BETTER CONDITIONS

It is not necessary in this age of the world for the farmer to rise in the middle of the night and begin his work. This getting up so early in the morning is a relic of barbarism. It has made hundreds and thousands of young men curse the business. There is no need of getting up at three or four o'clock in the winter morning. The farmer who persists in doing it and persists in dragging his wife and children from their beds ought to be visited by a missionary. It is time enough to rise after the sun has set the example. For what purpose do you get up? To feed the cattle? Why not feed them more the night before? It is a waste of life. In the old times they used to get up about three o'clock in the morning, and go to work long before the sun had risen with "healing upon his wings," and as a just punishment they all had the ague, and they ought to have it now. The man who cannot get a living upon Illinois soil without rising before daylight ought to starve. Eight hours a day is enough for any farmer to work except

in harvest time. When you rise at four and work till dark, what is life worth? Of what use are all the improvements in farming? Of what use is all the improved machinery unless it tends to give the farmer a little more leisure? What is harvesting now, compared with what it was in the old time? Think of the days of reaping, of cradling, of raking and binding and mowing. Think of threshing with the flail and winnowing with the wind. And now think of the reapers and mowers, the binders and threshing-machines, the plows and cultivators, upon which the farmer rides protected from the sun. If, with all these advantages, you cannot get a living without rising in the middle of the night, go into some other business. You should not rob your families of sleep. Sleep is the best medicine in the world. There is no such thing as health without plenty of sleep. Sleep until you are thoroughly rested and restored. When you work, work; and when you get through, take a good, long and refreshing sleep.

ENJOY SOCIAL LIFE

You should live in villages, so that you can have the benefits of social life. You can have a reading-room—you can take the best papers and

magazines—you can have plenty of books, and each one can have the benefit of them all. Some of the young men and women can cultivate music. You can have social gatherings—you can learn from each other—you can discuss all topics of interest, and in this way you can make farming a delightful business. You must keep up with the age. The way to make farming respectable is for farmers to become really intelligent. They must live intelligent and happy lives. They must know something of books and something of what is going on in the world. They must not be satisfied with knowing something of the affairs of a neighborhood and nothing about the rest of the earth. The business must be made attractive, and it never can be until the farmer has prosperity, intelligence and leisure.

Another thing—I am a believer in fashion. It is the duty of every woman to make herself as beautiful and attractive as she possibly can.

"Handsome is as handsome does," but she is much handsomer if well dressed. Every man should look his very best. I am a believer in good clothes. The time never ought to come in this country when you can tell a farmer's wife or daughter simply by the garments she wears. I

say to every girl and woman: No matter what the material of your dress may be, no matter how cheap and coarse it is, cut it and make it in the fashion. I believe in jewelry. Some people look upon it as barbaric, but in my judgment, wearing jewelry is the first evidence the barbarian gives of a wish to be civilized. To adorn ourselves seems to be a part of our nature, and this desire seems to be everywhere and in everything. I have sometimes thought that the desire for beauty covers the earth with flowers. It is this desire that paints the wings of moths, tints the chamber of the shell, and gives the bird its plumage and its song. O daughters and wives, if you would be loved, adorn yourselves —if you would be adored, be beautiful!

OWN A HOME

There is another fault common with the farmers of our country—they want too much land. You cannot, at present, when taxes are high, afford to own land that you do not cultivate. Sell it and let others make farms and homes. In this way what you keep will be enhanced in value. Farmers ought to own the land they cultivate, and cultivate what they own. Renters can hardly be called farmers. There can be no such

thing in the highest sense as a home unless you own it. There must be an incentive to plant trees, to beautify the grounds, to preserve and improve. It elevates a man to own a home. It gives a certain independence, a force of character, that is obtained in no other way, A man without a home feels like a passenger. There is in such a man a little of the vagrant. Homes make patriots. He who has sat by his own fireside with wife and children will defend it. When he hears the word country pronounced, he thinks of his home.

Few men have been patriotic enough to shoulder a musket in defense of a boarding-house.

The prosperity and glory of our country depend upon the number of our people who are the owners of homes. Around the fireside cluster the private and the public virtues of our race. Raise your sons to be independent through labor —to pursue some business for themselves and upon their own account—to be self-reliant—to act upon their own responsibility, and to take the consequences like men. Teach them above all things to be good, true and tender husbands —winners of love, and builders of homes.

A great many farmers seem to think that they are the only laborers in the world. This is a

very foolish thing. Farmers cannot get along without the mechanic. You are not independent of the man of genius. Your prosperity depends upon the inventor. The world advances by the assistance of all laborers; and all labor is under obligations to the inventions of genius. The inventor does as much for agriculture as he who tills the soil. All laboring men should be brothers. You are in partnership with the mechanics who make your reapers, your mowers and your plows; and you should take into your granges all the men who make their living by honest labor. The laboring people should unite and should protect themselves against all idlers.

TWO CLASSES OF MANKIND

You can divide mankind into two classes: the laborers and the idlers, the supporters and the supported, the honest and the dishonest. Every man is dishonest who lives upon the unpaid labor of others, no matter if he occupies a throne. All laborers should be brothers. The laborers should have equal rights before the world and before the law. And I want every farmer to consider every man who labors either with hand or brain as his brother. Until genius and labor formed a partnership there was no such thing as

prosperity among men. Every reaper and mower, every agricultural implement, has elevated the work of the farmer, and his vocation grows grander with every invention. In the olden time the agriculturalist was ignorant; he knew nothing of machinery, he was the slave of superstition. He was always trying to appease some imaginary power by fasting and prayer. He supposed that some being, actuated by malice, sent the untimely frost, or swept away with the wild wind his rude abode. To him the seasons were mysteries. The thunder told him of an enraged god—the barren fields of the vengeance of heaven. The tiller of the soil lived in perpetual and abject fear. He knew nothing of mechanics, nothing of order, nothing of law, nothing of cause and effect. He was a superstitious savage. He invented prayers instead of plows, creeds instead of reapers and mowers. He was unable to devote all his time to the gods, and so he hired others to assist him, and for their influence with the gentlemen supposed to control the weather, he gave one-tenth of all he could produce.

The farmer has been elevated through science, and he should not forget the debt he owes to the mechanic, to the inventor, to the thinker. He should remember that all laborers belong to the

same grand family—that they are the real kings and queens, the only true nobility.

Another idea entertained by most farmers is that they are in some mysterious way oppressed by every other kind of business—that they are devoured by monopolies, especially by railroads.

Of course, the railroads are indebted to the farmers for their prosperity, and the farmers are indebted to the railroads.

RAILROADS ARE PARTNERS

A few years ago you endeavored to regulate the charges of railroad companies. The principal complaint you had was that they charged too much for the transportation of corn and other cereals to the East. You should remember that all freights are paid by the consumers of the grain. You were really interested in transportation from the East to the West and in local freights. The result is that while you have put down through freights you have not succeeded so well in local freights. The exact opposite should be the policy of Illinois. Put down local freights; put them down, if you can, to the lowest possible figure, and let through rates take care of themselves. If all the corn raised in Illinois could be transported to New York abso-

lutely free, it would enhance but little the price that you would receive. What we want is the lowest possible local rate. Instead of this you have simply succeeded in helping the East at the expense of the West. The railroads are your friends. They are your partners. They can prosper only where the country through which they run prospers. All intelligent railroad men know this. They know that present robbery is future bankruptcy. They know that the interest of the farmer and of the railroad is the same. We must have railroads. What can we do without them?

When we had no railroads, we drew, as I said before, our grain two hundred miles to market.

In those days the farmers did not stop at hotels. They slept under their wagons—took with them their food—fried their own bacon, made their own coffee, and ate their meals in the snow and rain. Those were the days when they received ten cents a bushel for corn—when they sold four bushels of potatoes for a quarter—thirty-three dozen eggs for a dollar, and a hundred pounds of pork for a dollar and a half.

What has made the difference?

The railroads came to your door and they

brought with them the markets of the world. They brought New York and Liverpool and London into Illinois, and the state has been clothed with prosperity as with a mantle. It is the interest of the farmer to protect every great interest in the state. In these iron highways more than three hundred million dollars have been invested—a sum equal to ten times the original cost of all the land in the state. To make war upon the railroads is a short-sighted and suicidal policy. They should be treated fairly and should be taxed by the same standard that farms are taxed, and in no other way, If we wish to prosper we must act together, and we must see to it that every form of labor is protected.

BEGINNING OF BETTER TIMES

There has been a long period of depression in all business. The farmers have suffered least of all. Your land is just as rich and productive as ever. Prices have been reasonable. The towns and cities have suffered. Stocks and bonds have shrunk from par to worthless paper. Princes have become paupers; and bankers, merchants and millionaires have passed into the oblivion of bankruptcy. The period of depression

is slowly passing away, and we are entering upon better times.

A great many people say that a scarcity of money is our only difficulty. In my opinion we have money enough, but we lack confidence in each other and in the future.

There has been so much dishonesty, there have been so many failures, that the people are afraid to trust anybody. There is plenty of money, but there seems to be a scarcity of business. If you were to go to the owner of a ferry, and, upon seeing his boat lying high and dry on the shore, should say, "There is a superabundance of ferry boat," he would probably reply, "No, but there is a scarcity of water." So with us there is not a scarcity of money, but there is a scarcity of business. And this scarcity springs from lack of confidence in one another. So many presidents of savings banks, even those belonging to the Young Men's Christian Association, run off with the funds; so many railroad and insurance companies are in the hands of receivers; there is so much bankruptcy on every hand, that all capital is held in the nervous clutch of fear. Slowly, but surely, we are coming back to honest methods in business. Confidence will return, and then enterprise will unlock the safe

and money will again circulate as of yore; the dollars will leave their hiding places and every one will be seeking investment.

THE GREAT SILVER FRAUD

For my part, I do not ask any interference on the part of the government except to undo the wrong it has done. I do not ask that money be made out of nothing. I do not ask for the prosperity born of paper. But I do ask for the remonetization of silver. Silver was demonetized by fraud. It was an imposition upon every solvent man; a fraud upon every honest debtor in the United States. It assassinated labor. It was done in the interest of avarice and greed, and should be undone by honest men.

The farmers should vote only for such men as are able and willing to guard and advance the interests of labor. We should know better than to vote for men who will deliberately put a tariff of three dollars a thousand upon Canada lumber, when every farmer in the States is a purchaser of lumber. People who live upon the prairies should vote for cheap lumber. We should protect ourselves. We ought to have intelligence enough to know what we want and how to get it. The real laboring

men of this country can succeed if they are united. By laboring men, I do not mean only the farmers. I mean all who contribute in some way to the general welfare. They should forget prejudices and party names, and remember only the best interests of the people. Let us see if we cannot protect every department of industry. Let us see if all property cannot be protected alike and taxed alike, whether owned by individuals or corporations.

Where industry creates and justice protects, prosperity dwells.

Let me tell you something about Illinois: We have fifty-six thousand square miles of land—nearly thirty-six million acres. Upon these plains we can raise enough to feed and clothe twenty million people. Beneath these prairies were hidden, millions of ages ago, by that old miser, the sun, thirty-six thousand square miles of coal. The aggregate thickness of these veins is at least fifteen feet. Think of a column of coal one mile square and one hundred miles high. All this came from the sun. What a sunbeam such a column would be! Think of the engines and machines this coal will run and turn and whirl! Think of all this force, willed and left to us by the dead morning of the

world! Think of the firesides of the future around which will sit the fathers, mothers and children of the years to be! Think of the sweet and happy faces, the loving and tender eyes that will glow and gleam in the sacred light of all these flames!

We have the best country in the world. Is there any reason that our farmers should not be prosperous and happy men? They have every advantage, and within their reach are all the comforts and conveniences of life.

GET OUT OF DEBT

Do not get the land fever and think you must buy all that joins you. Get out of debt as soon as you possibly can. A mortgage casts a shadow on the sunniest field. There is no business under the sun that can pay ten per cent.

Ainsworth R. Spofford gives the following facts about interest: "One dollar loaned for one hundred years at six per cent, with interest collected annually and added to the principal, will amount to three hundred and forty dollars. At eight per cent it amounts to two thousand two hundred and three dollars. At three per cent it amounts only to nineteen dollars and twenty-five cents. At ten per cent it is thirteen

thousand eight hundred and nine dollars, or about seven hundred times as much. At twelve per cent it amounts to eighty-four thousand and seventy-five dollars, or more than four thousand times as much. At eighteen per cent it amounts to fifteen million one hundred and forty-five thousand and seven dollars. At twenty-four per cent (which we sometimes hear talked of) it reaches the enormous sum of two billion five-hundred and fifty-one million seven hundred and ninety-nine thousand four hundred and four dollars."

One dollar at compound interest, at twenty-four per cent for one hundred years would produce a sum equal to our national debt.

Interest eats night and day, and the more it eats the hungrier it grows. The farmer in debt, lying awake at night, can, if he listens, hear it gnaw. If he owes nothing, he can hear his corn grow. Get out of debt as soon as you possibly can. You have supported idle avarice and lazy economy long enough.

TREAT YOUR FAMILY RIGHT

Above all, let every farmer treat his wife and children with infinite kindness. Give your sons and daughters every advantage within your

power. In the air of kindness they will grow around you like flowers. They will fill your homes with sunshine and all your years with joy. Do not try to rule by force. A blow from a parent leaves a scar on the soul. I should feel ashamed to die surrounded by children I had whipped. Think of feeling upon your dying lips the kiss of a child you had struck.

See to it that your wife has every convenience. Make her life worth living. Never allow her to become a servant. Wives, weary and worn; mothers, wrinkled and bent before their time, fill homes with grief and shame. If you are not able to hire help for your wives, help them yourselves. See that they have the best utensils to work with. Women cannot create things by magic. Have plenty of wood and coal—good cellars and plenty in them. Have cisterns, so that you can have plenty of rain water for washing. Do not rely on a barrel and a board. When the rain comes, the board will be lost or the hoops will be off the barrel.

Farmers should live like princes. Eat the best things you raise and sell the rest. Have good things to cook and good things to cook with. Of all people in our country, you should live the best. Throw your miserable little

stoves out of the window. Get ranges, and have them so built that your wife need not burn her face off to get you a breakfast. Do not make her cook in a kitchen hot as the orthodox perdition. The beef, not the cook, should be roasted. It is just as easy to have things convenient and right as to have them any other way.

In the good old days there would be eleven children in the family and only one skillet. Everything was broken or cracked or loaned or lost.

There ought to be a law making it a crime, punishable by imprisonment, to fry beefsteak. Broil it; it is just as easy, and when broiled it is delicious. Fried beefsteak is not fit for a wild beast. You can broil even on a stove. Shut the front damper—open the back one, then take off a griddle. There will then be a draft downwards through this opening. Put on your steak, using a wire broiler, and not a particle of smoke will touch it, for the reason that the smoke goes down. If you try to broil it with the front damper open, the smoke will rise. For broiling, coal, even soft coal, makes a better fire than wood.

There is no reason why farmers should not

have fresh meat all the year round. There is certainly no sense in stuffing yourself full of salt meat every morning, and making a well or a cistern of your stomach for the rest of the day. Every farmer should have an ice house. Upon or near every farm is some stream from which plenty of ice can be obtained, and the long summer days made delightful. Dr. Draper, one of the world's greatest scientists, says that ice water is healthy, and that it has done away with many of the low forms of fever in the great cities. Ice has become one of the necessaries of civilized life, and without it there is very little comfort.

HAVE PLEASANT HOMES

Make your homes pleasant. Have your houses warm and comfortable for the winter. Do not build a story-and-a-half house. The half story is simply an oven in which, during the summer, you will bake every night, and feel in the morning as though only the rind of yourself was left.

Decorate your rooms, even if you do so with cheap engravings. The cheapest are far better than none. Have books—have papers, and read them. You have more leisure than the dwellers in cities. Beautify your grounds with plants

and flowers and vines. Have good gardens. Remember that everything of beauty tends to the elevation of man. Every little morning-glory whose purple bosom is thrilled with the amorous kisses of the sun, tends to put a blossom in your heart. Do not judge of the value of everything by the market reports. Every flower about a house certifies to the refinement of somebody. Every vine, climbing and blossoming, tells of love and joy.

Make your houses comfortable. Do not huddle together in a little room around a red-hot stove, with every window fastened down. Do not live in this poisoned atmosphere, and then, when one of your children dies, put a piece in the papers commencing with, "Whereas, it has pleased divine Providence to remove from our midst—." Have plenty of air, and plenty of warmth. Comfort is health. Do not imagine anything is unhealthy simply because it is pleasant. That is an old and foolish idea.

Let your children sleep. Do not drag them from their beds in the darkness of night. Do not compel them to associate all that is tiresome, irksome and dreadful with cultivating the soil. In this way you bring farming into hatred and disrepute. Treat your children with infinite

kindness—treat them as equals. There is no happiness in a home not filled with love. Where the husband hates his wife—where the wife hates the husband; where children hate their parents and each other—there is a hell upon earth.

CULTIVATE YOURSELVES

There is no reason why farmers should not be the kindest and most cultivated of men. There is nothing in plowing the field to make men cross, cruel and crabbed. To look upon the sunny slopes covered with daisies does not tend to make men unjust. Whoever labors for the happiness of those he loves, elevates himself, no matter whether he works in the dark and dreary shops, or in the perfumed fields. To work for others is, in reality, the only way in which a man can work for himself. Selfishness is ignorance. Speculators cannot make unless somebody loses. In the realm of speculation, every success has at least one victim. The harvest reaped by the farmer benefits all and injures none. For him to succeed, it is not necessary that some one should fail. The same is true of all producers—of all laborers.

I can imagine no condition that carries with it

such a promise of joy as that of the farmer in the early winter. He has his cellar filled—he has made every preparation for the days of snow and storm—he looks forward to three months of ease and rest; to three months of fireside-content; three months with wife and children; three months of long, delightful evenings; three months of home; three months of solid comfort.

When the life of the farmer is such as I have described, the cities and towns will not be filled with want—the streets will not be crowded with wrecked rogues, broken bankers, and bankrupt speculators. The fields will be tilled, and country villages, almost hidden by trees and vines and flowers, filled with industrious and happy people, will nestle in every vale and gleam like gems on every plain.

The idea must be done away with that there is something intellectually degrading in cultivating the soil. Nothing can be nobler than to be useful. Idleness should not be respectable.

THE IDEAL FARMER

If farmers will cultivate well, and without waste; if they will so build that their houses will be warm in winter and cool in summer; if they

will plant trees and beautify their homes; if they will occupy their leisure in reading, in thinking, in improving their minds and in devising ways and means to make their business profitable and pleasant; if they will live nearer together and cultivate sociability; if they will come together often; if they will have reading rooms and cultivate music; if they will have bath-rooms, ice-houses and good gardens; if their wives can have an easy time; if their sons and daughters can have an opportunity to keep in line with the thoughts and discoveries of the world; if the nights can be taken for sleep and the evenings for enjoyment, everybody will be in love with the fields. Happiness should be the object of life, and if life on the farm can be made really happy, the children will grow up in love with the meadows, the streams, the woods and the old home. Around the farm will cling and cluster the happy memories of the delightful years.

Remember, I pray you, that you are in partnership with all labor—that you should join hands with all the sons and daughters of toil, and that all who work belong to the same noble family.

For my part, I envy the man who has lived

on the same broad acres from his boyhood, who cultivates the fields where in youth he played, and lives where his father lived and died.

I can imagine no sweeter way to end one's life than in the quiet of the country, out of the mad race for money, place and power—far from the demands of business—out of the dusty highway where fools struggle and strive for the hollow praise of other fools.

Surrounded by pleasant fields and faithful friends, by those I have loved, I hope to end my days. And this I hope may be the lot of all who hear my voice. I hope that you, in the country, in houses covered with vines and clothed with flowers, looking from the open window upon rustling fields of corn and wheat, over which will run the sunshine and the shadow, surrounded by those whose lives you have filled with joy, will pass away as serenely as the Autumn dies.

DATE DUE

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[redacted] DENVER, COLO.
3401 S. University Blvd.
Englewood, Colorado

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LEWAN LEARNING RESOURCE CENTER
DENVER SEMINARY
6399 SOUTH SANTA FE DRIVE
LITTLETON, CO 80120

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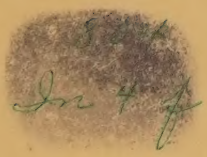
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